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ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY

COMIC DIALOGUES

AND

RECITATIONS.

BEING BARTON'S COMIC RECITATIONS AND HUMOROUS DIA-
LOGUES, AND SPENCER'S COMIC SPEECHES AND
DIALOGUES, COMBINED IN ONE VOLUME.

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BARTON'S

COMIC RECITATIONS

AND

HUMOROUS DIALOGUES.

CONTAINING

A VARIETY OF COMIC RECITATIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY,
AMUSING DIALOGUES, BURLESQUE SCENES, ECCEN-
TRIC ORATIONS AND STUMP SPEECHES,
HUMOROUS INTERLUDES, AND
LAUGHABLE FARCES.

DESIGNED FOR

SCHOOL COMMENCEMENTS AND AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

EDITED BY

JEROME BARTON.

NEW YORK:

DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS.

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INTRODUCTION.

WEEPING Philosophers there were of old,
Down whose long faces tears incessant rolled,
Fellows whose eyes, like mountain torrents' beds,
Ran o'er with freshets from their *fountain heads*—
Water deciding then—as now we see,
Each body's true *specific gravity*.
If of that whimpering sect one wretch remain
This book will cure his “water on the brain,”
Or change its source, and irrigate his eyes
With gushes born of laughter, not of sighs.
The widow Niobe, of bygone years,
Whom the gods *literally* “dissolved in tears,”
Reading this volume would her woes have spurned,
Or, her grief lightened, to a rainbow turned !

Culled from all sources, here the flowers of wit,
Into a garland for the gay are knit,
And blossoms Humor in his chaplet weaves,
Lend an enrapturing richness to the leaves.
Not ancient quirks from Joseph Miller's mill,
But bran-new jests, the sparkling pages fill ;
Puns that would make an undertaker smile,
Or cheer a miser who had lost his pile ;
Stories so full of fun, the veriest bore
Must catch their point, and, tickled by it, roar ;

Dramatic scenes, that in the evening read,
Will send the hearer side-shaken to bed ;
Speeches, reported by the Comic Muse,
That fire all Laughter's batteries like a fuse,
And rhythmic hits, so whimsical and terse
That Satire's self seems grinning from each verse.

"Business is business ;" but its toil and care,
By Mirth unlightened, who on earth could bear ?
The day-fight o'er, its turmoil and its fret,
The mind, unharrassed, hastens to forget,
And the heart—torpid 'mid the jostling throng—
Bounds to the touch of Humor, Wit and Song.
Then turn the gas on, close the shutters tight,
Part the blank darkness from the inner light,
And cabined snugly in the Social Ark,
Set sail with Momus for your Patriarch.
This book's his chart, and stand by it and him
On seas of merriment prepare to swim,
With sheets outspread, a joyous household band,
Bound, with ligh hearts, to Laughter's happy land.

But, "hold, enough !" the nervous reader cries,
This preface long detains me from the prize.
Good wines no "bush" to advertise them need,
And wit, if genuine, for itself can plead.
Right, reader, right ! Adieu, proceed alone,
The book's before you—exit *chaperone*.

PROLOGUE

TO AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT TAKEN FROM THIS BOOK.

THE Court's assembled—no grave court of law
With critic ears for every verbal flaw,
But a gay group whose members every one
Have vowed allegiance to immortal Fun,
Nor mean—we see it in your eyes—to blame
The Junior Counsel speaking in his name.

We shall not cite a Marshall or a Kent
For musty rule or solemn precedent ;
Our pleasant pleas on merrier grounds we base,
For on your risibles we rest our case.
Mirth is our client, and our action lies
Against the demons of the realm of sighs.
These we would nonsuit, and to gain our cause
We only ask, for verdict, your applause !
Smile on our efforts then, our zeal 'twill fan,
And throw a laugh in, sometimes, if you can.
We're up for trial—may the Comic elves
Help us work credit to *acquit ourselves*.

Wit's *vadi mecum* unto court we've brought,
Brimful of antidotes to tristful thought,
And as these recipes for gloom we quote—
Odd as the tints in Joseph's motley coat—

If we should fail to read with accent true,
Laugh at the text, and give to *that* it's due.

The court being ready—may it please the court
To hear the plaintiffs make their light report.
Our book's so full of quips in prose and rhyme,
Drawn from a source "one step from the sublime,"
We scarcely know what readings to select,
For gems while choosing, gems we must reject.
Would that our lips were like the fairy girl's
That dropt, when opened, solitaires and pearls—
Then should Wit's jewels, polished, rich and clear,
Dropped from our mouths, find grace in every ear.

No more o' that—here let excuses rest ;
To wing the hours with joy we'll do our best.
Friends are our audience—not sardonic pokes
Who make a practice of dissecting jokes,
And "accent," "gesture," "attitude," discuss,
Of honor *minus*, but of humbug *plus*.
Good-natured faces on all sides we see,
Ready to titter at each *jeu d'esprit*,
And knowing these to genial hearts akin
We'll close our prologue, and at once begin.

BARTON'S
COMIC RECITATIONS
AND
HUMOROUS DIALOGUES.

THE STAGE-STRUCK HERO.

ANONYMOUS.

A STAGE-STRUCK hero while at home,
His Zanga oft would roar ;
One day the servant-maid did come
And gently ope'd the door.

" Woman, away ! " aloud he cries,
" I wish to be alone."
" I beg your pardon," she replies,
" There's one below unknown."

He seized her hand, and that with speed,
" Oh, Isabella, dear !
In tears ! thou fool ! " " Not I indeed !
I seldom shed a tear."

" But what's the meaning of all this ! "
" I'll tell thee." " Well, sir, well ! "
" But ! be thou plunged in hell's abyss
" If it thou e'er shouldst tell ! "

"You terrify me, sir. Oh, Lord !
What can the secret be !
I'll never tell—upon my word !
No, never ! you shall see !

"What is it, sir ? I long to know."
"Know, then, I hate Alonzo !"
"I understand—that man below ;
How dare he trouble me so ?"

Away she went, and in good truth
The man began to blame ;
In the meantime our spouting youth
Richard the Third became.

"Here will I pitch my tent !" he cries,
And on the sofa stretch'd ;
The servant-maid again appear'd,
For she his breakfast fetch'd.

"Give me a horse—bind up my wounds !"
He, jumping up, did call ;
The woman, startled at the sounds,
Let all the tea-things fall !

In came the man, who having said,
"Buckram, sir, I am ;"
"Off with his head !" he cries aloud—
"So much for Buckingham !"

The man jump'd back, the woman scream'd,
For both were sore afraid,
A bedlamite our spouter seem'd,
And like Octavian said—

"I cannot sleep !" "And wherefore pray ?"
"The leaves are newly pull'd !"
This said, the woman walk'd away
Until his frenzy cool'd.

But Buckram gave his bill, and so
He was resolved to stay ;

“ I’ll hug on’t, will glut on’t ! ”—“ Oh, no,
I’d rather, sir, you’d pay ! ”

“ Reptile ! ”—the exclamation shocks ;
Great were the tailor’s fears ;

“ I’ll dash thy body o’er the rocks ! ”
The man pulled out his shears.

“ I’ll grapple with thee thus,” he cried—
And soon the shears he won ;
The tailor was so terrified,
That he thought fit to run.

HERE SHE GOES—AND THERE SHE GOES.

NACK.

Two Yankee wags, one summer day,
Stopped at a tavern on their way ;
Supped, frolicked, late retired to rest,
And woke to breakfast on the best.

The breakfast over, Tom and Will
Sent for the landlord and the bill ;
Will looked it over ; “ Very right—
But hold ! what wonder meets my sight ?
Tom ! the surprise is quite a shock ! ”
“ What wonder ? where ? ” “ The clock ! the clock ! ”

Tom and the landlord in amaze
Stared at the clock with stupid gaze,
And for a moment neither spoke ;
At last the landlord silence broke :

“ You mean the clock that’s ticking there ?
I see no wonder, I declare ;
Though may be, if the truth were told,
’Tis rather ugly—somewhat old ;
Yet time it keeps to half a minute,
But, if you please, what wonder’s in it ? ”

"Tom, don't you recollect," said Will,
"The clock in Jersey near the mill,
The very image of this present,
With which I won the wager pleasant?"
Will ended with a knowing wink—
Tom scratched his head, and tried to think.
"Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,"
The landlord said, with grin admiring,
"What wager was it?"

"You remember,
It happened, Tom, in last December,
In sport I bet a Jersey Blue
That it was more than he could do,
To make his finger go and come
In keeping with the pendulum,
Repeating, till one hour should close,
Still '*here she goes—and there she goes*'—
He lost the bet in half a minute."

"Well, if I would, the deuce is in it!"
Exclaimed the landlord; "try me yet,
And fifty dollars be the bet."
"Agreed, but we will play some trick
To make you of the bargain sick!"
"I'm up to that!"

"Don't make us wait;
Begin, the clock is striking eight."
He seats himself, and left and right
His finger wags with all his might,
And hoarse his voice, and hoarser grows,
With "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Hold!" said the Yankee, "plank the ready!"
The landlord wagged his fingers steady,
While his left hand, as well as able,
Conveyed a purse upon the table.
"Tom, with the money let's be off!"
This made the landlord only scoff;

He heard them running down the stair,
But was not tempted from his chair;
Thought he, "The fools! I'll bite them yet!
So poor a trick shan't win the bet."
And loud and loud the chorus rose
Of "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"
While right and left his finger swung,
In keeping to his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in, to see
Her daughter; "Where is Mrs. B——?
When will she come, as you suppose?
Son!"

"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"
"Here! where?"—the lady in surprise
His finger followed with her eyes;
"Son, why that steady gaze and sad?
Those words—that motion—are you mad?
But here's your wife—perhaps she knows,
And"—

"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

His wife surveyed him with alarm,
And rushed to him and seized his arm;
He shook her off, and to and fro
His fingers persevered to go,
While curled his very nose with ire,
That *she* against him should conspire,
And with more furious tone arose
The "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Lawks!" screamed the wife, "I'm in a whirl!
Run down and bring the little girl;
She is his darling, and who knows
But"—

"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Lawks! he is mad! What made him thus?
Good Lord! what will become of us?
Run for a doctor—run—run—run—
For Doctor Brown, and Doctor Dun,

And Doctor Black, and Doctor White,
And Doctor Grey, with all your might."

The doctors came, and looked and wondered,
And shook their heads, and paused and pondered,
Till one proposed he should be bled,
"No—leached you mean," the other said—
"Clap on a blister," roared another,
"No—cup him"—"No—trepan him, brother!"
A sixth would recommend a purge,
The next would an emetic urge,
The eighth, just come from a dissection,
His verdict gave for an injection;
The last produced a box of pills,
A certain cure for earthly ills;
"I had a patient yesternight,"
Quoth he, "and wretched was her plight,
And as the only means to save her,
Three dozen patent pills I gave her,
And by to-morrow, I suppose
That"—

"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"You all are fools," the lady said,
The way is, just to shave his head,
Run, bid the barber come anon"—
"Thanks, mother," thought her clever son,
"*You* help the knaves that would have bit me,
But all creation shan't outwit me!"
Thus to himself, while to and fro
His finger perseveres to go,
And from his lips no accent flows
But "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"

The barber came—"Lord help him! what
A queer customer I've got;
But we must do our best to save him—
So hold him, gemmen, while I shave him!"
But here the doctors interpose—
"A woman never"—

"There she goes!"

"A woman is no judge of physic,
 Not even when her baby is sick.
 He must be bled"—"No—no—a blister"—
 "A purge you mean"—"I say a clyster"—
 "No—cup him"—"leach him"—"pills! pills! pills!"
 And all the house the uproar fills.

What means that smile? What means that shiver?
 The landlord's limbs with rapture quiver,
 And triumph brightens up his face—
 His finger yet shall win the race!
 The clock is on the stroke of nine—
 And up he starts—'Tis mine! 'tis mine!"
 "What do you mean?"

"I mean the fifty!
 I never spent an hour so thrifty;
 But you, who tried to make me lose,
 Go, burst with envy, if you choose!
 But how is this! Where are they?"

"Who?"
 "The gentlemen—I mean the two
 Came yesterday—are they below?"
 "They galloped off an hour ago."
 "Oh, purge me! blister shave and bleed!
 For, hang the knaves, I'm mad indeed!"

PASTOR M'KNOCK'S ADDRESS.

ANONYMOUS.

Good, honest Parson John M'Knock,
 Had long observed, with grief, his flock
 Were getting fond, from day to day,
 Of mixing whiskey with their clay.
 To cure this ill, he thought it right
 Some admonition to indite,
 Which, from the pulpit he might lance,
 Against this horrid sin's advance.

Now John himself loved whiskey toddy
As well as any other body ;
So prudence told him to beware,
And use his censure with great care ;
Lest, while another's faults were shown,
He indirectly whipp'd his own.
Thus thoughts he turn'd with greatest care,
Himself more than his flock to spare.

John, every fear and danger scorning,
Spoke boldly thus one Sunday morning :
" My dearest brethren, I would fain
Save ye and my ainsel' the pain
Of preaching t'ye of a sin
That maist o' ye hae tumbled in,
And that's in vary truth na less
Than sottish, wicked drunkenness.
I preach na, friends against the use,
But solely 'gainst the gross abuse
Of rich good gen'rous Highland whiskey,
Which makes ye, if na daft, owre frisky ;
And then ye fa' intil a gin
The deil sets to catch sinners in.
Now, i' the morning when ye rise,
I see na reason t' despise
A wee sup, just to put to richt
The feelings of the former nicht ;
But then, my brethren, I'm a thinking,
I wad na hae ye always drinking ?

" Then after breakfast, just in order
To keep the stomach frae disorder,
And mak' the fish and eggs agree
Wi' marmalade and cakes and tea,
I'd hae ye tak' especial care,
Na to neglect a little mair ;
And, as there ne'er can be a question
But whiskey helps a man's digestion,
I'd have ye sip at ony time
A sma' wee drap afore ye dine ;

But tak' ye special care o' thinking
That I wud hae ye always drinking !

“ Then after dinner very soon,
And just to keep the victual doon,
And up the gay joy of the feast,
I'd hae ye tak' a gill at least ;
But mind and dunna noo be thinking
I recommend ye always drinking !
And i' the afternoon, d'ye see,
Mix still a wee drap wi' your tea ;
This practice is o' muckle service,
And certainly makes tea less nervous ;
But dinna ye, my friends, be thinking
By this I'd hae ye always drinking !
Pray ne'er neglect, whate'er be said,
A noggin 'fore ye gang to bed ;
Ye'll sleep the sounder a' the nicht,
And wake refresh'd at morning licht.
So this, my friends, I think we may
Indulge in safely ev'ry day ;
But dinna always be a thinking
That I wud hae ye always drinking !

“ So but confine yoursels to this,
And naething will be much amiss ;
And recollect that men of sense
Still use the greatest temperance.
Bear this in mind, and ye'll stand fair to
Escape some ills that man is heir to,
And by this plan your doctor's bill
Will lighter be for draught and pill.
'Tis true expenses will increase,
For beef and mutton, ducks and geese,
But stomachs must hae mony faults
That like na sic food mair than salts.
Few men wud rather, that can chuse,
Their siller spend in drugs than shoes.
But every day, if you get foo,
Depend upon't, at last ye'll rue.

Woe to the man in youthful prime,
That wastes his siller thus, and time;
He'll sair repent and wail the day,
When time has turned his locks to gray.
So tak' na mair o' drink or food
Than what will do the body good:
Of my advice but mak' a proof,
And then ye'll dee quite weel enough."

OLD SUGAR'S COURTSHIP.

ROBB.

"THE ony objection ever made to me in this arr county, as a legislatur', was made by the wimmin' 'cause I war a *bachelor*, and I never told you afore why I *re*-mained in the state of number *one*—no fellar stays single *pre*-meditated, and, in course, a handsum fellar like me, who all the gals declar' to be as enticin' as a jay bird, warn't goin' to stay alone, ef he could help it.

"I did see a creatur' once, named *Sofy Mason*, up the Cumberland, nigh unto Nashville, Tennes-see, that I took an orful hankerin' arter, and I sot in to lookin' anxious fur matrimony, and gin to go reglar to meetin', and took to dressin' tremengeous finified, jest to see ef I could get her good opinion. She did git to lookin' at me, and one day, comin' from meetin', she was takin' a look at me a kind of shy, just as a hoss does at something he's scared at, when arter champin' at a distance fur awhile, I sidled up to her, and blarted out a few words about the sarmin'—she said yes, but cuss me ef I knew whether that war the right answer or not, I'm a thinkin' she didn't know then, nuther! Well, we larfed and talked a little all the way along to her daddy's, and thar I gin her the best bend I had in me, and raised my bran new hat as peert and *per*-lite as a minister, lookin' all the time so enticin' that I sot the gal tremblin'. Her old daddy had a powerful numerous lot of healthy niggers, and

lived right adjinin' my place, while on to'ther side lived Jake Simons—a sneakin', cute varmint, who war wusser than a miser for stinginess ; and no sooner did this cussed sarpint see me sidlin' up to Sofy, than he went to slikin' up too, and sot himself to work to cut me out. That arr wur a struggle ekill to the battle of Orleans. Furst sum new fixup of Jake's would take her eye, and then I'd sport suthin' that would outshine him, until Jake at last gin in tryin' to outdress me, and sot thinkin' of suthin' else. Our farms wur just the same number of acres, and we both owned three niggers apiece. Jake knew that Sofy and her dad kept a sharp eye out fur the main chance, so he thort he'd clar me out by buyin' another nigger ; but I jest foller'd suit, and bought one the day arter he got his, so he had no advantage thar ; he then got a *cow*, and so did I, and jest about then both on our *pusses* gin out. This put Jake to his wit's eend, and I war a wunderin' what in the yearth he would try next.

“We stood so, hip and thigh, fur about two weeks, both on us talkin' sweet to Sofy, whenever we could get her alone. I thort I seed that Jake, the sneakin' cuss, wur gittin' a mite ahead of me, 'cause his tongue wur so ily ; howsever, I didn't let on, but kept a top eye on him. One Sunday mornin' I wur a leetle mite late to meetin', and when I got thar, the first thing I seed war Jake Simons, sittin' close bang up agin Sofy, in the same pew with her daddy !

“I biled a spell with wrath, and then tarned sour ; I could taste myself ! Thar they wur, singin' *himes* out of the same book. Je-e-eminy, fellers, I war so enormous mad that the new silk handkercher round my neck lost its color !

“Arter meetin', out they walked, linked arms, a smilin' and lookin' as pleased as a young couple at thar furst christenin', and Sofy tarned her cold shoulder at me so orful pinte, that I wilted down, and gin up right straight—Jake had her, thar wur no disputin' it ! I headed toward home, with my hands as fur in my trousers pockets as I could push 'em, swarin' all the way that she war the last one would ever git a chance to rile up my feelin's. Passin' by Jake's plantation,

I looked over the fence, and thar stood an explanation of the matter, right facin' the road whar every one passin' could see it—his consarned *cow* was tied to a stake in the gardin' *with a most promisin' calf along side of her!* That *calf* jest soured my milk, and made Sofy think, that a feller who war allays gittin' ahead like Jake, wur a right smart chance for a lively husband! What is a cussed sight wusser than gittin' Sofy, war the fact, that he *borrowed that calf the night before from Dick Hardley!* Arter the varmint got Sofy hitched he told the joke all over the settle-ment, and the boys never seed me arterwards that they didn't ba-ah at me fur lettin' a *calf* cut me out of a gal's affections. I'd a shot Jake, but I thart it war a free country, and the gal had a right to her choice without bein' made a widder, so I jest sold out and travelled!"

THE BACHELOR'S REASONS FOR TAKING A WIFE.

ANONYMOUS.

GRAVE authors say and witty poets sing,
 That honest wedlock is a glorious thing;
 But depth of judgment most in him appears,
 Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
 Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
 To sooth his cares, and free from noise and strife,
 Conduct him gently to the verge of life;
 Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more;
 Unawed by precepts, human and divine,
 Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join;
 Nor know to make the present blessing last,
 To hope the future, or esteem the past;
 But vainly boast the joys they never tried,
 And find divulged the secrets they would hide.
 The married man may bear his yoke with ease,
 Secure at once himself and heaven to please;

And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day.
Though fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys or mitigates his pains.
But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare ?
Some wicked wits have libelled all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wise these slanderous words regard,
But curse the bones of every lying bard.
All other goods by Fortune's hand are given ;
A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven :
Vain Fortune's favors, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows glide and pass away ;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our life.
This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as e'er a heart can wish—and longer too.
Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possessed,
Alone and even in Paradise unblessed,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes surveyed,
And wandered in the solitary shade :
The Maker saw, and pitying, did bestow
Woman, the last, the best of gifts below.
A wife ! ah, gentle deities, can he
That has a wife e'er feel adversity ?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise !
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son ;
Abusive Nabal owed his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
Preserved the Jews, and slew the Assyrian foe ;
At Esther's suit the persecuting sword
Was sheathed, and Israel lived to bless the Lord.
Be charmed with virtuous joys, and sober life,
And try that Christian comfort called—a *wife* !

THE SPANISH VALET AND THE WAITING MAID.

A DUOLOGUE, FROM "THE WONDER."

Enter LISSARDO, L.

LISSAR. Was ever man so tormented? I saw that little gipsy, Flora, in close confab with Lazat, the miller's man—only once let me lay hold of him, I'll—by-the-by, this a very pretty ring my lady gave me—methinks a diamond is a vast addition to the finger of a gentleman. Egad, I have a pretty hand, it is very white and well-shaped—faith, I never noticed it so much before—it becomes a diamond ring as well as the first Don's in Andalusia.

FLORA. (*Without, calling.*) Lissardo! Lissardo!

LISSAR. Oh, the little minx—there she is calling for me; but I'll not answer.

Enter FLORA, R.

FLORA. Lissardo! Lissardo! I say—sure the fellow's dumb—ha! what do I see? a diamond ring—(*aside*) how the deuce did he get that? (*Aloud.*) You have got a very pretty ring there, Lissardo.

LISSAR. Um, the trifle's pretty enough; but the lady who gave it me is as beautiful as an angel, I assure you? (*Struts about and gives himself airs.*)

FLORA. (*Aside.*) I can't bear this—the lady! (*Aloud.*) What lady, pray?

LISSAR. There's a question to ask a gentleman.

FLORA. A gentleman indeed! why the fellow's spoil'd—is this your love for me, you brute?

LISSAR. Don't talk to me about love—didn't I catch you in close conversation with Lazat, the miller's man?

FLORA. There was no harm in that, I was only—

LISSAR. You were only—you're a base, ungrateful woman, and I've done with you—there, madam, you can take that

tobacco stopper you gave me some time back, and stop your impertinent mouth with it.

FLORA. Indeed, sir! I believe I can keep tally with you in that respect; there, sir, there's the pretty little pincushion you gave me—take it. (*Throws it at him.*)

LISSAR. There's another little trifle—there, madam—(*gives a pocket-book*) it will serve you to write down an account of your false love. (*Throws it at her.*)

FLORA. Indeed, sir. (*Aside.*) The wretch so provokes me! (*Runs off, and returns with an apron full of letters.*) There, sir—there—you good-for-nothing brute—here's a bundle of your false scrawls for you, take them. (*Pelts him with the letters, he running away, and she after him.*)

LISSAR. I believe, madam, I can return the compliment. (*Taking out a packet and pelting her.*) And here's another precious article, take it. (*Lifts his stick and about to beat her.*)

FLORA. (*Throws herself into his arms.*) Beat me now, cruel Lissardo, do.

LISSAR. No, no!

Air.

LISSAR. Dear Flora, what would you be at?

I don't wish to quarrel with you;
You're in love with the miller, Lazat;
If I meet him I'll cause him to rue.

The first time I set eyes on him, I'll give him a taste of as sharp a two-edged stiletto as any in all Madrid; and if he comes again to poach on my manor, I'll duck him in his own mill-pond, and he shall soon learn the difference between feeding on fish and feeding fish.

FLORA. If this is the way you try to make yourself agreeable, I shall, in future, take care to walk in some other path. (*Angrily.*) You are enough to provoke a saint—so you are! I've got anger enough from mother about you already; but never mind, it's the last time we shall ever meet—heigho! it's very provoking though—and I'm sure I didn't deserve this from you—oh! dear, oh! (*Crying.*)

LISSAR. I can't stand this—come, come, Flora dear.

FLORA. You promise, but promise in vain,
I love not to trifle like you;
Your wish is to quarrel, that's plain,
But I can be constant and true.

Well, good by, Lissardo—we part friends, I hope. (*Going.*)

LISSAR. Stop, stop, Flora! a word with you, before you go.

FLORA. It must be only one word then, for I have not time to hear another.

LISSAR. But suppose that one should prove agreeable—would you not then stop to hear another?

FLORA. Perhaps, in that case—(*hesitating.*) But what is the word?

LISSAR. A very short monosyllable, containing only four letters—this little word has been the cause of more quarrels, more misery, and more happiness, than all the words in the English language put together—what do you think of L, O, V, E?

FLORA. Oh! then I'm going in earnest.

LISSAR. (*Detaining her.*) What! without hearing the other three?

FLORA. Three words! what can they be?

LISSAR. A gold ring! (*Going.*) Now I'm in a hurry.

FLORA. (*Detaining him.*) Well, but, Lissardo, where can you be going? I can't think.

LISSAR. Only to your father—have I your leave?

FLORA. But are you really in earnest, indeed, and in truth? and will you tell him the *three words*?

LISSAR. Certainly not—(*FLORA pouts*)—that is—without you desire it; and if you have no objections, I shall add a few more words about a church.

FLORA. Charming!

LISSAR. And a clerk to publish the banns of marriage.

FLORA. Delightful!

LISSAR. (*Archly.*) And we shall be as happy as the day is long—and then you know we shall have—

Air.

BOTH. No more sighing, no more sorrow ;
 Let us happy pass the time ;
 To-day we'll sing, and dance to-morrow,
 And the bells shall merry chime.

(Bells chime.)

Hark ! hark ! the bells so well keep time
 I love to hear their merry chime,
 The merry chime, the merry, merry chime.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

BARHAM.

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair !
 Bishop and abbot, and prior were there ;
 Many a monk, and many a friar,
 Many a knight, and many a squire,
 With a great many more of lesser degree,—
 In sooth a goodly company ;
 And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
 Never, I ween,
 Was a prouder seen,
 Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
 Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims !

In and out
 Through the motley rout,
 That little Jackdaw kept hopping about ;
 Here and there
 Like a dog in a fair,
 Over comfits and cates,
 And dishes and plates,
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
 Mitre and crosier ! he hopp'd upon all !
 With saucy air,
 He perch'd on the chair
 Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat ;

And he peer'd in the face
Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe,
As such freaks they saw,
Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flaws and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little singing-boys—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due,
Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy, had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more
A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:
From his finger he draws
His costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight
By the side of his plate;
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout,
And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out ;
The friars are kneeling,
And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew
Off each plum-colored shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view
He peeps, and he feels
In the toes and the heels ;
They turn up the dishes—they turn up the plates—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates—
They turn up the rugs—
They examine the mugs :—
But, no !—no such thing ;
They can't find THE RING !
And the abbot declared that, " when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it ! "

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book !
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright ;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking ;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying !
Never was heard such a terrible curse !!
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse .

The day was gone,
The night came on,
The monks and the friars they search'd till dawn,
When the sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw !
No longer gay,
As on yesterday ;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way ;—
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;
His eye so dim,
So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM !—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing !
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring !"
The poor little Jackdaw,
When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray be so good as to walk this way !"
Slower and slower
He limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw,
'Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw !

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took ;
The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution !
When those words were heard,
That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd,
He grew sleek and fat ;
In addition to that,

A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat !
 His tail waggled more
 Even than before ;
 But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,
 No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.
 He hopp'd now about
 With a gait devout ;
 At matins, at vespers, he never was out ;
 And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
 He always seem'd telling the confessor's beads.
 If any one lied—or if any one swore—
 Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happen'd to snore,
 That good Jackdaw
 Would give a great " caw ! "
 As much as to say, " Don't do so any more ! "
 While many remark'd, as his manners they saw.
 That they " never had known such a pious Jackdaw ! "
 He long lived the pride
 Of that country side,
 And at last in the odor of sanctity died ;
 When, as words were too faint
 His merits to paint,
 The conclave determined to make him a saint ;
 And on newly-made saints and Popes, as you know,
 It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
 So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow.

JONATHAN AND THE ENGLISHMEN.

ANONYMOUS.

On the plain of New Jersey, one hot summer's day,
 Two Englishmen, snug in a stage-coach, were vap'ring ;
 A Yankee, who happen'd to travel that way.
 Took a seat alongside, and sat wond'ring and gaping.

Chockfull of importance (like every true Briton,
 Who knows British stars far outshine our poor Luna),
 These cockneys found nothing their optics could hit on,
 But what was insipid or miserably puny.

Compared with the English, our horses were colts,
 Our oxen were goats, and a sheep but a lamb ;
 And the people ! (poor blockheads) such pitiful dolts !
 Mere Hottentot children, contrasted with them !

Just then, a black cloud in the west was ascending ;
 The lightning flash'd frequent, with horrible glare ;
 When near and more near, a fierce tempest portending,
 The thunder rebellowed along the rent air.

An oak by the wayside Jove's bolt made a dash on,
 With a peal that knock'd horses and cockneys all flat ;
 " There, hang you ! " cries Jonathan, quite in a passion,
 " Have you got better *thunder* in England than that ? "

ARTEMUS WARD'S TRIP TO RICHMOND.

BROWNE.

It's putty plane to my mind that we earnt tu have Peas as long as the fite goes on. Not much. The sympathizin' Demos promist that these rebellion shoold be over as soon as they was 'lected, an' they air doin' all in thar power to get it over—all over the North. You cood stick more loyalty in a chicken's ear than sich men possess.

The other day I 'pinted myself a committee ov the whole to go to Richmond an' see ef I coodent convins J. Davis ov the error of his ways, and persuade him to jine the Young Men's Christian Association. Sumthin' must soon be did to have the War stopt, or by the time it's ended the Northern Sympathizers will have no Southern Brethren, or no Consti-tootion, or no Declaration of Injypendence, or no nothing, or anything else. None. Whar cood we procoor G. Washingtons, J. Quincy Jeffersons, Thomas Adamses, and etset-tery, to make another Consti-tootion and so 4th—the larst especially ? Echo answers—Whar ? That's why the Blacks air taken sich good care ov that instrooment—which reminds me ov a little incident, as A. L. obsarves.

But, I am goin' to tell you about me trip to the Capitol ov the Southern Conthieveracy. It was a bootiful mornin' that I started; nary a cloud obskewered the Orb ov Day, and I rove at the Secesh lines, when a dirty-looking Confed. called me "Halt," and pinte a bagonet at me. He arst me who I was, an' whar I was gone.

"My friendly ruff," sez I, "I've just bin up North stealin' things an' sich for Jeff. Me an' him air ole pals."

He left me pars.

After travelling a spell, I obsarved a ole house by the road-side, & feelin' faint and thirsty, I entered. The only family I found at home was a likely lookin' young femail gal, whose Johnny had gone for a solger. She was a weepin' bitterly.

"Me putty rose-bud," sez I, "why dost thou weep?"

She made nary answer, but weepededsted on. I placed me hand onto her hed, brusht back the snowy ringlets from her pale brow, an' kis—an' passyfied her.

"What cawsd them tears, fare maid?" I arskt again.

"Why," sez she, "brother John promist 2 bring me home some Yankee boans to make jewelry, but he had to go an' git kild, & now I won't get ary boan, an'—O, it's 2 bad—boo-hoo-oo-o!"

Yes, it was muchly 2 bad—and more too. A woman's tears brings the undersined, an' for the time bein' I was a rebel sympathizer.

"Enny fathers?"

"Only one. But he's dead. Mother went over to see Unkle Reub."

"Was John a putty good brother?"

"Yes, John was O so kind. His was the only breast I had to repose these weary head onto."

I pitied the maid, and hinted that she might repose her weary head on my shirt front—an' she reposed. And I was her brother John for a while, as it were.

Ere we parted, I arskt for a draught of water to squench me thirst, an' the damsel tript gayly out of the door to procure it. As she was gone a considirable period, I lookt out

the winder and saw her hoppin' briskly 4th, accompanied by 2 secesh cusses, who war armed to the teeth. I begin to smell as many as two mouses. The "putty dear" had discovered I was a Yankee, an' was goin' to hev me taken prisoner. I frustrated her plans a few—I leapt out the back winder as quick as a prestidiguretaterandisch, an' when she entered the domicil, she found "brother John" non ester (which is Latin, or sumthin'), and be4 I had proceeded much I found me timerepeater non ester too. The fare maid, who was Floyd's Neace, had hookt it while reposin' on me weskit. It was a hunky watch—a family hair-loom, an' I wouldn't have parted with it fer a dollar and sixty-nine cents (\$1.69).

In doo corse ov mail I arrov in Richmon. I unfolded me mission, and was ushered into J. Davis's orgust presents. But the result was not as soothing to weak nerves as my hart could wish, and I returned to Washington, disgustid with all peas measures. The sympathizers may do their own dirt-eatin' in the footer, as they have done in the parst. Good-by! Adoo! Farewell!

THE AUCTIONEER AND THE LAWYER.

SMITH.

A CITY Auctioneer, one Samuel Stubbs,
 Did greater execution with his hammer,
 Assisted by his puffing clamor,
 Than Gog and Magog with their clubs,
 Or that great Fee-fa-fum of war.
 The Scandinavian Thor,
 Did with his mallet, which (see Bryant's
 Mythology) fell'd stoutest giants:—
 For Samuel knock'd down houses, churches,
 And woods of oak and elm and birches,
 With greater ease than mad Orlando
 Tore the first tree he laid his hand to.

He ought, in reason, to have raised his own
 Lot by knocking others' down;

And had he been content with shaking
His hammer and his hand, and taking
Advantage of what brought him grist, ^{he}
Might have been as rich as Christie ;—
But somehow when thy midnight bell, Bow,
 Sounded along Cheapside its knell,
 Our spark was busy in Pall-mall
Shaking his elbow—
Marking, with paw upon his mazzard,
The turns of hazard ;
Or rattling in a box the dice,
 Which seem'd as if a grudge they bore
To Stubbs ; for often in a trice
Down on the nail he was compell'd to pay
All that his hammer brought him in the day,
 And sometimes more.

Thus, like a male Penelope, our wight,
What he had done by day undid by night ;
No wonder, therefore, if like her,

 He was beset by clamorous brutes,
Who crowded round him to prefer
 Their several suits.

One Mr. Snipps, the tailor, had the longest
 Bill for many suits—of raiment,
And naturally thought he had the strongest
 Claim for payment.

But debts of honor must be paid,
Whate'er becomes of debts of trade ;
And so our stylish auctioneer,
From month to month throughout the year,
Excuses, falsehoods, pleas alleges,
Or flatteries, compliments and pledges.
When in the latter mood one day,
He squeez'd his hand, and swore to pay.
“ But when ! ” “ Next month you may depend on't,
My dearest Snipps, before the end on't ;
Your face proclaims in every feature
You wouldn't harm a fellow-creature—

 You're a kind soul, I know you are, Snipps.”

" Ay, so you said six months ago ;
But such fine words, I'd have you know,
Butter no parsnips."

This said, he bade his lawyer draw
A special writ,
Serve it on Stubbs, and follow it
Up with the utmost rigor of the law.

This lawyer was a friend of Stubbs ;
That is to say,
In a civic way,
Where business interposes not its rubs :
For where the main chance is in question,
Damon leaves Pythias to the stake,
Pylades and Orestes break,
And Alexander cuts Hephæstion ;
But when our man of law *must* sue his friends,
Tenfold politeness makes amends.

So when he meets our Auctioneer,
Into his outstretch'd hand he thrust his
Writ, and said, with friendly leer,
" My dear, dear Stubbs, pray do me justice ;
In this affair I hope you see
No censure can attach to me—
Don't entertain a wrong impression ;
I'm doing now what must be done
In my profession."
" And so am I," Stubbs answer'd with a frown ;
So crying " Going—going—going—gone ! "
He knock'd him down !

MR. AND MRS. SKINNER.

HARDWICK.

MR. SKINNER, a respectable middle-aged gentleman, but of a somewhat convivial turn, was very fond of attending public dinners, where, as he said, he only went " to support the chair !" Mrs. Skinner was of a Caudle-like turn of

mind, and was in the habit of cautioning her lord and—no! not exactly her master, by a few words at parting; such as “Now mind, dear, don’t get worse for the wine,” and “Pray take care of your purse,” and “Pray don’t stop *after* the dinner;” to all of which Mr. S. would promise to be particularly attentive, although he would venture upon a mild remonstrance:

(This is the highly respectable, staid, middle-aged, prudent Mr. Skinner, *before* going to the dinner.)

“Really, Mrs. Skinner, these remarks are entirely uncalled-for. I should imagine, Mrs. S., that by *this* time you were fully aware of my strength of mind, and firmness of resolution. Charity—blessed charity, Mrs. S., prompts me to go; but rest assured, I shall not give more than what is necessary to maintain the integrity of my name. I never allow my heart to get the better of my head, Mrs. Skinner. If I go to a public dinner, it’s as much a matter of business as pleasure; I never over-do it. Prudence, Mrs. S., prudence is my watchword and motto. I’m not to be betrayed into over-indulgence, nor late hours; oh, dear, no! *other* men may have these failings, but *I* have not. My position in society, and well-known respectability, is a sufficient guarantee against anything of that kind. I’m proud—Caroline—proud, I may say, of my inflexible determination; when I have once made up my mind, nothing can alter or influence me; I wouldn’t deviate from my fixed purpose, not even for my own brother, Mrs. S.; you under-value my strength of mind, and insult me, by supposing me—*me*, Ebenezer Skinner, capable of such vacillation and impropriety. What do you say? ‘Think of the *last* time.’ Now, Caroline, you know the last, as I told you, I was taken suddenly ill, and was sent to the hospital in a cab, where they detained me two or three hours; you know I was perfectly sober when I arrived at home. What do you say? ‘That was owing to the stomach-pump.’ Mrs. Skinner, may *you* never be suddenly indisposed at a party. ‘The time before that, too, I didn’t come home till morning?’ That’s too bad, Caroline;

you know perfectly well, the policeman who brought me home told you, as I did myself, that the crowd at the fire was so great I couldn't get through it, and was forced, against my will, into a tavern opposite, where the fumes of the liquors the firemen drank overpowered my finely-strung nerves. But I dare say nothing of that kind will occur to-night, and you may rely upon it, that I shall be guilty of no approach to inebriation—it's what I detest and abhor. Of course I must—like others—respond to the usual loyal toasts; but beyond that, Mrs. S., don't think, for a moment, I shall go. In fact the truth is, I would rather *not* go at all; but you see, I am one of the stewards, and *duty*—religious *duty*—Caroline, towards the truly excellent objects of the society, calls upon me, in the sacred name of benevolence and humanity, to contribute my humble aid to the good cause, and to partake of the annual dinner; and I cannot, without self-reproach, neglect it; but, upon the word of a man, who's valued possession is his strength of mind, and power to resist temptation, *I shall be at home by twelve o'clock.* You smile—why so?—you know my determination of character, Mrs. S., why doubt me? Mind, I don't say it may not be five minutes *after* twelve, but *not later.* By-the-by, I might as well take a key, and then neither you nor the servant need wait up. You say, 'Oh, no; you're not going to risk the house being set on fire, with my filthy cigar left burning in the passage again.' Now, Caroline, dearest! that's *not* right; you know I don't smoke. 'How came it there, then?' How should I know? I suppose some one threw it in when I opened the door. However, time presses, it's now nearly five, and I've got to walk to the rank to get a cab; I must be off. 'I'm to remember that you'll sit up for me?' Certainly, my dear, prudence and punctuality was always my motto, and punctually at twelve will I be home. Mrs. Skinner—ta-ta."

Mr. Skinner goes to the dinner, and now you will please to suppose he is returning home just as the gray light of daybreak is dawning—somebody has taken (by mistake, of

course) his new silk umbrella and has left him an old gingham—he has lost his own hat, and he has to put up with one too big for him—he does not go *straight* home, for the reason that his legs tremble under him and compel him to walk in a zigzag direction.

(This is the highly respectable, staid, prudent, &c., &c., Mr. Skinner, returning home *from* the dinner.)

(*Singing.*) “We’re nae that fou, we’re nae that fou, but just a wee drap in our ee.” “Why, dear me! dear me! whatever is the time? Everybody is gone home; I wish *I* was at home. Here—cab, cab, cab! Why, even all the cabs are gone home. All the people’s gone to bed, except my wife, *she* ain’t, *I* know; she’ll wait up for me, to let me in, instead of the girl—what a fool *she is!* I wish she’d let Mary Ann sit up to open the door; it would do just as well, and she wouldn’t break her rest. Nice girl, that Mary Ann—very nice girl. Let me see, let me see; how old’s my wife? Why—forty—forty—ay, forty-four: and she’s as well as ever. Ah! there’s no chance *yet!* Now, when I do get home, I shall catch it—I know I shall; I’ve given all the money away, doubled my subscription, and become a life subscriber. Well, well—‘Charity covers a’—what is it?—(*hiccup*) what is it? ‘a multitude of’ something. Beautiful song that, the man sung—very touching; something about ‘drying up the Orphan’s *Beer!*’—I forget the rest—cost me five guineas tho’—never mind.” (*Singing thickly.*) “‘Non, Nobis, *Dominoes.*’ Non, no, no, no!—hang it, I don’t know; which the deuce is *my* house? I can’t see it. Why (*hiccup*), this isn’t *my* street; my street’s a terrace, that goes up steps, with a brass knocker, and a letter-box. What does it say?—Long—Long—Long Acre! Why, this ain’t the way to Islington Grove!—that’s where I live.” (*As if addressing a company.*) “Skinner, gentlemen, will be most happy and delighted to see you *all* there, gentlemen, come when you will; Mrs. Skinner will be proud to receive you; she’s a good woman, though I say it; a better creature than Mrs. S. never breathed, gentlemen; she will make you all

comfortable for a week, if you like, gentlemen." (*Suddenly waking up.*) "Hallo! hallo! What am I talking about? Catch her at it. Why, it was only yesterday she snubbed my city friend, Biffins. She don't like conviv-viv-viv-i-ality, does my wife. I wonder what she'll say to me, being so late? She'll think I've been drinking; she's wrong, though, very wrong! How could I miss my way I can't make out! Why, here's a bridge; I don't go over any bridge to Islington, do I? Certainly not. How the fog gets in one's eyes! I know these fogs will do a deal o' mischief; if it hadn't been for the fog, I should a' been home hours ago—but *she* won't believe it—not a bit of it. She be bothered; she should a' let me have the key; *next* time I *will* have it. (*Hiccup.*) Now I feel as happy as possib-ib-ble. I wonder how people can grumble, and not be charit-a'b-a'b-ble?—they ain't like *me*. Now, there's Bunkins, I'll lend him five pounds to-morrow! And there's Swivell, *his* business is rather shaky; I'll keep him afloat awhile. Then there's Boozle, he asked me to do a bill for twenty, yesterday, and I refused him—how unkind!—I'll do one for fifty, if he likes, in the morning. There's old John, my clerk, too; he's a good old faithful servant; I'll raise his salary directly. Then there's my poor brother Tom, in the work-house. Tom, my boy, you shall come out and be my partner. What a good thing it is to have a kind heart! How I feel for the poor creatures that's badly off! I'll make Mrs. Skinner give away soup in the morning, to all the wretched, starving, poor things that ain't got a bed to eat, and not a bit of bread to lie down upon! I'll fetch in all the ragged boys that tumble after the omnibuses, and clothe 'em, that I will. I'll subscribe to the hospital, for a man don't know what he may come to; and I'll give a poor cabman more than sixpence a mile! I feel for 'em—out in all weathers and all hours." (*With energy.*) "Where are they all? I shan't get home at all! Ah, there's one at last. Here, my man; cab! cab!—home! What do you say? 'Where to?' Why, home—Islington Grove;—drive on, and charge what you like. Mrs. Skinner

must pay it. Won't she like *that*? Well, never mind, I shall sleep like a top while she talks. I'm all right now I've got a cab—in I go!" (*Singing.*) "' Old Simon the Cellarer keeps a—a '—oh, I don't know; that's what the man sung. All right, cabby, I'm ready; help me in, old boy; here's a cigar, and drive on!"

THE BACHELOR AND THE BRIDE.

ANONYMOUS.

FRANK FORETHOUGHT was a very careful fellow,
 In all his actions circumspect and wise;
 Never quite fuddled, very seldom mellow,
 Nor e'er for love heaved unavailing sighs;
 For glances which all other hearts could gain,
 On him bestow'd, were still bestow'd in vain.

And let not lovesick youths, with upcast eyes,
 Nor reeling sots, or let such only blame;
 To those who liberty and reason prize,
 To be in love or liquor is the same:
 Such follies we in either case commit,
 As are for fools or madmen only fit.

Frank, though near forty, had (the observation
 I made just now) both love and wine defied,
 When, all at once, he felt a strange sensation—
 A sort of throbbing at his larboard side
 (As sailors term it), with a sudden flush,
 As if the blood forth from his frame would rush.

His pulse, before so temperate, now grew quick,
 And sighs (unknown before) he scarce could smother,
 So as he felt inclining to be sick
 He took a dram, another, and another:
 This plan, though oft the best, as matters stood,
 In his dilemma, did more harm than good.

What, in the sufferer, caused this state alarming
Scarce need I say ; what but a woman could ?
And this was young and fair, resolved on charming ;
And though he long her blandishments withstood,
Oft on her eyes incautious would he gaze,
Until at last they set him in a blaze

Those eyes so fatal were to all beholders,
Like gas, at once could light and heat impart :
I'd have a score of hazels at my shoulders,
Rather than two such hazels at my heart.
When glowing glances of fond feelings tell us,
How thrills—but stop, I mustn't make spouse jealous.

So to proceed, our swain was like a tree,
Which sapless grown is easier made to flame ;
This fair assailant plied most dexterously
Her smiles and wiles, till quite secured her aim ;
And these attacks, in ardor unabated,
Had brought him to the state before related.

He thought of naught but her who'd caused his pain
Sleeping or waking, and the charm grew stronger ;
Therefore resolved, since struggling was in vain,
To marry—and to think of her no longer :
She, press'd to name the day, could scarcely speak,
But blushing, sighing, murmur'd “ Sunday week.”

Frank had a mother, whom he much respected
(For she'd a fortune at her own disposal),
And much he fear'd that if by her detected
In marriage project, hopes of wealth would close all,
Since she had vow'd, if he inclined to wed,
To lead a second husband to her bed.

And it so chanced there was a strolling player
To whom she seem'd a willing ear to lend ;
Frank knew not this—and yet with secret care
Procured a ring, a license, and a friend
Who would act as father to his destined bride,
And keep the secret from the world beside.

The time arrived, and Forethought, with his friend,
Might snugly station'd in the porch be seen,
Expecting that the bride would thither bend
Her course; she came not—with impatience keen
The kind companion would no longer stay,
But went to know the cause of this delay

I once was angling, and with great delight
Hook'd several fish, felt of my skill much vanity,
But when I couldn't get another bite,
Began to feel a vast deal of humanity;
And 'gainst the barbarous sport my anger rising,
Put up and went away philosophizing.

In this state were Frank's feelings: he began
To think 'twould prove a fortunate miscarriage,
And that for him, perhaps, the wisest plan
Was to go home, and think no more of marriage.
But while these thoughts in his suspense oppress'd him,
A man of smart appearance thus address'd him.

“Sir, I came here hoping to wed in private—
I wish'd to keep some persons in the dark,
So meant, lest they the knowledge should arrive at,
To take my mate from no one but the clerk;
Since he refuses, I make free to ask,
If you in kindness will perform the task.

“But for a few short moments 'twill detain you,
The minister and bride are waiting there.”
Says Frank, “By a refusal I'll not pain you,
Though 'pon my word this is a strange affair;
I meant to take a wife myself to-day!
And never dreamt of giving one away!”

The clergyman look'd grave—the knot was tied—
The fees were paid; his smiles were then benign;
With curious eye our hero view'd the bride,
But still she hid her countenance divine;

And e'en her natural tones contrived to smother ;
At length he caught a glimpse, and—'twas his mother !

The rest is plain—she who had Frank decoy'd,
Was sister to this fortune-hunting swain :
Who had her fascinating arts employ'd,
To banish any scruples might remain,
Her son respecting, in the matron's mind,
By proving him to wedlock's joys inclined.

Now all you single gentlemen of forty,
Take warning by Frank Forethought's piteous case ;
How happy I should this, my tale, have taught ye,
By his example to avoid disgrace.
Moist spring, and glowing summer, having past,
Do not in autumn catch love's plague at last.

THE DRUNKARD AND HIS WIFE.

LA FONTAINE.

EACH one's his faults, to which he still holds fast,
And neither shame nor fear can cure the man ;
'Tis *apropos* of this (my usual plan),
I give a story, for example, from the past.
A follower of Bacchus hurt his purse,
His health, his mind, and still grew each day worse ;
Such people, ere they're run one-half their course,
Drain all their fortune for their mad expenses.
One day this fellow, by the wine o'erthrown,
Had in a bottle left his senses ;
His shrewd wife shut him all alone
In a dark tomb, till the dull fume
Might from his brains evaporate.
He woke and found the place all gloom,
A shroud upon him cold and damp,
Upon the pall a funeral lamp.
"What's this ?" said he, "my wife's a widow, then !"
On that the wife, dressed like a Fury, came,

Mask'd and with voice disguised, into the den,
And brought the wretched sot, in hopes to tame,
Some boiling gruel fit for Lucifer.

The sot no longer doubted he was dead—
A citizen of Pluto's—could he err ?

"And who are you ?" unto the ghost he said.
"I'm Satan's steward," said the wife, "and serve the food
For those within this black and dismal place."

The sot replied, with comical grimace,
Not taking any time to think,
"And don't you also bring the drink ?"

A WESTERN LAWYER'S PLEA AGAINST THE FACT.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY :—The Scripture saith, "Thou shalt not kill;" now, if you hang my client, you transgress the command as slick as grease, and as plump as a goose egg in a loafer's face. Gentlemen, murder is murder, whether committed by twelve jurymen, or by a humble individual like my client. Gentlemen, I do not deny the fact of my client having killed a man, but is that any reason why you should do so? No such thing, gentlemen; you may bring the prisoner in "guilty;" the hangman may do his duty; but will that exonerate you? No such thing; in that case you will be murderers. Who among you is prepared for the brand of Cain to be stamped upon his brow to-day? Who, freemen—who in this land of liberty and light? Gentlemen, I will pledge my word, not one of you has a bowie-knife or a pistol in his pocket. No, gentlemen, your pockets are odoriferous with the perfumes of cigar cases and tobacco. You can smoke the pipe of a peaceful conscience; but hang my unfortunate client, and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop through the internal principles of animal viscera, until the spinal vertebræ of your anatomical construction is turned into a railroad, for the grim and gory goblins of despair. Gentlemen, beware of committing murder! Be-

ware, I say, of meddling with the eternal prerogative! Gentlemen, I adjure you, by the manumitted ghost of temporal sanctity, to do no murder. I adjure you, by the name of woman, the mainspring of the tickling timepiece of time's theoretical transmigration, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the love you have for the esculent and condimental gusto of our native pumpkin, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the stars set in the flying ensign of your emancipated country, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the American Eagle that whipped the universal game cock of creation, and now sits roosting on the magnetic telegraph of time's illustrious transmigration, do no murder! And lastly, gentlemen, if you ever expect to wear store-made coats—if you ever expect free dogs not to bark at you—if you ever expect to wear boots made of the free hide of the Rocky Mountain buffalo—and, to sum up all, if you ever expect to be anything but a set of sneaking, loafing, rascally, cut-throated, braided small ends of humanity, whittled down into indistinctibility, acquit my client, and save your country.

The prisoner was acquitted.

READING A TRAGEDY.

BAYLY.

Oh, proud am I, exceeding proud, I've mustered the *Elite*!
 I'll read them my new Tragedy—no ordinary treat;
 It has a deeply-stirring plot—the moment I commence
 They'll feel for my sweet heroine an interest intense;
 It never lags, it never flags, it cannot fail to touch;
 Indeed, I fear the sensitive may feel it *over* much;
 But still a dash of pathos with my terrors I combine,
 The bright reward of tragic bard—the laurel will be mine!
 Place chairs for all the company, and, ma'am, I really think
 If you don't send that child to bed, he will not sleep a wink;
 I know he'll screech like anything before I've read a page.
 My second act would terrify a creature of that age;
 And should the darling, scared by me, become an *imbecile*,
 Though *flatter'd* at the circumstance—how sorry I should feel!

What! *won't* you send the child to bed? well, madam, we shall see; Pray take a chair, and now prepare the laurel crown for me.

Have *all* got pocket handkerchiefs? your tears will fall in streams; Place water near to sprinkle over any one who screams; And pray, good people, recollect, when what I've said controls Your sympathies, and actually harrows up your souls, Remember (it may save you all from suicide or fits), 'Tis but a mortal man who but opes the floodgates of his wits! Retain your intellects to trace my brightest gem (*my moral*), And, when I've done, I'm *very* sure you'll wreath my brow with laurel.

Hem—"Act the First, and Scene the First—A Wood—*Bumrumpti* enters—

Bumrumpti speaks, 'And have I then escaped from my tormentors? Revenge! revenge! oh, were they dead, and I a carrion crow, I'd pick the flesh from off their bones, I'd sever toe from toe! Shall fair Fryfitta, pledged to me, her plighted vow recall, And wed with hated Snookums or with *any* man at all! No—rather perish earth and sea, the sky and—all the rest of it—For wife to me she swore she'd be, and she *must* make the best of it.'"

Through five long acts—ay, *very* long—the happy bard proceeds; Without a pause, without applause, scene after scene he reads! That *silent* homage glads his heart! it silent well may be; Not one of all his slumbering friends can either hear or see! The anxious chaperon is asleep! the beau beside the fair! The dog is sleeping on the rug! the cat upon the chair! Old men and babes—the footman, too! oh, if we crown the bard, We'll twine for him the *poppy* wreath, his only fit reward.

CAST-OFF GARMENTS.

From "Nothing to Wear."

BUTLER.

WELL, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her, With the silks, crinolines and hoops that contained her, I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder At least in the property, and the best right

To appear as its escort by day and by night :
And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball—
Their cards had been out for a fortnight or so,
And set the Avenue on the tiptoe—
I considered it only my duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found ; I won't say—I caught her—
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
She turned as I entered—" Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner ! "
" So I did," I replied, " but the dinner is swallowed,
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more ;
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow),
To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow ? "
The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, " Why, Harry, mon cher,
I should like above all things to go with you there ;
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."
" Nothing to wear ! go just as you are ;
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon"—I stopped, for her eye.
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
" How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day ! "

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade,"

(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."

"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy;" "Your pink"—

"That's too light."

"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."

"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"—

"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."

"Your brown moire antique"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker;"

"The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguey dressmaker

Has had it a week"—"Then that exquisite lilac,

In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."

(Here the nose took again the same elevation.)

"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it,

As more *comme il faut*"—"Yes, but dear me, that lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,

And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;

That superb point d'aiguille, that imperial green,

That zephyr-like tarletan, that rich grenadine"—

"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"

Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed

Opposition, "that gorgeous toilet which you sported

In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,

When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation,

And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,

And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,

As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,

"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,

And that, and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"

Here *I ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash.

Quite innocent though; but to use an expression

More striking than classic, "it settled my hash,"

And proved very soon the last act of our session.

"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling

Doesn't fall down and crush you—oh, you men have no feeling,

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,

Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
 Your silly pretence—why what a mere guess it is !
 Pray, what do you know of woman's necessities ?
 I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
 And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
 But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher).
 "I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.
 Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot ;
 You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."
 I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,
 Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,
 As gentle expletives which might give relief ;
 But this only proved as spark to the powder,
 And the storm I had raised came faster and louder ;
 It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened and hailed
 Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
 To express the abusive, and then its arrears
 Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
 And my last faint, despairing attempt at an ob-
 servation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

HOW TO CURE A COUGH.

ANONYMOUS.

ONE Biddy Brown, a country dame,
 As 'tis by many told,
 Went to a doctor—Drench by name—
 For she had caught a cold.

And sad, indeed, was Biddy's pain,
 The truth must be confest,
 Which she to ease found all in vain,
 For it was at her chest.

The doctor heard her case—and then,
 Determined to assist her,
 Prescribed—oh ! tenderest of men,
 Upon her *chest* a blister !

Away went Biddy, and next day
 She called on Drench again.
 "Well, have you used the blister, pray
 And has it eased your pain?"

"Ay, zur," the dame, with curtsey cries,
 "Indeed, I never mocks;
 But, bless ye! I'd no *chest* the size,
 So I put it on a *box*."

"But, la! zur, it be little use,
 It never *rose* a bit;
 And you may see it if you choose,
 For there it's sticking yet!"

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

AN ETHIOPIAN DIALOGUE.

WHITE.

SCENE.—*A Wood.*

Enter OLD SOLDIER, R., *with valise, and in old black coat, large shoes, &c.*

SOLDIER. Dis must be de place; ebery tree and shrub
 am familiar to me—eben de ole pump dat I passed just now
 has a 'semblance ob days gone by. It seems to me a—
 a——

Enter GEORGE, L., *with whitewash pan and brush.*

Ah! here comes some one dat can gib me de information I
 seek. Young man, can you tell me if—ah! for three weeks
 I have not tasted food.

GEORGE. (*Aside.*) He must be rather peckish by dis time!

SOLDIER. Twenty years ago I left dis spot, an' my poor
 little bruder must be quite a man by dis time. I left him
 gambolling on de hillside.

GEORGE. (*Aside.*) Oh! he was a gambler. Oh my! (SOL-
 DIER *advances*, R., *and drops valise on* GEORGE'S *toes.*) Oh dear!

SOLDIER. Ha! wouldst rob me of my all? (*Seizes him.*)

GEORGE. Oh don't! I wouldn't take nuffin.

SOLDIER. My all is in dat casket.

GEORGE. His *awl*! Why, he must be a shoemaker. Say, hab you got your lapstone an' hammer wid you?

SOLDIER. (*Looking around.*) I haven't seen an honest face since I came into dis part ob de country. I really a—(To TOM, *sitting.*) Well, there is one; dat's what I called a good, honest, open countenance.

GEORGE. Yes, you'd say so if you could only see him about dinner time.

SOLDIER. Young man! (*Advances.*) Wouldst listen to a painful story?

GEORGE. I would for twenty years.

SOLDIER. Twenty years! Listen then, an' mark me. (GEORGE marks him on the back with whitewash brush.) Twenty years ago—do I live while I tell it?—(*weeps*) there lived in dis village a respectful colored woman who had two sons, both boys.

GEORGE. Both boys! Wasn't one ob dem a gal?

SOLDIER. Silence and listen. For many years dey grew up, de delight of dere parents, till the oldest boy conceived de idea ob joining de army. De ole folks interfered to make him change his mind, but go he would; so dere was no use in talkin'. He left dere side in de summer bloom, an' in one hour—one short hour—he was thousands an' thousands ob miles away. Since dat day, he has neber seen his aged sire, an' longs for de time when he shall see once more dat little gambolling bruder, on de hillside—

GEORGE. Does my ears deceibe my *eyesight*? Ah! (*Looks at his feet, his shoes, &c.*) Had you a muder?

SOLDIER. I *had* a muder. Why, ob coarse I had a muder.

GEORGE. Dat muder had two sons—boys?

SOLDIER. She had, as you remark.

GEORGE. One day, he left for parts unknown; he has neber been heard ob since dat day.

“An' one dreadful night the wind it blew,
De thunder thundered and de snow it snew!”

SOLDIER. Hum! (*Both approach in front.*)

GEORGE. Ha! ha! he! ho! hu! hy! Methinks I should know dat bruder by a scar on his wrist.

SOLDIER. I hab dat scar, an' many a good ole soldier hab I scar'd wid it.

GEORGE. Dat eyes!

SOLDIER. Dem nose!

GEORGE. Dose har!

SOLDEIR. Dat feet! Oh dear! Twelve at least!

BOTH. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Come to de arms of your long-losted bruder! (*Both fall awkwardly—*

GEORGE *gets up very sulky.*)

GEORGE. I don't care to meet any more ob my relations just about now; no, siree! (*Limps off, L.*)

SOLDIER. Stop little bruder George, and listen to de rest ob my misfortunes and history for twenty years. (*Hobbles after him.*)

THE COUNTRYMEN AND THE ASS.

BYROM.

A COUNTRY fellow and his son, they tell
In modern fables, had an ass to sell:
For this intent they turned it out to play,
And fed so well, that by the destined day,
They brought the creature into sleek repair,
And drove it gently to a neighboring fair.

As they were jogging on, a rural class
Was heard to say, "Look! look there, at that ass!
And those two blockheads trudging on each side,
That have not, either of 'em, sense to ride;
Asses all three!" And thus the country folks
On man and boy began to cut their jokes.

Th' old fellow minded nothing that they said,
But every word stuck in the young one's head;
And thus began their comment thereupon:
"Ne'er heed 'm, lad." "Nay, father, do get on."

"Not I, indeed." "Why, then, let me, I pray."
"Well, do; and see what prating tongues will say."

The boy was mounted; and they had not got
Much further on, before another knot,
Just as the ass was pacing by, pad, pad,
Cried, "O! that lazy looby of a lad!
How unconcernedly the gaping brute
Lets the poor aged fellow walk a-foot."

Down came the son, on hearing this account,
And begged and prayed, and made his father mount;
Till a third party, on a further stretch,
"See! see" exclaimed, "that old hard-hearted wretch!
How like a justice there he sits, or squire;
While the poor lad keeps wading through the mire."

"Stop," cried the lad, still vexed in deeper mind,
"Stop, father, stop; let me get on behind."
This done, they thought they certainly should please,
Escape reproaches, and be both at ease;
For, having tried each practicable way,
What could be left for jokers now to say?

Still disappointed by succeeding tone,
"Hark ye, you fellows! Is that ass your own?
Get off, for shame! or one of you, at least!
You both deserve to carry the poor beast,
Ready to drop down dead upon the road,
With such a huge unconscionable load."

On this they both dismounted; and, some say,
Contrived to carry, like a truss of hay,
The ass between 'em; prints, they add, are seen
With man and lad, and slinging ass between;
Others omit that fancy in the print,
As overstraining an ingenious hint.

The copy that we follow says, the man
Rubbed down the ass, and took to his first plan,

Walked to the fair, and sold him, got his price,
And gave his son this pertinent advice :
"Let talkers talk ; stick thou to what is best ;
To think of pleasing all—is all a jest."

COME AND GO.

SHARPE.

DICK DAWDLE had land worth two hundred a-year,
Yet from debt and from dunning he never was free,
His intellect was not surprisingly clear,
But he never felt satisfied how it could be.

The raps at his door, and the rings at his gate,
And the threats of a jail he no longer could bear ;
So he made up his mind to sell half his estate,
Which would pay all his debts, and leave something to spare.

He leased to a farmer the rest of his land
For twenty-one years ; and on each quarter day
The honest man went with the rent in his hand,
His liberal landlord, delighted, to pay.

Before half the term of the lease had expired,
The farmer, one day, with a bagful of gold,
Said, "Pardon me, sir, but I long have desired
To purchase my farm, if the land can be sold.

"Ten years I've been blest with success and with health,
With trials a few—I thank God, not severe—
I am grateful, I hope, though not proud of my wealth,
But I've managed to lay by a hundred a year."

"Why how," exclaimed Dick, "can this possibly be ?"
(With a stare of surprise, and a mortified laugh) ;
"The *whole* of my farm proved too little for *me*,
And *you*, it appears, have grown rich upon *half*."

"I hope you'll excuse me," the farmer replies,
"But I'll tell you the cause, if your honor would know ;

In two little words all the difference lies,
I always say *come*, and you used to say *go*."

"Well, and what does that mean, my good fellow?" he said.

"Why this, sir, that *I* always rise with the sun;
You said '*go*' to your man, as you lay in your bed,
I say, '*Come*, Jack, with me,' and I see the work done."

HOW THEY POP THE QUESTION.

ANONYMOUS.

THE sailor says: "I like your rig;
And though I've noticed many,
I really think you are, old girl,
As trim a craft as any.
And if you'll say the word,
Through every kind of weather,
Just blast my timbers if we don't
Go cruising on together."

The poet with enraptured gaze,
Points out a single star—
"'Tis thus, sweet lady, that you shine
On mortals from afar;
But ah! it is my fondest hope—
Though selfish, I must own—
That in some modest, vine-wreathed cot
You'll shine for me alone."

The dancing master—French, of course—
Thinks earnestly of mating,
And seeks some lovely widow with
A bow excruciating.
"Madame, ze heart is in ze hope
You love a leetle beet,
And go ze way of life wiz me—
Madame, I kees your feet."

The actor quotes from many plays,
And swears by all the powers,
His hand shall build his Annabelle
A cot among the flowers.
Without her smiles he e'er is like
A ship without a rudder ;
Then talks of dark despair and death,
Until he makes her shudder.

And Pat, the coachman, winks at Bid,
As she flies from room to room—
The ever merry chambermaid,
With dusting-pan and broom—
He says, " Me darlint, when we've laid
Us by a heap of money,
We'll get the praste to tie the knot,
If you'll say yes, me honey."

Says Hans Von Schmidt, who keeps saloon,
" I want to get un vrow,
As helps me make der lager pier,
Und milks de prindle cow ;
To make mine shirts, und cook der krout,
Und eberytings to do ;
To feed der horse und slop der pig,
Und tend my papies too."

And even Sam, the barber-man,
At Lize rolls up his eyes,
And talks of matrimonial bliss,
With most heart-rending sighs.
" Ef you don't gub dat lily hand
To dis yer lub-sick nigger,
He puts dis pistol to him head,
And den he pulls the trigger."

'Tis thus mankind rush to their fate,
For with a brilliant light,
That little elfin being, Love,

Has power beyond the sight.
Like children's barks, adown the falls,
To waters still below,
Some glide along without a heart,
And some to ruin go.

THE CLEVER IDIOT.

ANONYMOUS.

A BOY, as nursery records tell,
Had dropp'd his drumstick in a well ;
He had good sense enough to know
He would be beaten for't, and so
Slily (tho' silly from his cradle)
Took from the shelf a silver ladle,
And in the water down it goes,
After the drumstick, I suppose.

The thing was miss'd, the servants blamed,
But in a week no longer named ;
Now this not suiting his designs,
A silver cup he next purloins
(To aid his plan, he never stopp'd),
And in the water down it dropped.

This caused some words and much inquiry,
And made his parents rather *iry* ;
Both for a week were vex'd and cross,
And then—submitted to the loss.
At length, to follow up his plan,
Our little, clever idiot man,
His father's favorite silver waiter
Next cast into the wat'ry crater.

Now this, indeed, was what the cook
And butler could not overlook ;
And all the servants of the place
Were searched, and held in much disgrace.

The boy now call'd out, "Cook, here—Nell;
What's this so shining in the well?"

This was enough to give a hint
That the lost treasure might be in't;
So for a man with speed they sent,
Who down the well directly went.
They listen with expectant ear,
At last these joyful words they hear,
"Oh, here's the ladle, and the cup,
And waiter too—so draw me up."

"Hold (quoth the boy), a moment stay,
Bring something else that's in your way."
Adding (with self-approving grin),
"My drumstick, now your hand is in."

THE KNIGHTS; OR, BOTH RIGHT AND BOTH WRONG.

WHEN chivalry was all the taste,
And honor stamped each dauntless breast;
When falsehood was esteemed a shame,
And heroes bled for virtuous fame;
To right the wronged, protect the weak,
And dry the tear on beauty's cheek;
Two bearded knights, on milk-white steeds,
Equipped for tilts, and martial deeds,
Perchance, met on a spacious plain,
Where stood a trophy to the slain;
A mighty shield, on one side white,
The other black as ebon night;
Emblem of spotless virtue's fall,
And death's dark triumph over all.

Both stopped to view this curious sight,
But viewed it in a different light:

"Bless me!" cries one, how white this shield!
How bright it shines across the field!"
"White!" says the other, "no such thing;
'Tis blacker than the raven's wing!"
"Recall your words, presumptuous youth;
A knight should never jest with truth."
"'Tis you who want to jest, not I.
The shield is black!" "By heaven, you lie!"
"Now, Truth, bear witness to my vow—
I'll die, base knight, or make thee bow!"
While both with sudden passion stormed,
And rage each angry face deformed,
From wordy war, to blows they turn,
And with revenge and fury burn:
On either helm the sword descends,
Each trusty helm the head defends;
And on the impenetrable mail,
The sounding strokes fall thick as hail.
They prance their coursers round and round,
Each hopes to give the lucky wound;
And each, convinced himself is right,
Maintains, with equal hope, the fight;
Nor doubts to make his rival own,
Success attends on truth alone.

By chance, a clown, who passed that way,
At a distance saw the doubtful fray;
Who, though he relished not hard blows,
Esteemed it right to interpose.

"Good sirs!" he cried, then made his bow,
Respectful, diffident and low,
"I'm but a simple man, 'tis true!
But wish to serve and save you too;
And he who's wronged, I'll take his part,
With all my soul, and all my heart!"

The knights, by this time almost spent,
To honest Hodge attention lent:

For e'en the presence of a fool
Will sometimes stubborn stomachs cool ;
And when for trifles men fall out
A trifle oft brings peace about.

Each, thinking Hodge must prove him right,
And justify his partial sight,
Made haste the matter to disclose,
That caused this war of words and blows,
And asked if black or white the shield,
That stood conspicuous on the field,
For passion still had kept them blind ;
Passion, the shutters of the mind.
" Faith," said the clown, and scratched his head,
" Your honors straight shall be obeyed :
'Tis neither white nor black, but both .
And this is true I ll take my oath.
One side is black, the other white :
Each saw it in a single light,
But had you viewed the shield all round,
Both would have right and wrong been found.

The wondering knights like stuck pigs stared,
While Hodge the simple truth declared ;
And each, ashamed of passion's sway,
Lifts up his eyes ; when, bright as day,
The shield both black and white appeared,
And both from falsehood's stain were cleared.
They thanked kind Hodge, and parted friends ;
Resolved for wrath to make amends,
By looking twice ere once they fought,
And always aiding strength with thought.

Hence we this precious moral draw ;
Fixed as the Medes and Persians' law—
That he who only one side sees,
With erring judgment oft decrees ;
And he who only one tale hears,
'Gainst half the truth oft shuts his ears.

HOW THE LAWYER GOT A PATRON SAINT.

A LEGEND OF BRETAGNE.

SAXE.

A LAWYER of Brittany, once on a time,
When business was flagging at home,
Was sent as a legate to Italy's clime,
To confer with the Father at Rome.

And what was the message the minister brought ?
To the Pope he preferred a complaint
That each other profession a Patron had got,
While the Lawyers had never a Saint !

"Very true," said his Holiness,—smiling to find
An attorney so civil and pleasant,—
"But my very last Saint is already assigned,
And I can't make a new one at present.

"To choose from the *Bar* it were fittest, I think ;
Perhaps you've a man in your eye ;"
And his Holiness here gave a mischievous wink
To a Cardinal sitting near by.

But the lawyer replied, in a lawyer-like way,
"I know what is modest, I hope ;
I didn't come hither, allow me to say
To proffer advice to the Pope !"

"Very well," said his Holiness, "then we will do
The best that may fairly be done ;
It don't seem exactly the thing, it is true,
That the Law should be Saint-less alone.

"To treat your profession as well as I can,
And leave you no cause of complaint,
I propose, as the only quite feasible plan,
To give you a second-hand Saint.

“To the neighboring church you will presently go
And this is the plan I advise :—
First, say a few *aves*—a hundred or so—
Then, carefully bandage your eyes ;

“Then (saying more *aves*) go groping around,
And, touching one object alone,
The Saint you are seeking will quickly be found,
For the first that you touch is your own.”

The lawyer did as his Holiness said,
Without an omission or flaw ;
Then, taking the bandages off from his head,
What do you think he saw ?

There was St. Michael (figured in paint)
Subduing the Father of Evil ;
And the lawyer, exclaiming “ Be *thou* our Saint ! ”
Was touching the form of the DEVIL !

JOSH BILLINGS ON LAUGHING.

LAUGHING is strikly an amuzement, altho some folks make a bizzness ov it. It haz bin considered an index ov karakter, and thare iz sum, so close at reasoning, that they say, they kan tell what a man had for dinner, by seeing him laff. I never saw two laff alike. While thare are some, who don't make enny noise, thare are sum, who dont make ennything but noise ; and some agin, who hav musik in their laff, and others, who laff just az a rat duz, who haz caught a steel trap with his tale. Thare is no mistake in the assershun, that it is a cumfert tew hear sum laffs, that cum rompin out ov a man's mouth, just like a distrik school ov yung girls let out tew play. Then agin thare iz sum laffs, that are az kold and meaningless az a yesterday's buk wheat pancake—that cum out ov the mouth twisted, and gritty, az a 2 inch auger, drawed out ov a hemlok board. One ov these kind

ov laffs haz no more cumfert in it than the—stummuk ake haz, and makes yu feel, when yu hear it, az though yu waz being shaved bi a dull razer, without the benefit ov soap, or klergy. Men who never laff may have good hartes, but they are deep seated—like sum springs, they hav their inlet and outlet from below, and show no sparkling bubble on the brim. I dont like a gigler, this kind ov laff iz like the dandy lion, a feeble yeller, and not a bit ov good smell about it. It iz true that enny kind ov a laff iz better than none—but giv me the laff that looks out ov a man's eyes fust, to see if the coast is clear, then steals down into the dimple ov his cheek, and rides in an eddy thare awhile, then waltzes a spell, at the korners ov his mouth, like a thing ov life, then busts its bonds ov buty, and fills the air for a moment with a shower ov silvery tongued sparks—then steals bak, with a smile, to its lair, in the harte, tew watch agin for its prey—this it is the kind ov laff that i luv and ain't afrade ov.

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

ANONYMOUS.

'Twas the night *after* Christmas—when all through the ho^use
 Every soul was abed, and as still as a mouse,
 Those stockings, so lately St. Nicholas' care,
 Were emptied of all that was eatable there.
 The darlings had duly been tucked in their beds,
 With very full stomachs, and pain in their heads;
 I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,
 And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap,
 When out in the nurs'ry arose such a clatter,
 I sprang from my sleep, crying "What is the matter?"
 I rushed to each bedside, still half in a doze,
 Tore open the curtains, and threw down the clothes,
 While the light of the taper served clearly to show
 The piteous plight of those objects below.
 For what to the fond father's eyes should appear,
 But the little pale face of each sick little dear.

Each pet, having crammed itself full as a tick,
I knew in a moment now felt like "Old Nick."
Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same,
What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name :
Now turkey, now stuffing, plum-pudding—of course
Now custards, now comfits, now cranberry sauce :
Before outraged nature each went to the wall,
Aye ! lollypops, flapdoddle—great things and small,
As from throes epigastric, indigestibles fly,
So figs, nuts and raisins, jam, jelly and pie :
All the horrors of surfeit thus brought to my view,
To the shame of mamma and Santa Claus too.
I turned from the sight : to my bed-room stepped back,
And brought out a vial marked "Pulv. Ipecac,"
When my Nancy exclaimed (for their sufferings shocked her),
"Don't you think you had better, love, run for the doctor ?"
I ran—and was scarcely back under the roof,
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's hoof ;
I might say—I had hardly had time to turn 'round,
When the doctor came into the room with a bound.
He was spattered with mud from his hat to his boots,
And the clothes he had on seemed the drollest of suits ;
In his haste he'd put all quite awry on his back,
And he looked like John Falstaff half-fuddled with sack.
His eyes how they twinkled ! Had the doctor got merry ?
His cheeks looked like Port, and his breath smelt of Sherry ;
He hadn't been shaved—so to baffle the breeze,
The beard on his chin served as "*cheveux de frise*."
But inspecting their tongues in despite of their teeth,
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,
He felt of each pulse, saying "each little belly
Must get rid of the rest of that pie-crust and jelly."
I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick little elf,
And groaned when he said it, in spite of myself ;
But a wink of his eye, as he physicked dear Fred,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread ;
He didn't prescribe—but went straightway to work
And dosed all the rest—gave his trousers a jerk,
And adding directions while blowing his nose,

He buttoned his coat—from his chair he arose,
 Then jumped in his gig—gave old Jalap a whistle,
 And Jalap dashed off as if pricked by a thistle ;
 But the doctor exclaimed ere he drove out of sight,
 “ More cases just like them ! Good night ! Jones, good night ! ”

A CHANGE OF SYSTEM.

A PETITE COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

HOWARD PAUL.

Characters.

SIR CHARLES RIPPLE, BART.

LYTTLETON PAGE, Esq.

MRS. DARLINGTON.

COSTUMES—*Ordinary, of the day.*

STAGE DIRECTIONS.—*R. means Right ; L., Left ; C., Centre ; R. C., Right of Centre ; L. C., Left of Centre ; D. F., Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage ; C. D. F., Centre Door in the Flat ; D. R. C., Right Door in the Flat ; L. C. F., Left Door in the Flat ; R. D., Right Door ; L. D., Left Door ; 2 E., Second Entrance ; U. E., Upper Entrance. The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the audience.*

SCENE.—*A drawing-room elegantly furnished. Door C. and R. and L. —tables R. and L.—mirror over mantel-shelf—pens and ink—books —bell on table—embroidery frame—couch, chairs, etc.*

Enter PAGE, C. from L.

PAGE. (*Speaks as he enters.*) I am sorry she is out ! (*Speaking off.*) Tell the brougham to remain—I will wait your mistress's return. (*Gazing about admiringly.*) It is here my Diva reigns—on this couch she reposes—in this mirror her beautiful eyes are reflected ! (*Walking about the room restlessly.*) Let me see what new greeting I can devise—what new compliment pay her. Shall I tell her that she is as beautiful as an angel and simple as a cowslip ? Pshaw ! that don't sound the thing ! angels and cowslips don't go well together !

What a gift it is, to be able to look cruelly charming to the woman you love, and utter some miraculous sentiment that never was thought of before! (*Takes newspaper from pocket, and sits, L.*) Law, bless me! Lord Palmleaf put up again for—um!—(*as if skimming an article*) promises reform, ballot, abolition of—Ah, yes, the old story! promise everything, and do—

Enter MRS. DARLINGTON, C., *followed by* FOOTMAN.

MRS. D. (*Speaking as she enters.*) Remember, Thomas, if the gentleman next door calls, I will hear what he has to say. (*Seeing* PAGE, *who rises.*) Good morning, Mr. Page—I saw your brougham at the door.

PAGE. I have just this moment come. You observe, I make no stranger of myself! (*MRS. DARLINGTON gives bonnet and shawl to* FOOTMAN, *who exits, R. D.*)

MRS. D. I have been over to St. George's to witness a grand wedding. The bride was a beautiful girl, and I should think, not more than nineteen—she looked perfectly radiant in her silken robes! (*Sits, R.*) Poor creature! another victim! Oh, by the way, Mr. Page, I must tell you before I forget it—my new tenant, next door, is very troublesome. He has left his card twice this week, and quite insists on an interview. Isn't it a bore to be harassed in this manner?

PAGE. Perhaps he wishes some repairs.

MRS. D. I have a suspicion that he is an admirer!

PAGE. (*Warmly.*) Eh? you will not receive him then, surely?

MRS. D. (*Laughingly.*) Why should I not? To what am I indebted for such an early visit from you to-day?

PAGE. Most important business, which I'll communicate after—

MRS. D. What?

PAGE. Paying due homage to your beauty.

MRS. D. Now for pity's sake, let me beg of you, as an especial favor, not to do anything of the sort. If you only knew how sick I am of compliments, and you are so lavish of them! Do be more economical in future!

PAGE. If you were less interesting I might !

MRS. D. There—there, you must imagine that I am. Besides, you remember our compact—you are never to be sentimental in my presence.

PAGE. But how can a man employ cold words with a flame burning in his breast. (*Sighing.*) An amber flame, if I may so term it, that has burned three long years.

MRS. D. Don't talk such nonsense, Mr. Page. Three years ! I was then under the protection—or, I should rather say, the domination of a husband.

PAGE. But you have been a widow more than a year.

MRS. D. And intend remaining one for many more to come.

PAGE. In other words—I am doomed to love you for ever without hope !

MRS. D. But what compels you to love me ?

PAGE. Your thousand graces—your wit—your—

MRS. D. (*Taking a fan from pocket, which she shakes at him.*) You are beginning again !

PAGE. I stop ! (*Placing his hand on his mouth.*)

MRS. D. I tell you nothing new, when I repeat I have renounced for ever all ideas of matrimony ! Heigho ! what experience I have had, was—But there is no use of reviving bitter recollections !

PAGE. You were sacrificed !

MRS. D. Yes, yes—all woman are ! My husband, to be sure, had good qualities, but unfortunately, he had possessed them too long ! Sixty-two years ! and the gout made him irritable, impatient, and fretful—true, he was amiable when in good health, but as he suffered ten months in twelve, you can form an estimate of my happiness !

PAGE. All you say proves the justice of my position. Now if you had married a superb, dashing fellow—in point of fact, a perfect man—

MRS. D. (*Banteringly*) Like yourself—

PAGE. How well you use the privilege of your sex ! But the idea of a man of seventy—

MRS. D. Sixty-two, if you please! Don't make it worse than it was!

PAGE. Well, sixty-two. Love has lost its bloom, and men marry at that age to be nursed.

MRS. D. Husbands are much alike, young or old—they are all despotic, treacherous, exacting, or capricious; they are kind and attentive sometimes, I admit, but it's only when the humor takes them. It is honey and caresses one moment, and wormwood and indifference the next. (*Crossing.*) So if you do not wish me to hate you, pray don't love me a minute longer.

PAGE. Do you think I can dismiss you from my heart as I would a witness from the box. (*Taking paper from his breast pocket.*) You urge me, I find, to the dull business purport of my call this morning. I require your signature to this document, before filing it in the Court of Chancery.

MRS. D. (*Taking it and signs.*) You lawyers are a world of trouble. It seems that my husband's estate yields nothing but vexation. (*Returning it.*)

PAGE. Out of which one good arises—I am enabled to see you oftener than I otherwise should.

MRS. D. Not going to begin again, I hope! I will save your imagination any further trouble by wishing you good morning, Mr. Page. (*Aside.*) Provoking creature! if he would only worship me less, I believe I should love him ten times better. [Exit, R.]

PAGE. (*Pacing the stage.*) Well, she is either the most indifferent woman in the world, or has a happy knack of seeming so. Her heart is as impregnable as a fortress. She has the most implicit confidence in me in all affairs save those of love. If I were a fool, or even ugly or deformed, I could in some measure account for her coldness, but—(*Pausing opposite mirror and regarding himself.*) Confound the thing—a countenance like mine ought to do something for me.

Enter SIR CHARLES RIPPLE, D.—*he strolls in leisurely, and speaks off as he enters.*

SIR C. Yes, yes, it is quite right—I'll wait till your mistress returns.

PAGE. (*Seeing him—aside.*) Who is that?

SIR C. A man here—not favorable!

PAGE. (*Aside.*) What a striking likeness to Sir Charles Ripple!

SIR C. (*Aside.*) He's confoundedly like Lyttleton Page.

PAGE. (*Bowing.*) I beg your pardon! (*Aside.*) It must be.

SIR C. (*After a mutual glance of recognition.*) I am sure of it. (*Aloud.*) Why, Page, how are you? (*Extending his hand.*)

PAGE. Sir Charles! I thought it was you the moment I set eyes on you. I'm glad to see you. It has been two years since we met!

SIR C. Quite right! I've been home from Italy these three months. And how goes the world with you, Page—the London world—still a bachelor?

PAGE. Still a bachelor; but fiercely in love, notwithstanding.

SIR C. A lawyer in love! ha, ha! Cupid and Coke! what a partnership!

PAGE. It's folly to suppose a man is master of his own heart!

SIR C. The popular notion is that your profession is not troubled with that organ.

PAGE. In my case, popular idea is in error, for in the matter of heart, the deficit is on the side of the lady!

SIR C. Do you mean to say she has rejected you?

PAGE. I fear so; and the unfortunate part of the business is, leaving my bruised feelings out of the case, she is worth five thousand pounds a-year!

SIR C. Now I clearly understand your emotion—I can sympathise with you!

PAGE. It has not been for want of enterprise, I assure you—I have been most attentive—slavishly so; and as for compliments, I have positively ransacked my library for graceful images and glowing fancies to embroider my conversation.

SIR C. And do you suppose your "ladye fair" doesn't understand embroidery better than yourself?

PAGE. I believe she would reject the advances of any man, though he were as tender as Romeo, impassioned as Petrarch, persuasive as Mephistopheles, and elegant as Chesterfield. Mrs. Darlington, I fear, is unconquerable.

SIR C. Oh, is she the object of your affections?

PAGE. Do you know her? of course you do!

SIS C. No, I do not *yet*!

PAGE. (*With surprise.*) Then how is it I find you in this drawing-room?

SIR C. This is the first time I was ever here in my life! everything must have a beginning, even an acquaintance with a lady!

PAGE. But if you do not know her, by what right or what plea are you here! I confess I was never so amazed in my life!

SIR P. Then if you *must* know, I rented of her agent the house next door a few weeks since, and this is a visit of respect. True, it is not exactly an English custom—our civilization is so deplorably humdrum. I picked it up in Venice—*haute galanterie*, you perceive; and a tenant, if he be well bred and well travelled should—

PAGE. Come, come, Sir Charles, don't shelter your motives under the house next door.

SIR C. Don't be jealous, my dear Page. Although neighbors, we have never exchanged kisses at the window, nor forget-me-nots by moonlight!

PAGE. Still fond of adventure, Sir Charles?

SIR C. As Childe Harold or a troubadour, and would go as far in quest of it.

PAGE. (*With perplexity.*) Yes, yes, oh yes! (*Aside.*) I trust he will not display his love of adventure under this roof.

SIR P. (*Aside.*) Jealous already, and perplexed as well!

PAGE. Your object, I perceive, is to make love to Mrs. Darlington, and I frankly tell you that you might as well save yourself the trouble.

SIR C. (*Interruptingly.*) Trouble! ha, ha!

PAGE. You have the example of my failure before your eyes.

SIR C. You are one man. Venus married Vulcan, a filthy blacksmith, after having refused a dozen excellent offers, at least. It requires no ballooning in metaphysics, to demonstrate the caprice and wilfulness of women.

PAGE. (*Gravely.*) But I assure you she dislikes *all* men. She avers they are despotic, capricious, exacting, and cruel. What delights other women enrages her; and as to her opinions, they are always opposite to your own. Now what can one do to shift hers round to yours?

SIR C. Always be of hers, and there will be no occasion for her to change. It is a vast mistake to differ with a woman on any point. I have a theory of my own that a woman can be won by indifference sooner than any other method.

PAGE. It don't strike me.

SIR C. How long have you known Mrs. Darlington?

PAGE. Let me see—three—nearly four years.

SIR C. The enigma is solved—you have known her too long. If I undertook to lay siege to a heart, I would answer to carrying it at three assaults. Come, Page, I will deal frankly with you. I confess I was captivated by your charming widow; and it was perfectly natural for me, as a next door neighbor, to cultivate her acquaintance, if possible! But much as I admire her, I resign my intentions, unless—Now it occurs to me that I can serve you and illustrate my doctrine, that women are soonest won by indifference. What do you say—shall we become affiliated like the *Illuminati*, and engage in the cause with one heart? It will cost me a pang, but that is nothing where the happiness of a friend is involved. What do you say—shall we unite our forces and strengthen our means of attack? The affair will amuse me; and it's a sad case if two men can't win the heart of one woman.

PAGE. Sir Charles, you are distinguished for your ingenuity and power of reasoning. You might succeed in inducing her to believe me worthy of her serious consideration. This rencontre is most fortunate! Perhaps if I had not met you,

the widow would have been lost to me for ever. And what a loss it would have been—such a delightful woman!

SIR C. And five thousand a-year—you shouldn't forget that!

PAGE. Now, I shall leave the affair in your hands. (*Aside.*) Courting by deputy may not be *en règle*, but as I can do nothing unaided in the case, I cannot help but benefit by junior counsel. (*Aloud.*) *Au revoir!* I shall soon be with you again. [*Exit, c.*]

SIR C. I always knew Lyttleton Page to be a somewhat feeble individual, but if any one had told me that he was such a consummate blockhead, I would have kicked the informer. The idea, in this nineteenth century, of creature No. 1 trusting fellow creature No. 2 to erect a temple of love for creature No. 1 to inhabit, and the temple worth five thousand pounds a-year, passes belief.

Enter MRS. DARLINGTON, R., speaking as she enters.

MRS. D. Some one here, and unannounced! (*To RIPPLES.*) I beg pardon, sir—whom have I the pleasure of addressing? (*He rises, bows, and hands her his card.*) This is not the first card of yours that has been put into my hands. I think “not at home” was always the reply, which, to a man of discernment, is sufficiently obvious!

SIR C. I must crave your pardon, for one moment. I have the honor of being your tenant, and at the same moment your very humble servant. I have been residing abroad for some years, and it is the custom in Venice for all tenants to pay a visit of respect to their *propriétaire*, especially if it be a lady!

MRS. D. But you are now in England—London and Venice are widely different.

SIR C. Truly, but I also wish to consult you—

MRS. D. (*Interruptingly.*) About some repairs, I presume?

SIR G. (*Catching at the idea.*) Yes, yes, precisely! (*Aside.*) She assists me. (*Aloud.*) One of the chimneys smokes like Vesuvius before an eruption.

MRS. D. My man of business shall send you a bricklayer ! It was scarcely necessary to wait on me to tell me a chimney smoked ! Perhaps that, too, is a Venetian custom !

SIR C. You have anticipated my assurance on that point. (*Pointing to the couch.*) I beg pardon, would you have the kindness to be seated ?

MRS. D. Sir !

SIR C. It grieves me to see you stand.

MRS. D. But, sir, it seems to me that it is I who—(*Aside.*) Was there ever such cool audacity. He is positively doing the honor of my own house.

SIR C. Let me beg of you—

MRS. D. Since you insist on it, thank you ! (*Sits at table, R.*) His *sang froid* is positively amusing.

SIR C. You are extremely gracious to respect my desire ! (*Aside.*) I am getting on !

MRS. D. It's clear he must not be encouraged ! (*Takes embroidery frame, turns her back, and begins working.*)

SIR C. (*Aside.*) I don't wonder Page adores her—she is a charming woman ! (*Turns over leaves of books on table—a slight silence.*)

MRS. D. Although presumptuous, he has not much to say for himself ! (*Looking round.*) I declare, he is reading !

SIR C. (*Reads.*) “Oh, thou in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth !”

MRS. D. I beg your pardon, did you speak ?

SIR C. Not at all.

MRS. D. I regret interrupting you !

SIR C. Pray don't mention it ! (*He continues reading, and she embroiders.*)

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) What a bear he is ! (*Aloud.*) Hem !

SIR C. Hem !

MRS. D. Hem ! (*Aside.*) If these are Venetian manners, I prefer our plain English customs ! (*Aloud.*) Are you aware, Sir Charles Ripple, that in England a visit involves something more than reading ?

SIR C. (*Closing the book.*) True—I was absorbed !

MRS. D. And you a traveller, too! one would imagine you glowing with reminiscence! The Forum by moonlight, a sunrise from Monte Rosa, a morning at Versailles, an excursion on Lake Lemman, a drive on the Bois de Boulogne, or a promenade in Naples, might surely suggest a conversation. The enchantment of Venice, where you have resided, should make eloquent any man with soul.

SIR C. Granted—if they had not been described to death. Everybody who could put pen to paper, or pencil to canvas for the last three centuries, has had a fling at Venice. I may, therefore, hold myself exempt from so hackneyed a theme, and shall not inflict on you so much as the description of a gondola.

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) Convenient sophistry!

SIR C. (*After a brief pause.*) I think we shall have rain before night.

She makes no reply—he hums a melody, and again resumes his reading.

MRS. D. Are you musical?

SIR C. I play a little on the drum!

MRS. D. A brilliant accomplishment! (*Ironically.*) And Venetian, I presume. I fear you dislike conversation?

SIR C. Not I—but casual visiting is so fatal to unreserved utterance. We might chat for an hour and get no further than common places! It would seem inappropriate, if not eccentric, for me to say anything eloquent or sincere!

MRS. D. It is a woman's prerogative to gossip! Besides, it is so easy, and requires no mental strain! One can't be always on stilts!

SIR C. Do you know that in Venice conversation is quite gone out of fashion? The practice has degenerated to lawyers, and men of that stamp.

MRS. D. It is odd you should make that remark, for I was about to observe that a legal friend of mine, Mr. Lyttleton Page, never opens his lips in my presence but out falls a vow, or a compliment.

SIR C. I am surprised that any lady of sense will listen

to vows which I liken to I, O, U's, with which the bankrupt of one sex pays to the other the debts of its heart.

MRS. D. Your simile is that of a commercial traveller, who has been jilted!

SIR C. One feels a degree of latitude in speaking of an intimate friend!

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) An intimate friend! (*Aloud.*) I was not aware that you knew Mr. Page! He is one of the most gallant men alive—his compliments are masterpieces.

SIR C. (*Aside.*) Filched from his library by his own confession. (*Shaking his head.*) Humph!

MRS. D. (*Ironically.*) You are extremely civil, I must confess! I don't see the harm of a few courtiers!

SIR C. They went out with coaching, high heels, patches, and powder. They were all very well as toadies to the Charleses, and it answered the purpose of Louis Quatorze to cultivate the breed—but depend upon it they have lost their power.

MRS. D. Ours is imperishable!

SIR C. While your beauty remains—where such a thing exists!

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) Can that remark have a personal tendency? (*Aloud.*) I fear I have the misfortune, then, in your eyes, not to be agreeable?

SIR C. I have aroused her vanity, that's something. (*Aloud.*) Oh, you are still well enough!

MRS. D. Still? For gracious sake, do I look like a grandmother?

SIR C. Heaven forbid!

MRS. D. Your insinuation was most unpleasant! and allow me to add, if I do look old, it is premature, produced by two years of married life, sadness, and suffering.

SIR C. Your husband must have been very unhappy.

MRS. D. May I inquire why?

SIR C. It is the usual lot of husbands, and I cannot suppose that yours escaped more favored than the rest. (*Aside.*) That ought to excite her!

MRS. D. (*Glancing at the card.*) Permit me to say, Sir Charles Ripple, that it is my sex who are the real sufferers.

SIR C. A mistake, madam. A bitter experience has taught me the truth of what I urge. I am a widower.

MRS. D. Perhaps you were unfortunate in your choice?

SIR C. To tell you the truth, I believe wives are all, more or less alike, coquettish, fidgety, vain, and frivolous! My wife was a glorious woman when in good health, but unfortunately she was an invalid twelve months in the year!

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) How his experience rhymes with my own! (*Aloud.*) I maintain, all women are not what you assert—and I further assert that there are faultless women!

SIR C. They must inhabit the moon, then—I have discovered none on this planet!

MRS. D. I perceive you do not veil your opinions.

SIR C. To be sincere, requires heroism—and few are courageous enough to express their convictions.

MRS. D. Whether those convictions be acceptable or otherwise to those with whom you seek contact.

SIR C. I fear I have offended you, and lest my candor cause you pain, I will retire. (*Taking his hat.*) I have the honor of wishing you good morning. (*Going up, c.*)

MRS. D. Good morning, Sir Charles Ripple. (*Aside.*) Confound the man! his very rudeness has something in it that interests me!

SIR C. (*Returning a few steps.*) When shall I have the honor of seeing Mrs. Darlington again?

MRS. D. There is no hurry!

SIR C. (*Aside.*) Which liberally construed, means, as soon as I please. (*Aloud.*) Depend upon it I shall pay you another visit, if that chimney continues smoking! (*Bowing.*) Good morning, madam! [*Exit, c.*]

MRS. D. I never, until this moment, suspected myself of possessing too much amiability; but it occurs to me I was off my guard with that provoking man! To allow a stranger to tell me that women are all coquettish, vain, frivolous!

it is too much! (*Takes up book, turns over the leaves, and throws it down on table, impatiently.*)

Enter PAGE, door c.

Oh, Mr. Page, I am glad you have returned!

PAGE. (*Aside.*) Already glad! how well he has pleaded my cause!

MRS. D. I am very angry—very angry, indeed!

PAGE. Temper does not affect your voice, then—it is the soul of music!

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) After what I have just experienced, a compliment is not unacceptable.

PAGE. A rather curious circumstance causes me to return so soon! I must tell you frankly that I did not know the adversary in one of your suits—having left the preliminaries to my managing clerk, and on looking over the papers, I discover, to my surprise, that it is Sir Charles Ripple, one of my most valued friends.

MRS. D. Who has but this moment quitted the room—

PAGE. Can it be possible? He's a most agreeable fellow, is he not? Brave and noble, and the very pink of gallantry! (*Aside.*) I must place my colleague in as good a light as possible. (*Aloud.*) Did he speak of me?

MRS. D. (*Smiling.*) In the most extraordinary terms!

PAGE. (*Aside.*) Generous creature! (*Aloud.*) Poor Sir Charles! in some respects he has been very unfortunate!

MRS. D. I suppose you mean in regard to his wife?

PAGE. I never knew he was married!

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) Was he deceiving me?

PAGE. In consideration of his misfortunes, I have come to propose—

MRS. D. (*Apart, abstractedly.*) But what was his motive for doing so?

PAGE. (*Endeavoring to engage her attention.*) To propose—

MRS. D. (*Still apart, pacing the room.*) Did he descend to a falsehood, that he might the more effectually rail against women?

PAGE. (*Following her.*) To propose an amicable settlement.
(*Aside.*) What's the matter with her, I wonder?

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) And I was weak enough to listen to his cruel reproaches! If he dare call here again, I'll prove to him that I am able to defend my much injured sex. (*Sits at table.*)

PAGE. I repeat, Mrs. Darlington, that in order to avoid delay, to say nothing of exposure. it will be better to adjust this affair by arbitration

Enter SIR CHARLES.

Here he is!

SIR C. (*Bowing.*) A thousand pardons, madam!

PAGE. Well met, Sir Charles—your name was on my tongue as you entered the door. I was suggesting—

SIR C. (*Apart, in an undertone.*) Find an excuse to leave us at once!

PAGE. (*Apart.*) I comprehend you—we are getting on famously!

SIR C. (*Apart.*) No delay—every moment is of value.

PAGE. (*Apart.*) Exercise all your eloquence!

MRS. D. (*Apart.*) What is all that buzzing about?

PAGE. My dear Mrs. Darlington, an engagement near at hand demands my presence for a few moments. (*To her.*) You will pardon this abruptness. (*To SIR CHARLES.*) Day day, Sir Charles! (*Aside.*) How fortunate am I to have at my elbow so able an advocate in the court of Cupid.

[*Exit, c.*

SIR C. (*Aside.*) The widow is glancing poignards this way. I must soothe her.

MRS. D. Sir Charles Ripple, you seem to run in and out of my house, as if it were the Exchange or a hotel. You forget, sir, what is due to a lady.

SIR C. Don't charge me with so deplorable an offence. I confess this visit would seem abrupt, had I not returned for my gloves.

MRS. D. (*Turning her eyes about the room, and then observing*

his hands.) Unless suffering some optical delusion, it strikes me that your gloves are precisely where they should be—on your hands.

SIR C. (*Affecting surprise.*) Why so they are. I begin to suspect myself of bewilderment of intellect, absence of mind, or some disastrous affliction. I was as profoundly convinced of the idea that I left my gloves here as I am that St. Paul's has a dome. (*Removing one of his gloves deliberately.*)

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) Does he take me for an imbecile to believe such nonsense? He evidently admires me, and that is the secret! (*Aloud.*) I must say your remissness is, indeed, strange; and allow me to add that your calls are too rapid to be agreeable.

SIR C. (*Retiring.*) I fear I inconvenience you?

MRS. D. Trifles never put me out of the way.

SIR C. Hem! (*Aside.*) Then I may dare to regard this as another call! (*Sits.*) You are—

MRS. D. (*Quickly.*) Coquettish, vain, and frivolous, like the rest of my sex, I suppose.

SIR C. (*Aside.*) Piqued and interested—'tis well!

MRS. D. *Apropos*, I have just been talking with your friend, Mr. Page—

SIR C. It must have afforded you great pleasure.

MRS. D. You were the subject of our conversation.

SIR C. Then I am sure you were delighted!

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) Vain coxcomb! (*Aloud.*) I said I was speaking of you—I should rather have said of your wife. Mr. Page could give me no information concerning her.

SIR C. (*Aside.*) Invention assist me! (*Speaking slowly, and seeming to invent as he proceeds.*) Oh yes, that is easily explained—he never saw her. I married in Corsica, and my bride never came to England. My marriage was a curious whim, I confess. She was the daughter of a brigand—a pale, delicate, spiritual-looking creature. It was a strange, romantic, unhappy affair. It would pain you to hear the details. (*Aside.*) For a fib at short notice, that must answer.

MRS. D. You tell me sufficient to understand your opinions of women. You find yourself in Corsica, that hot-bed of vile passions, and by your own confession wed the offspring of a robber, whom you set up as a standard by whom to judge ladies generally. It is a noble mission to bring you—when I say *you*, I mean any man, to his senses.

SIR C. What means will you employ?

MRS. D. By remarrying myself, and proving that I am a faultless woman.

SIR C. You are, indeed, heroic!

MRS. D. I'll make an especial point of adoring my husband! coquetry shall never enter my head—I'll take care that vanity and I are not on visiting terms—frivolity shall be set aside for a calm sense of duty. In short, sir, I'll make my husband a happy man, pierced by no regrets that he did not visit the moon in search of a wife.

SIR C. What charming vengeance! Now, may I inquire who is to be the happy man, for I presume you have made your choice?

MRS. D. I can't see that it concerns you—

SIR C. Nay, though, had I a list of your acquaintance, I should be tempted to guess.

MRS. D. You seem to be interested!

SIR C. (*Warmly.*) I am, very much! (*Recovering himself.*) As much, madam, as a stranger dare be under the circumstances.

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) He improves on acquaintance. (*Aloud.*) It's no very great secret, after all. I don't know why I should not tell you. It is—

Enter a FOOTMAN, announcing.

FOOTMAN. Mr Lyttleton Page!

Enter PAGE, with umbrella.

PAGE. Soon returned, you see! good gracious, how it is raining! It is only a passing shower, though!

MRS. D. (*To SIR CHARLES.*) My servant, you see, spared me the confusion of mentioning the name. (*To PAGE.*) Mr.

PAGE, don't wet the carpet, if you please! Leave your umbrella in the hall.

PAGE. How stupid of me! I really beg your pardon! (*Aside to SIR CHARLES.*) I hope I have not returned too quickly. [*Exit C., with umbrella.*]

SIR C. I congratulate you on your choice.

MRS. D. You are very kind!

SIR C. I think him the man, of all others, suited to you.

MRS. D. (*Emphatically.*) Precisely my opinion!

PAGE *re-enters*, C., as she says this.

PAGE. May I ask what is your opinion?

MRS. D. (*Looking at watch—rises.*) That I have a few orders to give my servant, and must leave you a moment, my dear Mr. Page, with Sir Charles Ripple!

PAGE. (*Aside.*) She said my dear Mr. Page!

SIR C. (*Rising.*) I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Darlington again?

MRS. D. (*Carelessly.*) If you are passing at some distant period, I shall be very glad!

SIR C. (*Bowing.*) Your condescension is profound! (*He offers his arm to conduct her to the door—PAGE does the same—she accepts his and exits, R.*)

MRS. D. (*To PAGE.*) *Au revoir!*

SIR C. (*Aside.*) Page will be ready to jump out of his skin!

PAGE. (*Seizing SIR CHARLES by the hands.*) My dear Sir Charles, you have performed miracles!

SIR C. (*Aside.*) He must not win her easily—I must torture him a little!

PAGE. I am confident my suit is progressing.

SIR C. After the fashion of a crab—backwards.

PAGE. Eh? what do you mean?

SIR C. All my eloquence is lost on her.

PAGE. But I observe a change in her manner. She called me "dear Mr. Page" just now, a thing she rarely does, expect in a blooming temper.

SIR C. I am aware of all that, but lawyer as you are, you do not seem to detect the weak points of your client's case. Those soft words are the mere delusive prologue to something extremely disagreeable that is to follow. So don't be off your guard.

PAGE. Can it be possible?

SIR C. Stay a moment. You shall be spared the pain and mortification of the scheme she meditates—anticipate her cruelty by assuring her in distinct terms that your affection was only feigned.

PAGE. She would be furious!

SIR C. There you go! women are beyond the pale of your comprehension. Do you suppose their exquisite perception is blinded by idle compliments, which, after all, are mere prismatic bubbles blown with the softest of soap. Believe, me, indifference is the only true plan. At first they will detest you, but in the end they will determine to reform you by making you adore them. Be advised—change your system.

PAGE. By Jove, I believe you are right. I have tried honey for a long time to no purpose.

SIR C. Sweets clog! the reign of sapphires and fairies is over. You may flatter like the book of beauty, but it will not serve your purpose.

PAGE. For an experiment, I *will* change my system. I'll assure Mrs. Darlington that the wedding-ring should be of iron—not gold.

SIR C. Quite right!

PAGE. That women are all vain!

SIR C. Capital!

PAGE. And coquettish!

SIR C. Bravo!

PAGE. And that in courting her society I was only in search of a sensation.

SIR C. You'll take her by storm. Her surprise will be something marvellous. I'll leave you together at once, and strike while the determination is warm upon you. Show

her that your accustomed honey has fermented, and that your complimentary sugar has fallen in the market. (*Aside.*) What fun, to lead them into a cloud. (*Aloud.*) I wish you all the success this change of system deserves. [*Exit, c.*]

PAGE. I fear I shall proceed awkwardly, though. It will seem clumsy to mix up compliments and cruelty—a panegyric in one breath and a reproach the next. (*Drawing himself up.*) But I'll be as brutal as common decency will permit. If there is anything in this cold water system, I'll spare no pains in ascertaining it.

Enter MRS. DARLINGTON, R.

MRS. D. My dear Mr. Page, I hope you will not think me rude in quitting you just now?

PAGE. (*Aside.*) "My dear Mr. Page!" How artful women are! I am not to be trapped so easily, she will find! (*Aloud.*) Tra, la, la!

MRS. D. A serious mischance with my milliner must be my excuse! (*Looking at him.*) Why, what under the sun is the matter with the man? Ha, ha!

PAGE. (*Aside.*) She is laughing at me! She sees that I am acting! I shall never be able to keep it up! (*Aloud.*) Eh? what's the matter with me? Hem! I am thinking—thinking.

MRS. D. Can't you think without putting your nose in the air in that manner?

PAGE. Yes—yes—madam!

MRS. D. Why say madam?—it sounds harshly between friends!

PAGE. (*Aside.*) Between friends! How well she does it!

MRS. D. You and I have known each other for a long time!

PAGE. True—and in that time what a deal of idle twaddle I have uttered. I almost blush to think of it.

MRS. D. You have told me that I was bewitching, and lovely, and enchanting, and—I forget what else!

PAGE. Ay, I remember—I seem as if awaking from a chronic stupor.

MRS. D. Then do you mean to say that I am not bewitching?

PAGE. (*Warmly.*) To be sure you—(*Arresting himself.*) I am no judge of beauty! (*Aside.*) I am sure I shall spoil it.

MRS. D. Mr. Page, do you know what you are saying?

PAGE. Perfectly.

MRS. D. And that I am not lovely?

PAGE. Many may think you so.

MRS. D. Nor enchanting?

PAGE. Now, seriously, did you believe all the badinage I uttered to amuse myself? Oh, women are, indeed, vain!

MRS. D. Mr. Lyttleton Page—sir! you are my legal adviser, it is true, but in this case, I must take the law in my own hands!

PAGE. Believe me, it could not be in bet—(*Aside.*) Hallo! what am I about?—just going to pay her another compliment.

MRS. D. I say, sir, I must take the law into my own hands, and you will be kind enough to remember to whom you are speaking!

PAGE. My memory scarcely needs refreshing.

MRS. D. I ask, sir, what is the meaning of this conduct? Half an hour ago, were I Juno, you could not have paid me more homage.

PAGE. (*Aside.*) She's touched! Sir Charles is right! A change of system *was* required. (*Aloud.*) The fact is, I have been seriously thinking of what you so earnestly assured me. Did you not say that if I did not wish you to hate me I must cease loving you?

MRS. D. It is true, I did say so—but I have been thinking as well as yourself.

PAGE. (*Aside.*) I am not to be caught by such speeches. My colleague has taught me a trick worth two of that. (*Aloud.*) Have you not on all occasions assured me that my compliments were oppressive rather than pleasing, and that you had renounced for ever all ideas of matrimony?

MRS. D. You do not seem to understand women!

PAGE. (*Aside.*) Just what Sir Charles says!

MRS. D. They often say things they don't mean!

PAGE. (*Aside.*) They do, indeed!

MRS. D. Heigho! This goes to show me how little, after all, we know of each other! Suppose I had said to myself, "Mr. Page is an agreeable person, not handsome, to be sure, but still well-looking enough—and—"

PAGE. (*Aside.*) It will not do!

MRS. D. "And in consideration of his long and ardent devotion, although I do not particularly love him, I will bestow upon him my hand."

PAGE. (*Quickly.*) What, have you, then, accepted my numerous proposals? (*Aside.*) What am I about?

MRS. D. (*With emphasis.*) I am putting a case—I said *suppose*!

PAGE. (*Aside.*) That is the crevice by which she escapes! (*Aloud.*) Then I should say, "Your condescension is very magnanimous—but as marriage is a very serious matter, I desire time for reflection."

MRS. D. Then suppose I demanded an immediate answer?

PAGE. I should insist upon a brief period for consideration!

MRS. D. And if it did not please me to grant it?

PAGE. Why, then, the only chance left for me in that case, would be to distinctly—(*with an effort*) refuse!

MRS. D. So, so! very good! (*Ring the bell.*)

PAGE. (*Aside—proudly.*) It cost me a pang—but I said it!

Enter FOOTMAN.

MRS. D. Mr. Page wishes an escort to the door! (*Aside.*) My feelings shall not be trifled with in this manner. (*Walks stage.*)

PAGE. (*Aside.*) The door! I have exceeded proper limits, and—(*Aloud—confused.*) Pardon me, Mrs. Darlington, when I said that—it was with no intention, I assure you, of—it was only my desire to—(*Aside.*) I am making a nice mess of it!

MRS. D. (*To FOOTMAN.*) You have heard my orders! (*The FOOTMAN gives him his hat.*)

PAGE. (*Taking it, and bowing.*) Oh, don't for an instant fancy that your word is not law! (*Aside.*) This change of system has succeeded with a vengeance! but I'll return for an explanation when she has calmed down a little! (*Aloud.*) Adieu, madam, adieu! [*Exit, C., followed by FOOTMAN.*]

MRS. D. (*Walking about the room in an excited manner.*) It is impossible for a man to exchange affection for indifference, and devotion for coldness, in this rapid manner. I am convinced that there is—I see it all—it is the work of this Mephistopheles—this Sir Charles Ripple—he is schooling Page into his own wicked estimate of women! What a triumph it would be to bring the master to my feet, and make him acknowledge a defeat! (*Reflecting for a moment.*) I will! (*Resuming her embroidery.*)

Enter SIR CHARLES, C., hastily—he has his hat on.

SIR C. Once more I must throw myself on your indulgence. (*Looking about the room.*)

MRS. D. Well, sir, what is the matter now?

SIR C. Pray do not disturb yourself! Where could I have put it?

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) What can he wish?

SIR C. (*Ambling about the room.*) It's very strange! I cannot see it!

MRS. D. (*Rising.*) What do you wish? Perhaps I can assist you?

SIR C. I am looking for my hat—I am sure I left it here!

MRS. D. It is on your head.

SIR C. (*Removing it.*) I must be out of my senses! Instead of my hat it is my brain I have lost—perhaps my heart, who knows? (*Bowing.*) I have the honor—good morning! (*As if retiring.*)

MRS. D. As you seem to do nothing but run up and down stairs, I think you had better remain where you are. This is your third call this morning.

SIR C. So it is. You are the soul of kindness! (*Puts down hat, and sits.*)

MRS. D. Do you know there is an awful epidemic going about?

SIR C. The cholera?

MRS. D. No—impertinence; and your friend, Mr. Page, has got it to perfection.

SIR C. Is it possible? Where could he have contracted it I wonder?

MRS. D. (*Ironically.*) I cannot imagine. Would you believe it, he is positively so infected that he has had the audacity to refuse my hand.

SIR C. His case must be a desperate one.

MRS. D. Is it not dreadful to think of? The man I had settled on in my own mind—in fact, the only man I know in the wide world who would have borne with my imperfections! and he to desert me at the very moment I had determined to vindicate the reputation of my sex!

SIR C. Shameful to the last degree! (*Sighing.*) I would I were he.

MRS. D. What do you say?

SIR C. That I might assist you in this glorious vindication. A noble resolve should never be overthrown for want of encouragement.

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) So—so, my friend!

SIR C. It is so seldom that a lady possessing grace, beauty, and intelligence will take the pains to demonstrate a great truth.

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) He retracts. (*Aloud.*) From that remark, I judge you do not esteem my sex so lightly.

SIR C. (*With sangfroid.*) No, no—there are special cases—grand exceptions to all general rules.

MRS. D. But where are you to find this grace, beauty, and intelligence of which you speak?

SIR C. (*Pointing to MRS. DARLINGTON.*) There.

MRS. D. (*Looking around her.*) There! where?

SIR C. Clustered in you.

MRS. D. Ha, ha! What, do you think me beautiful?

SIR C. That has been my opinion from the very first moment I beheld you.

MRS. D. Are you really serious?

SIR C. I was never half so earnest in my life!

MRS. D. You are positively growing gallant, absolutely paying me compliments! You, too, of all others, who never flatter any one! Why, what has become of all your ice?

SIR C. Melted in the sunshine of your presence.

MRS. D. And in so short a time?

SIR C. Its rays were powerful. Perhaps I am recovering from the epidemic that is going about.

MRS. D. Then you confess to being touched?

SIR C. Slightly. But I think you have wrought a cure!

MRS. D. I must have proofs to convince me!

SIR C. How can I offer them?

MRS. D. By professing a firm faith, acknowledging your faults, and an open avowal of the universal perfection of woman.

SIR C. Of—all?

MRS. D. A penitent should never hesitate!

SIR C. I confess that I am embarrassed.

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) All the better! (*Aloud.*) Step the first—get on your knees.

SIR C. On my knees! (*Aside.*) The attitude is anything but pleasant. (*Kneeling on one knee.*) Behold me at your feet!

MRS. D. You are on one knee—that will never do—your sins require two.

SIR C. There! (*Kneels.*)

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) I have triumphed—glorious! (*Aloud.*) Now repeat, “I abjure my heresy—I acknowledge my errors.”

SIR C. (*With mock humility.*) “I abjure my heresy and acknowledge my errors.” (*Aside.*) How ridiculous this is.

MRS. D. “I ask pardon of all the ladies for sins I have charged them with.” (*He repeats it.*) “And I promise for the future to respect and honor them.”

SIR C. (*Warmly—aside.*) Now for it! (*Aloud.*) As a body, collectively speaking, but to love only one—yourself—whom I will cherish till time everlasting.

MRS. D. What do I hear?

SIR C. That I am a culprit, converted by you whose pardon I implore! (*Seizing her hand and kissing it.*)

MRS. D. Sir Charles Ripple, what are you about?

SIR C. Doing penance for my sins—my manifold sins. (*Kissing her hand again.*)

Enter PAGE, c.

PAGE. (*Speaking as he enters.*) I must not let another moment pass without a thorough explanation. (*Perceiving SIR CHARLES on his knees.*) What do I see—eh? fire and fury!

SIR C. (*Aside.*) Now for warm work! (*Rising.*) My dear Page, you arrive most opportunely. I know you delight in seeing your fellow man happy. Behold me the picture of bliss!

PAGE. Don't talk to me of bliss, sir—your happiness be—

SIR C. Ah ha! choose your words.

PAGE. Be hanged! I hasten to explain to my dear Mrs. Darlington my stupidity.

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) I suspect it—Page is the victim of an intrigue!

PAGE. I wish to explain, my dear Mrs. Darlington, that my refusal was all on my part a mere stratagem—a change of system—a—

SIR C. (*Coughing to silence him, and laughing aside.*) Hem! hem! hem!

MRS. D. Stratagem—change of system—what does he mean, Sir Charles?

SIR C. Why do you ask me?

PAGE. (*Aside.*) He is playing me false! (*Aloud.*) Do you mean to say, Sir Charles Ripple, that you did not advise me to change my system?

SIR C. (*To MRS DARLINGTON.*) Do you know that I think our mutual and valued friend is touched here! (*Placing finger on forehead with mock gravity.*)

PAGE. (*Pacing the room frantically*) I am a dupe—an idiot—fool that I was to entrust my heart to the diplomacy of a man of the world like Sir Charles Ripple. (*Goes up stage.*)

SIR C. (*Aside.*) Poor Page! he is enduring the agony of the Spartan with the gnawing fox hid under his cloak, and the charming widow—I do believe there is a tear in her eye.

MRS. D. (*Turning aside with emotion.*) I was wrong to listen to him for one moment.

PAGE. (*Coming down furiously.*) Sir Charles Ripple, I pronounced you a traitor, and I demand—

SIR C. Instant satisfaction, which you shall have without resorting to either foils or pistols, which happily belong to a past age—at least, in England. Mrs. Darlington, I scarcely know how to sufficiently apologize for obtruding myself in an affair which at all times concerns but two hearts. The truth is, I found my friend Page writhing under the conviction that his love was unrequited. Ten minutes in your society proved the contrary. In a gay moment I proposed an alliance—nay, do not smile—he accepted, and we have enacted a little comedy—farce—what shall I call it?

MRS. D. And the hero is—

SIR C. Mr. Lyttleton Page, who retained me without fee or reward to take his heart out of Chancery. (*With a glance at MRS. DARLINGTON.*) And I think I have succeeded.

PAGE. Forgive my suspicions; but it was exasperating, you must own, to find you on your knees.

SIR C. And now, madam, I throw up my brief—the case is won, and I claim your pardon. And after all, Page, though my theories at first sight may want in a certain consistency, you must acknowledge *your* suit has prospered not a little by a CHANGE OF SYSTEM.

CURTAIN.

THE CITIZEN AND THE THIEVES.

ANONYMOUS.

A CITIZEN, for recreation's sake,
To see the country would a journey take
Some dozen miles, or very little more ;
Taking his leave with friends two months before,
With drinking healths and shaking by the hand,
As he had travelled to some new-found land.
Well, taking horse, with very much ado,
London he leaveth for a day or two :
And as he rideth, meets upon the way
Such as (what haste soever) bid men stay.
"Sirrah !" says one, "stand and your purse deliver,
I am a *taker*, thou must be a *giver*."

Unto a wood hard by, they haul him in,
And rifle him unto his very skin.
"Masters," quoth he, "pray hear me ere you go ;
For you have robbed me more than you do know,
My horse, in truth, I borrow'd of my brother ;
The bridle and the saddle of another ;
The jerkin and the bases be a tailor's ;
The scarf, I do assure, is a sailor's ;
The falling band is likewise none of mine,
Nor cuffs, as true as this good light doth shine.
The satin doublet, and raised velvet hose,
Are our churchwarden's, all the parish knows.
The boots are John the grocer's at the Swan ;
The spurs were lent me by a serving man.
One of my rings—that with the great red stone—
In sooth, I borrow'd of my neighbor Joan ;
Her husband knows not of it. Gentlemen !
Thus stands my case—I pray show favor then."

"Why," quoth the thieves, "thou needst not greatly care,
Since in thy loss so many bear a share ;
The world goes hard, and many good folks lack,

Look not, at this time, for a penny back.
Go, tell in London, thou didst meet with four,
That, rifling thee, have robbed at least a score."

BOGGS'S DOGS.

ANONYMOUS.

DID you ever hear of Jehosaphat Boggs,
A dealer and raiser of all sorts of dogs ?
"No ?" Then I'll endeavor in doggerel verse
To just the main points of the story rehearse.
Boggs had a good wife, the joy of his life,
There was nothing between them inclining to strife,
Except her dear J.'s dogmatic employment ;
And that, she averred, did mar her enjoyment.
She often had begged him to sell off his dogs
And instead to raise turkeys, spring chickens, or hogs.
She made him half promise at no distant day
He would sell the whole lot, not excepting old Tray ;
And, as good luck would have it, but few days intervened
When, excepting old Tray's, every kennel was cleaned.
Ah, how his dear Dolly, with a voice glad and jolly,
Did soft-soap her dear for quitting his folly.
"And now, my dear J., please don't say me nay,
But the first opportunity sell also old Tray."
"I will my dear vrow, and I solemnly vow,
I'll give you the money to buy a good cow."
And thus the case rested, till one summer night
Her dear J. came home with a heart happy and light,
Old Tray was not with him. "Ah, ha, my good wife,
This will be far the happiest day of your life."
"Oh, bless you, dear J., how much did you say,
Please tell me at once what you got for old Tray ?"
"I got forty dollars." "You did ?" quoth his spouse,
"Why that to a certainty will buy me two cows,
I'll make butter and cheese"—"Hold on if you please"—
Says J. in a tone sounding much like a tease ;

"It's just as I told you, the price is all right,
And the man is to pay me next Saturday night ;
But instead of the dollar's in X's and V's,
He gives me four puppies at ten dollars apiece."

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

PALMER.

A DISTRICT school, not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day.
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three-score mingled girls and boys ;
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent.
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book ;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack !
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss !
"What's that ?" the startled master cries ;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe !"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will !"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude"
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to't ?"

" 'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
" I did not mean to be so bad ;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot !
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to kot,
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to ! "

THE TINKER AND MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

WOLCOT.

THE meanest creature somewhat may contain,
As Providence ne'er makes a thing in vain.

Upon a day, a poor and trav'ling tinker,
In Fortune's various tricks a constant thinker,
Pass'd in some village near a miller's door,
Where lo ! his eye did most astonish'd catch
The miller's daughter peeping o'er the hatch,
Deform'd and monstrous ugly, to be sure.
Struck with the uncommon form, the tinker started,
Just like a frighten'd horse, or murd'rer carted,
Up gazing at the gibbet and the rope ;
Turning his brain about, in a brown study
(For, as I've said, his brain was not so muddy),
" Zounds ! " quoth the tinker, " I have now some hope.
Fortune, the jade, is not far off, perchance,"
And then began to rub his hands and dance.

Now, all so full of love, o'erjoyed he ran,
Embraced and squeezed Miss Grist, and thus began :

" My dear, my soul, my angel, sweet Miss Grist,
Now may I never mend a kettle more,
If ever I saw one like you before ! "

Then nothing loth, like Eve, the nymph he kiss'd.

Now, very sensibly, indeed, Miss Grist
 Thought opportunity should not be miss'd ;
 Knowing that prudery oft let slip a joy ;
 Thus was Miss Grist too prudent to be coy.
 For really 'tis with girls a dangerous farce
 To flout a swain when offers are but scarce.
 She did not scream, and cry, " I'll not be woo'd ;
 Keep off, you dingy fellow—don't be rude ;
 I'm fit for your superiors, tinker." No,
 Indeed, she treated not the tinker so.
 But lo ! the damsel with her usual squint,
 Suffered her tinker lover to imprint

Sweet kisses on her lips, and squeeze her hand,
 Hug her, and say the softest things unto her,
 And in love's plain and pretty language woo her,
 Without a frown, or even a reprimand.

Soon won, the nymph agreed to be his wife,
 And, when the tinker chose, to be tied for life.

Now, to the father the brisk lover hied,
 Who at his noisy mill so busy plied,
 Grinding, and taking handsome toll of corn,
 Sometimes, indeed, too handsome to be borne.

" Ho ! Master Miller," did the tinker say—

Forth from his cloud of flour the miller came ;

" Nice weather, Master Miller—charming day—

Heaven's very kind." The miller said the same.

" Now, miller, possibly you may not guess

At this same business I am come about :

'Tis this, then—know I love your daughter Bess ;—

There Master Miller !—now the riddle's out.

I'm not for mincing matters, sir ! d'ye see—

I like your daughter Bess, and she likes me."

" Poh ! " quoth the miller, grinning at the tinker,

" Thou dost not mean to marriage to persuade her ;
 Ugly as is old Nick, I needs must think her,

Though, to be sure, she is as heav'n has made her.

No, no, though she's my daughter, I'm not blind ;

But, tinker, what hath now possessed thy mind :
 Thou'rt the first offer she has met, by dad—
 But tell me, tinker, art thou drunk or mad ? ”
 “ No—I'm not drunk nor mad,” the tinker cried,
 “ But Bet's the maid I wish to make my bride ;
 No girl in these two eyes doth Bet excel.”
 “ Why, fool ! ” the miller said, “ Bet hath a hump !
 And then her nose !—the nose of my old pump.”
 “ I know it,” quoth the tinker, “ know it well.”
 “ Her face,” quoth Grist, “ is freckled, wrinkled, flat ;
 Her mouth as wide as that of my tom cat ;
 And then she squints a thousand ways at once—
 Her waist a corkscrew ; and her hair how red !
 A downright bunch of carrots on her head—
 Why, what the deuce is got into thy sconce ? ”
 “ No deuce is in my sconce,” rejoined the tinker ;
 “ But, sir, what's that to you, if fine I think her ? ”
 “ Why, man,” quoth Grist, “ she's fit to make a show,
 And therefore sure I am that thou must banter.”
 “ Miller,” replied the tinker, “ right, for know
 'Tis for that very thing, a show, I want her.”

AN ORIGINAL PARODY.

ANONYMOUS.

It must be so ! stomach thou reasonest well,
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire ;
 This longing after something good for dinner ?
 Or whence these secret pangs ; these hollow murmurs,
 That issue from my bowels ? Why shrinks my soul
 Back on herself, and startles at a famine ?
 'Tis hunger, powerful hunger, stirs within me ;
 'Tis famine's self that points to *one o'clock* !
 And shows the time of dinner is at hand.
 Dinner ! thou pleasing, thou delightful thought,
 Thro' what a variety of knowing processes,
 Each morsel, both of lean and fat, doth pass,

Ere dinner, in rich prospect, lies before me,
 And I with ardent stomach fall upon it.
 Here will I hold! If Molly's in the kitchen,
 And that she is, and in a bustle too,
 Both nose and ears confess—she must be cooking something!
 And that which Molly cooks, it must be tasty;
 But when or where this dinner will be ready,
 I'm weary of conjectures. Oh, patience, end them.
 Thus am I wholly arm'd from top to toe,
 Patience and appetite both working within me,
 That gently bids me wait till I am called.
 But this supposes I shall never dine;
 The soul secure in her existence, smiles
 At the debates, and thinks my stomach mad;
 The kitchen fire shall fade, cookery itself
 Grow out of date with mayors, and sauces be no more;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth—
 Unhurt amid the war of pots and pans,
 The wreck of gridirons and the crush of kitchens

THE PARSONS AND THE CORKSCREW.

MONCRIEFF.

TWELVE parsons once went to a squire's to dine,
 Who was famous for giving good venison and wine,
 All great friends to *the cloth*, with *good living* in view,
 Quite *grace full* they sat down, as parsons should do.
 A wicked young whipster, our worthy squire's cousin,
 Whispered, "Cousin, I boldly will lay rump and dozen,
 Though here we've a dozen staunch priests, of the lot
 Not one of the twelve here a prayer-book has got."
 "Agreed," cried the squire. "Coz, we must not be loth
 Such a wager to lay for the sake of the cloth.
 The parsons, no doubt, to confute you are able,
 So we'll bring, with the dinner, the bet on the table."
 Dinner served; cried the squire, "A new grace I will say,
 Has any one here got a prayer-book, I pray?"
 Quite glum looked the priests, coughed, and with one accord

Cried "Mine's lost"—"Mine's at home"—"Mine's at church,
'pon my word."

Quoth our cousin, "Dear squire, I my wager have won,
But another I purpose to win ere I've done ;
Though the parsons could not bring a prayer-book to view,
I'll bet the same bet, they can find a corkscrew."
"Done! done!" roared the squire. "Hilloa! butler, bring
nearer

That excellent magnum of ancient Madeira ;"
'Twas brought—"Let's *decant* it; a corkscrew, good John."
Here *each* of the parsons roared out "*I've got one!*"
But let us not censure our parsons for this,
When a thing's in its place, it can ne'er come amiss ;
Prayer-books wont serve for corkscrews ; and I'm such a sinner,
Though a sermon I like, I don't want it at dinner !

THE OLD GENTLEMAN WHO MARRIED A YOUNG WIFE.

From the "School of Scandal."

SHERIDAN.

Characters.

SIR PETER TEAZLE.

LADY TEAZLE.

SIR PETER. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it.

LADY T. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as
you please; but I ought to have my own way in every-
thing; and what's more, I will, too. What, though I was
educated in the country, I know very well that women of
fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are
married.

SIR P. Very well, ma'am, very well! so, a husband is to
have no influence, no authority?

LADY. T. Authority! no, to be sure; if you wanted au-
thority over me, you should have adopted me, and not mar-
ried me. I am sure you were old enough.

SIR P. Old enough, aye, there it is. Well, well, Lady

Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

LADY T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

SIR P. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter, as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

LADY T. Lord, Sir Peter, am I to blame, because flowers are dear in cold weather? you should find fault with the climate and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it were spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

SIR P. Oons! madam, if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

LADY T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

SIR P. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat an humble style; the daughter of a plain country 'squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I first saw you sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

LADY T. Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation, to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

SIR P. Yes, yes, madam, 'twas so, indeed.

LADY T. And then, you know, my evening amusements. To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

SIR P. I am glad you have got so good a memory. Yes,

madam, these were the recreations I took you from ; but now you must have your coach, vis-à-vis, and three powdered footmen before your chair ; and in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach-horse ?

LADY T. No ; I swear I never did that ; I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

SIR P. This, madam, was your situation ; and what have I done for you ? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank ; in short, I have made you my wife.

LADY T. Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, and that is—

SIR P. My widow, I suppose ?

LADY T. Hem ! hem !

SIR P. I thank you, madam ; but don't flatter yourself ; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you ; however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

LADY T. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense.

SIR P. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me ?

LADY T. Lud, Sir Peter ! would you have me out of the fashion ?

SIR P. The fashion, indeed ! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me ?

LADY T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

SIR P. Ay, there again ; taste ! zounds, madam, you had no taste when you married me.

LADY T. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter ; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

SIR P. Ay, there's another precious circumstance ; a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

LADY T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

SIR P. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance ; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves. Such a crew. Ah ! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clip-pers of reputation.

LADY T. What ! would you restrain the freedom of speech ?

SIR P. Ah, they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

LADY T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with tolerable grace.

SIR P. Grace, indeed !

LADY T. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humor ; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

SIR P. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

LADY T. Then, indeed, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good bye. [*Exit.*]

SIR P. So, I have gained much by my expostulations ; yet, with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority. Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her ; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me.

CURTAIN.

THE STAGE-STRUCK DARKEY.

AN ETHIOPIAN INTERLUDE.

WHITE.

SCENE.—*Street.*

Three or four PERFORMERS seated on Stage. Enter TRAVELLING MANAGER, with valise, overcoat, &c.

MANAGER. How do you do? Does any ob you folks want a situation?

ALL. What to do?

MANAGER. Well, I'm a travelling manager of a show and in search of talent. I want a young man of good natural parts, and I'll teach him de rest.

ALL. (*Speaking together.*) Julius is de berry boy.

Enter JULIUS, whistling, and sauntering along.

MANAGER. Young man, would you like to be an actor?

JULIUS. A what?

MANAGER. Have you ever been on de stage?

JULIUS. No, but I've drove three months on de Sixth Avenue cars.

MANAGER. Oh, you don't understand. See, look here. (*Strikes very tragic position.*) See—don't you see?

JULIUS. Yes, siree sir; I'm one ob dem.

MANAGER. Well, now I want a specimin to see what you're made of; I want to hear your voice. Suppose you touch me on de shoulder and call me a liar, as they do in anger on de stage.

JULIUS. It's a go—I'll do it. (*Walks around stage, then goes behind MANAGER'S back, slaps him on shoulder, and says, very faintly.*) Liar!

MANAGER. Oh, dat's too weak. Now let me show you. (*They change positions—MANAGER says, very savagely*) Liar-r-r-r-r! (*Waving body to and fro.*)

JULIUS. Why, what do you call dat? (*Imitating him.*)

MANAGER. Why, dat's your tragedy—don't you see?—and here's when you recover. (*Moving to and fro.*)

JULIUS. Well, what's next?

MANAGER. Let's see. What shall we play? Oh! something of our own? Yes; well, you play a man dat's been bery rich—you used to eat canvas-back ducks, an all dat arrangements; you libed in a castle on top ob a hill. (*Aside.* Castles in de air. (*Aloud.*) An you owned a yacht, an used to gib balls, an all dat sort ob things. In short, you was a millionaire. Well, time wore on—you had a deal ob money invested in stocks; stocks went down, and you went up in a balloon; an now that you are a bankrupt, your daughter married a coachman, an den you've gone in altogeder. Dere, dat's your part. Now what shall I be? (*Thinks.*) I'll be a man dat was bery poor when you war so rich; you wouldn't look at me—no, siree, you wouldn't gib me de crumbs that fell from your table, no sir. Well, while you been gettin poor, I've been to California, and made loads ob money; I'm coming home wid all dis money in dis casket, an you are driven to de highway. Your children haven't eat anything for six weeks, an you haven't eat anything for longer dan dat. You see me coming, an go an hide yourself till I come in; den you come forward, and try to bully and rob me; but you find dat won't do, so you try de pathetic; den I tell you to take de casket. I'll say, "Take it," but you mustn't take it de fust time; mind, de second time is your cue. Now let's see how you can play a starvin' man. (*JULIUS goes off, and comes on very fiercely, &c.*) Well, dat's a good gait for a blacksmith goin' to dinner, but remember, you haven't eat anything for—how long did I say?

JULIUS. Six weeks.

MANAGER. Well now, I'll show you how to walk. (*Comes forward, very shakily, c., and sighs.*)

JULIUS. What's dat for?

MANAGER. Why, dat's your sigh—don't you see? Mind, don't forget to keep up your shake. Try it again. (*JULIUS imitates MANAGER well.*) Now den for de road scene. (*Both exit—stage dark.*)

Enter JULIUS, disguised.

JULIUS. Ah me! For six weeks we have not tasted food.

Aha! what do I see? As I live, a traveller comes dis way. I'll hide an reconnoitre. (*Hides.*)

Enter MANAGER, disguised genteelly, with casket.

MANAGER. Haha! I am near my journey's end, methinks. Old recollections crowd upon my brain, and—what ho! (*JULIUS slaps him on the back.*) Hah!

JULIUS. Marry, I should know dat form.

MANAGER. Ha! dat face! 'Tis—*Keep up your shake!*

JULIUS. Rinaldo.

MANAGER. Rinaldo! *Keep up your shake!*

JULIUS. Aye, Rinaldo. Come, dis is no time for trifling. You behold before you, or behind you, a desperate man, driven to desperation by starvation. My wife and children have eat no food for six weeks.

MANAGER. (*Aside.*) *Keep up your shake.*

JULIUS. I would have gold, gold—ha! ha!—gold! Peaceably if I can, forcibly if I must. (*Seizes MANAGER by the throat and chokes him—MANAGER kneels down.*) How's dat? Pooty good?

MANAGER. (*Coughing.*) Well, pooty fair, but don't squeeze quite so tight.

JULIUS. (*Rises.*) Dost scorn my threat?

MANAGER. Aye! thee and thy threat!

JULIUS. Behold me at thy feet—(*kneels*) me, Rinaldo, who never bent nor bowed before created man. Relieve my wife and starving children, and I am your slave forever.

MANAGER. Rise, Rinaldo. You shall have gold. Here, take de casket. (*JULIUS makes grab at the casket, and each pull, both take stage.*) Dere I knew you would spoil de piece. Didn't I say de *second* time, take it?

JULIUS. (*Angry at himself.*) Well, I didn't mean to do it. I thort you said de first time.

MANAGER. You'll neber make an actor. [*Exit.*]

CURTAIN.

GOODY GRIM *VERSUS* LAPSTONE.

MATTHEWS.

JUDGE. (*Standing.*) What a profound study is THE LAW ! and how difficult to fathom ! Well, let us consider the law, for our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and numbers, according as the statutes declare ; *considerandi, considerando, considerandum*, and are not to be meddled with by those who don't understand them.

Law always expresses itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding moods, cases, or genders, except, indeed, when a woman happens accidentally to be slain, then a verdict is always brought in manslaughter. The essence of the law is altercation, for the law can altercation, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate. "Your son follows the law, I think, Sir Thomas?" "Yes, madam ; but I am afraid he will never overtake it ; a man following the law is like two boys running round a table ; he follows the law, and the law follows him. However, if you take away the whereofs, whereases, wherefores, and notwithstanding, the whole mystery vanishes ; it is then plain and simple." Now, the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts. The first is the beginning, or *incipiendum* ; the second, the uncertainty, or *dubitandum* ; the third, delay, or *puzzleendum* ; fourthly, replication without *endum* ; and, fifthly, *monstrum et hoverendum* ; all which is clearly exemplified in the following case—*Goody Grim against Lapstone*. This trial is as follows :—Goody Grim inhabits an almshouse, No. 2 ; Will Lapstone, a superannuated cobbler, inhabits No. 3 ; and a certain Jew peddler, who happened to pass through the town where those almshouses are situated, could only think of No. 1. Goody Grim was in the act of killing one of her own proper pigs, but the animal, disliking the ceremony, burst from her hold, ran through the semicircular legs of the aforesaid Jew, knocked him in the mud, ran back to Will Lapstone's, the cobbler, upset a quart bot-

tle full of gin, belonging to the said Lapstone, and took refuge in the cobbler's state bed.

The parties being, of course, in the most opulent circumstances, consulted counsel learned in the law. The result was, that Goody Grim was determined to bring an action against Lapstone, for the loss of her pig with a curly tail ; and Lapstone to bring an action against Goody Grim, for the loss of a quart bottle full of Holland gin ; and Mordecai to bring an action against them both, for the loss of a teetotum, that fell out of his pocket in the rencounter. They all delivered their briefs to counsel, before it was considered they were all parties and no witnesses. But Goody Grim, like a wise old lady as she is, now changed her battery, and is determined to bring an action against Lapstone, and bind over Mordecai as an evidence.

The indictment sets forth (*reads from paper*) "that he, Lapstone, not having the fear of the assizes before his eyes, but being moved by pig, and instigated by pruinence, did, on the first day of April, a day sacred in the annals of the law, steal, pocket, hide and crib divers, that is to say, five hundred hogs, sows, boars, pigs and porkers, with curly tails, and did secrete the said five hundred hogs, sows, boars, pigs and porkers, with curly tails, in said Lapstone's bed, against the peace of our Lord the King, his crown and dignity."

Mordecai will be examined by Counsellor Puzzle. (*The Judge seats himself.*)

PUZZLE. Well, sir, what are you ?

MORDECAI. I sells old clo's, and sealing-wax, and puckles.

PUZZLE. I did not ask you what you sold ; I ask you what you are ?

MORDECAI. I am about five-and-forty.

PUZZLE. I did not ask your age ; I ask you what you are ?

MORDECAI. I am a Jew.

PUZZLE. Why couldn't you tell me that at first ? Well, then, if you are a Jew, tell me what you know of this affair.

MORDECAI. As I vas valking along—

PUZZLE. Man, I didn't want to know where you were walking.

MORDECAI. Vel, as I was valking along—

PUZZLE. So you will walk along, in spite of all that can be said.

MORDECAI. Pless ma heart, you frighten me out of my vits—as I vas valking along, I seed de unclean animal coming towards me, and so says I—Oh! Father Abraham, says I—

PUZZLE. Father Abraham is no evidence.

MORDECAI. You must let me tell my story my own vay, or I cannot tell it at all. As I vas valking along, I seed the unclean animal coming toward me, and he runn'd between my legs, and upshet me in te mut.

PUZZLE. Now, do you mean to say, upon your oath, that that little animal had the power to upset you in the mud?

MORDECAI. I vill take my oath dat he upshet me in te mut.

PUZZLE. And pray, sir, on what side did you fall?

MORDECAI. On te mutty side.

PUZZLE. I mean, on which of your own sides did you fall?

MORDECAI. I fell on my left side.

PUZZLE. Now, on your oath, was it on your left side?

MORDECAI. I vill take my oath it vas my left side.

PUZZLE. And pray, what did you do when you fell down?

MORDECAI. I got up again as fast as I could.

PUZZLE. Perhaps you can tell me whether the pig had a curly tail?

MORDECAI. I vill take ma oath his tail vas so curly as my peerd.

PUZZLE. And pray, where were you going when this happened?

MORDECAI. I vas going to de sign of de Cock and Pottle.

PUZZLE. Now, on your oath, what had a cock to do with a bottle?

MORDECAI. I don't know; only it vas the sign of de

house. And all more vat I know vas, dat I lose an ivory tee-totum out of ma pocket.

PUZZLE. Oh, you lost a tee-totum, did you? I thought we should bring you to something at last. My Lord, I beg leave to take an exception to this man's evidence! he does not come into court with clean hands.

MORDECAI. How te devil should I, when I have been polishing ma goods all morning?

PUZZLE. Now, my Lord, your Lordship is aware that tee-totum is derived from the Latin terms *te* and *tutum*, which means "Keep yourself safe." And this man, but for my sagacity, observation, and so forth, would have kept himself safe; but now he has, as the learned Lord Verulam expresses it, "let the cat out of the bag."

MORDECAI. I vill take ma oath "I had no cat in ma bag,"

PUZZLE. My Lord, by his own confession he was about to vend a tee-totum. Now, my Lord, and gentlemen of the jury, it is my duty to point out to you that a tee-totum is an unlawful machine, made of ivory, with letters printed upon it, for the purpose of gambling. Now your Lordship knows the act commonly known by the name of "Little go Act," expressly forbids all games of chance whatever, whether put, whist, marbles, swabs, tee-totum, chuck-farthing, dumps, or what not. And therefore, I do contend that the man's evidence is *contra bonos mores*, and he is consequently *non compos testimonæ*.

JUDGE. Counsellor Botherem will now proceed.

BOTHEREM. My Lord, and gentlemen of the jury, my learned friend Puzzle has, in a most facetious manner, endeavored to cast a slur on the highly honorable evidence of the Jew merchant. And I do contend that he who buys and sells is *bona-fide* inducted into all the mysteries of merchandise; ergo, he who merchandises is, to all intents and purposes, a merchant. My learned friend, in the twistings and turnings of his argument in handling the tee-totum, can only be called *obiter dictum*; he is playing, my Lord, a losing game. Gentlemen, he has told you the origin, use, and

abuse, of the tee-totum ; but, gentlemen, he has forgot to tell you what that great luminary of the law, the late learned Coke, has said on the subject, in a case exactly similar to this, in the 234th folio volume of the Abridgment of the Statutes, page 1349, where he thus lays down the law in the case of Hazard *versus* Blacklegs : "*Gamblendum consistet, enactum gamblendi, sed non evendum macheni playendi.*" My Lord, I beg leave to say that, if I prove my client was in the act of vending, and not playing, with the said instrument, the tee-totum, I humbly presume that all my learned friend has said will come to the ground.

JUDGE. Certainly, brother Botherem, there's no doubt the learned Sergeant is incorrect. The law does not put a man *extralegium* for merely spinning a tee-totum.

BOTHEREM. My Lord, one of the witnesses has owned that the pig had a curly tail. Now, my Lord, I presume if I prove the pig had a straight tail, I consider the objection must be fatal.

JUDGE. Certainly : order the pig into court. (*The pig being produced, upon examination, is found to have a straight tail.*)

In summing up the evidence, gentlemen of the jury, it is wholly unnecessary to recapitulate ; for the removal of this objection removes all ground of action. And notwithstanding the ancient statute, which says *Serium pigum et boreum pigum, et vendi curlum tailum*, there is an irrefragable proof, by ocular demonstration, that Goody Grim's grunter has a straight tail ; and, as it has been distinctly proved that the pig set forth in the indictment had a curly tail, it is evident that it was somebody else's pig ; *ergo*, it was not Goody Grim's pig at all, and therefore the prisoner must be acquitted. And really, gentlemen, if the time of the court is to be taken up with these frivolous actions, the designs of justice will be entirely frustrated ; and the attorney who recommends this action should be punished, not in the ordinary way, but with the utmost rigor and severity of the law.

THE WOMAN OF MIND.

ANONYMOUS.

My wife is a woman of mind,
And Deville, who examined her bumps,
Vowed that never was found in a woman
Such large intellectual lumps.
"Ideality" big as an egg,
With "Causality"—great—was combined;
He charged me ten shillings, and said,
"Sir, your wife is a woman of mind."

She's too clever to care how she looks,
And will horrid blue spectacles wear,
Not because she supposes they give her
A fine intellectual air;
No! she pays no regard to appearance,
And combs all her front hair behind,
Not because she is proud of her forehead,
But because she's a woman of mind.

She makes me a bushel of verses,
But never a pudding or tart,
If I hint I should like one, she vows
I'm an animal merely at heart;
Though I've noticed she spurns not the pastry,
Whene'er at a friend's we have dined,
And has always had two plates of pudding—
Such plates! for a woman of mind.

Not a stitch does she do but a distich,
Mends her pens, too, instead of my clothes;
I haven't a shirt with a button,
Nor a stocking that's sound at the toes;
If I ask her to darn me a pair,
She replies she has work more refined;
Besides to be seen darning stockings!
Is it fit for a woman of mind?

The children are squalling all day,
For they're left to the care of a maid ;
My wife can't attend to " the units,"
" The millions " are wanting her aid,
And it's vulgar to care for one's offspring—
The *mère brute* has a love of its kind—
But *she* loves the whole human fam'ly,
For *she* is a woman of mind.

Everything is an inch thick in dust,
And the servants do just as they please ;
The ceilings are covered with cobwebs,
The beds are all swarming with fleas ;
The windows have never been clean'd,
And as black as your hat is each blind ;
But my wife's nobler things to attend to,
For she is a woman of mind.

The nurse steals the tea and the sugar,
The cook sells the candles as grease,
And gives all the cold meat away
To her lover who's in the police ;
When I hint that the housekeeping's heavy,
And hard is the money to find,
" Money's vile filthy dross !" she declares,
And unworthy a woman of mind.

Whene'er she goes out to a dance,
She refuses to join in the measure,
For dancing she can't but regard
As an unintellectual pleasure.
So she gives herself up to enjoyments
Of a more philosophical kind,
And picks all the people to pieces,
Like a regular woman of mind.

She speaks of her favorite authors
In terms far from pleasant to hear ;
" Charles Dickens " she vows " is a darling,"
" And Bulwer " she says " is a dear ; "

"Wilkie Collins" with her "is an angel,"
And I'm an "illiterate hind,"
Upon whom her fine intellect's wasted,
I'm not fit for a woman of mind.

She goes not to church on a Sunday,
Church is all very well in its way,
But she is too highly informed
Not to know all the parson can say;
It does well enough for the servants,
And was for poor people designed,
But bless you! it's no good to her,
For she is a woman of mind.

NURSERY REMINISCENCES.

BARHAM.

I remember, I remember,
When I was a little boy,
One fine morning in September
Uncle brought me home a toy.

I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks in kindest mood;
"There," said he, "you little fat head,
There's a top because you're good."

Grandmamma—a shrewd observer—
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervor,
"Oh, how kind of Uncle John!"

While mamma, my form caressing—
In her eye the tear-drop stood—
Read me this fine moral lesson,
"See what comes of being good!"

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play;

I remember Billy Hawkins
Came, and with his pewter squirt
Squibb'd my pantaloons and stockings,
Till they were all over dirt!

To my mother for protection
I ran—quaking every limb—
She exclaimed, with fond affection,
“Gracious goodness! look at him!”

Pa cried, when he saw my garment—
'Twas a newly-purchased dress—
“Oh! you nasty little warment,
How came you in such a mess?”

Then he caught me by the collar—
Cruel only to be kind—
And to my exceeding dolor,
Gave me—several slaps behind.

Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
As she saw my evil plight,
Said—'twas rather strong-hearted—
“Little rascal! sarve him right!”

I remember, I remember,
From that sad and solemn day,
Never more in dark December
Did I venture out to play.

And the moral which they taught, I
Well remember; thus they said—
“Little boys, when they are naughty,
Must be whipped and sent to bed!”

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE; OR, WANTED—A
CONFEDERATE.

AN ORIGINAL FARCE, IN ONE ACT, FOR MALE CHARACTERS ONLY.

F. WESTON.

Characters.

TWEezer, *a retired Chiropodist, aged 60.*DICK, *his son, aged 25.*HUMPHREY DAVY RATTLETON, A.B.C.D.E.F., &c., &c., &c.,
*Peripatetic Lecturer on Magnético-photographico-biology, aged 30.*DRUDGLEY, *a Lawyer, aged 50.*SCENE—*Tweezerville, near New York.*TIME—*The present.*COSTUMES—*Of the day.*SCENE—*A room comfortably, and rather gaudily furnished, a small table at R., a larger in the centre, chairs, a window opening to garden. Doors, R. and L. (For Stage Directions see page 64.)*TWEezer (*Calls, without, R.*) Dick ! Dick !*Enter TWEezer, R.*

TWEEZ. Out again ! What a mania that boy has for agriculture ! Ever since I bought this snug little box, in which I might rest my corns—no ! I mean my bones, and enjoy a little quiet, Dick has devoted himself to rural affairs with an ardor which has quite surprised me ; I don't believe he knew a rose from a dandelion when we lived in New York, and now, now he breaks my head with all sorts of Latin names for the most uncommon flowers. There's something more than flowers at the root of it ; it isn't natural, this sudden and unusual devotion to such a simple pursuit as botany. I must take care he doesn't fall in love with the wrong woman—*that* would be a terrible mistake ; old Jack Stilton and I have put our heads together ; we agree that Letitia was made for Dick, Dick made for Letitia, and when

Jack and I *do* make up our minds about anything, it is not very easy to move us.

DICK *appears at open window.*

Ah, Dick! Where have you been since breakfast?

DICK. Studying botany, as usual, all among the lilies and daffadowndillies—charming pursuit! I can't say how much I love—the country. Who could live in town? Groves of chimneys, atmosphere of smoke, rivers of mud, not a glimpse of green fields, not a breath of pure air—

TWEEZ. But does it not occur to you, Dick, that without towns, we could hardly retire into the country? How did I make my money? not by growing my own corn, but by cutting other people's—and corns, Dick, are an institution of this great country—a civic institution, without which, I need hardly say, the vested rights of chiropodists would cease to be; how then could that most useful class live?

DICK. But surely, father, you don't wish me to follow that profession?

TWEEZ. By no means—by no means! no, you shall be a lawyer; you've the gift of talk, you have plenty of—cheek; and are by no means deficient in brains—in short, you're a chip of the old block; and so, as I made my money by the weakness of other people's understandings, you shall make yours by understanding their weakness.

DICK. Be it so. Though I shan't like goosequills as well as jonquils, nor think parchment as beautiful as a parterre; I must begin to do something for myself—I'm of age—and I must try to carve out a road to fortune.

TWEEZ. (*Aside.*) Now's the time to bring in a word of Letitia. (*Aloud.*) You're right, my dear boy, right—right—and I'll give you a reason for working, one you little dream of.

DICK. (*Aside.*) He doesn't mean a wife, surely.

TWEEZ. I'll tell you a secret, Dick—one that concerns yourself.

DICK. I'm all attention, father.

TWEEZ. When I first cut corns in New York, I began with a dollar in my pocket, and a brass plate on my door. Ah! that brass was a good investment, a little sometimes goes a long way. Little did I think, however, of once owning a villa in the country. I worked on, on, on—at last I married. She was a good woman if ever there was one.

DICK. Ah, sir! I never knew her.

TWEEZ. And my only grief now is, that she is not here to share with me the prosperity we dreamt of so far away. A wife, Dick, a wife is a great help.

DICK. (*Aside.*) I hardly can venture yet to tell him all. (*Aloud.*) A wife is—

TWEEZ. Who is that, Dick? (*Pointing off.*) Ah! Mr. Drudgley, my lawyer, he comes on a little matter of business—rather inconveniently at this moment, as I wished particularly to speak to you on a subject. Leave us, Dick; come back to luncheon.

DICK. (*Aside.*) Wants to get rid of me. (*Aloud.*) Oh! I can go and botanize for an hour. (*Aside.*) Dearest Emily! he must soon be told everything, My dear old dad will forgive me, but what will Emily's father say?

[*Exit at window.*]

DRUDG. (*Without.*) Don't trouble, I'll announce myself. (*Knocks.*)

TWEEZ. Come in!

Enter DRUDGLEY, L. door.

Good morning, Mr. Drudgley, I had hardly expected to see you so soon.

DRUDG. That, sir, is only because, in common with the world at large, you belie our profession. All the world is in a conspiracy (which I would indict if I could) to call the law dilatory. There certainly was a branch of the profession that was so, but with that I never meddled; Chancery has always been a proverb for delay; my line runs in another direction entirely.

TWEEZ. Well! then I may hope that you've brought the

papers relative to the mortgage. I do not conceal from you, Mr. Drudgley, that in thus investing a very large portion of what I possess, I am bound to be cautious, perhaps suspicious. I must cut down to the very root.

DRUDG. As you once did professionally in re Corn and Bunion versus Foot, eh? You're quite right, Mr. Tweezer; it would indeed be quite contrary to my mode of transacting business to allow clients to hurry themselves. Look into the matter, sir, till you see truth shining at the very bottom of the legal well. Ah! if every one of my clients always did that—if they only had a little of your caution, perhaps suspicion, as you call it, there would be little enough for us to do sometimes.

TWEEZ. Well! leave the papers with me—I've a quiet day. All the world but ourselves is gone to the races—I shall have no interruptions—

DRUDG. (*Consulting memorandum book.*) Is there a Miss Titmarsh residing hereabouts?—Emily Titmarsh?—living with her aunt, Mrs. Hobbleton.

TWEEZ. To be sure there is; not half a mile distant across the fields—go across my meadow—it will save you half the walk.

DRUDG. Thank you—thank you. Now read over the papers very carefully; with your acute intellect and business habits you'll have mastered the subject long before my return. [*Exit at window, TWEEZER giving him directions.*]

TWEEZ. And now for a quiet investigation of my new venture. Drudgley represents to me that it must double the investment, and that the mortgage is sure to come into my hands; if so, Dick will be thoroughly well off, and with Jack Stilton's savings, the young couple will "do." I don't quite like Drudgley's excessively complimentary addresses. He always talks about my business habits; I must look with some—caution into the papers. Yet— isn't he right? I am a good man of business—have been so all my life. At all events, I've not signed yet. Now for it. (*As he begins to settle down to read, the gate bell rings.*) Now, in the name of all

that's uncomfortable, who can this be? Miss MacWheedle, I shouldn't wonder—that woman has a design on me I do believe.

RATTLETON. (*Without.*) Where is my friend?

TWEEZ. A stranger. I don't know the voice.

RATTLE. Stand aside, nor hinder the embrace of friendship. (*Runs in at L. door.*)

TWEEZ. This is some mistake—a stranger!

RATTLE. What do you mean by stranger? Whas do you mean by mistake? Ah! you don't remember me—fortunately, *I* have a better memory. I remember *you* perfectly. Do you pretend to have forgotten that glorious day on board the excursion boat? Ah! Tweezer, Tweezer! did we not vow eternal friendship? Did I not see you home? Did not you, with amiable pertinacity, planting your foot on your native—doormat, exclaim, Tweezer is not unmindful—none of his clan were ungrateful—

TWEEZ. I beg, sir—

RATTLE. To apologize? no! Say no more—confession is half way to restitution. Though you forget, I forgive; and according to your polite and pressing invitation, here I am—you said—

TWEEZ. (*In despair.*) Sir—

RATTLE. I remember—thank you—that was the precise word with which you began. You said, "Sir, I shall ever retain a grateful and lively recollection of this day's scientific conversation." "Mr. Rattleton," you continued, "I do not hesitate to class you among the remarkable men of this age, and if ever"—This is the point—"if ever"—mind, if I don't quote you word for word, forgive me, "If ever you come near Tweezerville, without looking up old Dick Tweezer, he'll never forgive you the slight." To-day it so happens that fate kindly brings me to this neighborhood. To my delighted eyes there appears on each side of a gate, painted in Romanesque capitals, "Tweezerville," and dear Dick Tweezer's name on a bright brass plate. (*With emotion.*) I could *not* bear that you should feel slighted—and so here I

am. This is my carpet bag—and here, ready to strain you to his aching heart, stands your friend—prepared to accept your hospitality, and (at a future date) to return it.

TWEEZ. Now, sir, that you have expended your superfluous breath, allow *me* to speak. I do not at all remember the affair of the excursion boat, or the scientific conversation, or any pressing offer of hospitality, or even the *dear* friend I see so suddenly before me.

RATTLE. Well, it's excusable!—we parted late. Confound the salmon; it gave even me a head-ache in the morning—would it were among the extinct animals of the museum!—but it did not obliterate from “this distracted globe” the great fact of the invitation. You don't dispute its being *given*, I hope?—you don't dispute its being accepted, I hope? So, I'm come to revel in a quiet, philosophical, scientific way—Ah! how seldom is it that we escape from our learned societies at this season of the year!

TWEEZ. But *who* or *what* are you? My memory does not even serve to recall your face.

RATTLE. (*Aside.*) How should it?

TWEEZ. Favor me with the name of the gentleman who thus honors Tweezerville with his presence.

RATTLE. Now that's capitally acted! bravo! I shouldn't have thought you'd so much “go” in you. A quiet, demure old fellow like you! Ah! when we discussed ichthyosauri on board the excursion boat, I had no idea that you could make so good a figure on the boards.

TWEEZ. Boards!—what boards?

RATTLE. The stage—Thespis—Melpomene—Thalia—all that sort of thing! But, seriously speaking, you *can't* have forgotten Humphrey Davy Rattleton—a man with a tail of initial letters as long as a luggage train, at present lecturing on the newly-discovered science of Magnetico-photographico-biology, and about to enlighten on that subject the Institute in the next town. As the lecture comes off to-morrow night, your offer of a bed comes most opportunely.

TWEEZ. Excuse me, sir, but the *offer* of a bed, as you are pleased to call it, has not been made.

RATTLE. The *bed* not made. Tell Mary Ann to air the sheets—I'm not afraid of damp beds *here*!

TWEEZ. I can hardly help laughing at his assurance—Sir, had you *written*, I should have been prepared to do honor to *my long expected guest*; as it is, I can only wish you—

RATTLE. To accept temporary hospitality—good—

TWEEZ. And now, Mr. Rattlepate—

RATTLE. Rattleton, if you please—I'm rather particular about my name—it does not signify just at present, but a good deal of money *might* depend on the manner of spelling it—*might* depend—hem! I say nothing.

TWEEZ. Well, Mr. Rattleton—then—

RATTLE. Stay! Stand as you are. What a study for a painter!—benevolence—hospitality—humor—all largely—*very* largely developed. Let me prevail on you to come over and hear me lecture to-morrow night—nay; even to assist me in my experiments—in the name of science, I implore you. I have never had a favorable example yet—you present that example—I shall succeed with you, I know. (*Aside.*) He'd be a glorious confederate—known and respected in the neighborhood. (*Aloud.*) Come—say you'll come. I shall demonstrate the science of magnetic fluids generally; and you—you are a whole battery in yourself—scientific—

TWEEZ. I beg your pardon, sir—I am a very plain and unscientific person.

RATTLE. Excuse me there. Every line in your face belies that statement—science is in every wrinkle—not fully developed—no—but the material is there. The mine is no less a mine, because the spade and mattock have left the soil virgin still. The ore is there, sir, though the hum of labor has never yet disturbed the holy calm of nature. (*Aside.*) *I must* have him—and such a confederate is not to be had every day.

TWEEZ. I can only repeat, sir, that I have no magnetism, and no other *ism* about me; that I know nothing, and care

nothing about *ologies* of any sort, and am altogether unscientific.

RATTLE. Really, Tweezer, this is provoking. I've never thoroughly succeeded yet, for want of—of—an assistant—furnished with magnetic fluid, as I see you are, and willing to give way to the influences of the lecturer.

TWEEZ. In plain words—a confederate. Sir, you've come down here on false pretences—you've—

RATTLE. Take your time, Tweezer—Listen to me while you recover your breath. We magnetico-photographico-biologists are benefactors to the human race; but the ignorant world is against us. Now, *our* fluids—yours and mine—are in accord—with *you*, I should succeed—I know I should.

TWEEZ. But I'm not a fluid.

RATTLE. Yes, you are—that's the curious thing about it. I never noticed it on board the excursion boat, but you *are* one huge battery of magnetic fluid; and you must help me, call yourself what you will—assistant, illustrator, even confederate—I'll not quarrel about words; lend me half-a-dollar.

TWEEZ. I?

RATTLE. Yes! just for an experiment. I left my purse at home, and metal is essential.

TWEEZ. Well, here is one. You'll restore it, of course? (*Gives money.*)

RATTLE. Do you doubt me?

TWEEZ. Hem!

RATTLE. Now, let me explain. You gaze upon the coin which I hold thus—I pass my hands before you so—don't be alarmed—you can be persuaded to almost anything; when once I have you in accord with my fluid—

TWEEZ. Persuade me to almost anything? Perhaps persuade me to go to your lecture—

RATTLE. Anything. Only you must yield to my influence.

TWEEZ. It's quite demoniacal—if true. You say that you never succeeded yet.

RATTLE. Never; but then I hadn't found a good fluid. Now I have. Let us proceed. Would you like to know what people *think* about?—the value of property—the state of their affections—

TWEEZ. Ah, yes—if I could—

RATTLE. You *can*, when once I place this coin thus—in the palm of my hand—you gaze on it—I proceed with my lecture—

TWEEZ. Let us hear what you have to say.

RATTLE. I'll cut all the first part of it, and come to the experiments. You'll always see the scientific people asleep at lectures, till we come to the experiments. Keep your eye on the half-dollar.

TWEEZ. That I will. (*Aside.*) Nothing shall tempt me to take my eyes off.

RATTLE. "Ladies and gentlemen—The gigantic science, of which I am but a humble votary, having been fully explained to you in the first part of this evening's address, it now becomes my pleasing duty to illustrate my remarks by a few experiments on individuals taken at random from the distinguished and intellectual body assembled in this hall." Hear! Hear!

TWEEZ. Who says that?

RATTLE. The audience, to be sure—audiences always concur in observations complimentary to themselves. But don't interrupt—this highly respectable gentleman—that's you—

TWEEZ. Hear, hear!

RATTLE. *You* mustn't say that—

TWEEZ. Oh! I thought you said we always concur in complimentary observations.

RATTLE. True, the audience does—this highly respectable gentleman—

TWEEZ. Hear, hear!

BATTLE. Silence—you put me out.

TWEEZ. (*Aside.*) I can't.

RATTLE. With whom I've not the slightest previous acquaintance—

TWEEZ. But you had—or how should I be there?

RATTLE. Thankye, Tweezer, for reminding me about the excursion boat. In public, however, we must not have any communication. For science to make way with the million, we must humbug a little. Don't interrupt—you keep looking at the half-dollar.

TWEEZ. Ah, that I do!

RATTLE. This person, selected at random from among yourselves, will allow me to pass the magnetic current through his system. See! I now proceed to deprive him of all distinct individuality. He becomes as it were a part of myself—he and I know each other's thoughts and wishes. I bid him sit down—See! he sits. Rise! he rises. Hold out the right arm—See! he does so. Be in a garden—smell the flowers. (TWEEZER *sniffs violently.*) Bravo!—now, Tweezer, you can do that?

TWEEZ. Of course, now that I am your fluid, I must do whatever you tell me.

RATTLE. Bravo! bravo! we should make a fortune together. I see a brilliant career of spirit-rapping—table-turning—invisible flights—a fortune! You'll come, and do this for me.

TWEEZ. I must—command your fluid!

RATTLE. Enough for the present. Why, is it possible that I have succeeded? By Minerva! I have then. I hope I shall be able to undo my work. Does the effect really go off, as they say, in half-an-hour? (*Slips the half-dollar into his pocket.*)

TWEEZ. Hullo! that's my half-dollar.

RATTLE. To be sure it is. He's wide awake about that, at all events. Now, I must keep every one else out, at all events, till I relieve Tweezer from his trance. (*Locks the door.*) Ah, what do I see? That old shark, Drudgley, coming this way. He has at least one suit out against me. I must flit—he's coming towards the window—then the door must befriend me.

[*Unlocks door and exits, L.*]

Enter DRUDGLEY by window—meanwhile TWEEZER, under the influence of the magnetism, remains perfectly passive—the actor on each person touching his hand should acquire a sudden vitality and consciousness.

DRUDGLEY. Well, Mr. Tweezer, have you read the papers, and mastered their contents? (*Pause.*) Is he deaf, I wonder! I say (*louder*), have you mastered the papers? Are you ready to sign? (*Pause.*) What, silent still? Very odd—sir—sir—I really begin to be alarmed. (*Takes his hand.*)

TWEEZ. So you've come back!

DRUDG. (*Drawing a long breath.*) What a relief! Why, I've been standing here talking to you for a minute or two, without getting any answer. I feared you were ill.

TWEEZ. And what answer do you expect to get? What answer do you deserve?

DRUDG. Deserve—*deserve*, Mr. Tweezer? Why, the answer of a true friend to a conscientious lawyer.

TWEEZ. Ah! if you were one.

DRUDG. What do you mean—do you wish to insult me?

TWEEZ. It's of no sort of use blustering—the mortgage is not worth the paper the deed's engrossed on.

DRUDG. (*Aside.*) Who can have been here? Not even a clerk knows for whom the mortgage was to be. (*Aloud.*) Mr. Tweezer, I don't understand such language from one who is under great obligations to me—I should not, sir, (*emotion*) I *could* not have expected this—I should as soon have looked for the wife of my bosom—

TWEEZ. Ha! ha! ha!

DRUDG. What do you mean? Is there anything ludicrous in a man quoting the opinion, or appealing to the experience of the women who must know him best of all the world? I should as soon expect Mrs. Drudgley to doubt my honor, as one who was once, at any rate, my valued client, and excellent friend. (*Appears overcome.*)

TWEEZ. Now, no crocodile tears; you know that Mrs. Drudgley is your master—the better horse, eh? People at large think you're head of the firm, *we* know better.

DRUDG. (*Aside.*) Has she been here? Impossible! she *said* she was going to her aunt's—aunts are convenient relations sometimes; she goes to see her because I will not have aunt Sally in my house, but I mustn't quarrel. (*Aloud.*) Ah! Mr. Tweezer, you always were fond of a joke.

TWEEZ. You call it a joke, do you? you're quite right to treat it as such, if *you* don't mind it, of course *I* don't.

DRUDG. (*Aside.*) I wish I knew how much he really knows; there certainly is something very wild—insanity or inebriation—in his eye. I must find the son, he'll be able to explain what's the matter with his father; I wonder if he is mad.
[*Exit in alarm, window.*]

TWEEZ. (*Calling after him.*) No, sir, Tweezer is not mad. He has recovered his senses. This is a capital thing, to learn what each one thinks and means. I *feel* Dick coming—but he's not clear—all in a mist. I shall not know what the mystery is till *my* fluid communicates with the pulsation of his. (*Sits down.*)

DICK *enters at door L.*

DICK. There sits my dad. Now for a confession. Father! (*Pause.*) Father! (*Pause.*) Why, what sudden deafness is this? The poor dear old boy isn't ill, I hope. (*Touches him.*)

TWEEZ. Ah, Dick! so you've been with Emily?

DICK. Emily, sir!

TWEEZ. Yes. You don't mean to pretend you haven't been there, do you?

DICK. Certainly not, as you say so. I've been with Emily!—how did he learn it? (*Aside.*)

TWEEZ. I hope you love her dearly?

DICK. Dearly, sir?—that I do. Bravo! this is the wife he mysteriously hinted at just now. We shall get on like a house on fire!

TWEEZ. She's a good girl, I believe, Dick?

DICK. The best of girls, sir. I'm delighted that you approve of my choice.

TWEEZ. But I don't. I meant you to marry another—Letitia Stilton; not that I'd interfere with your affections.

But you should have consulted me before you proposed to Emily.

DICK. Why, we feared you might not give your consent; and so—and so—

TWEEZ. And so you did without it? and got married—

DICK. Married, sir? How on earth did you learn that we were married?—you didn't know it this morning, for you were on the point of opening the subject when Mr. Drudgley—Ah! of course, Drudgley—he's the intending mischief maker. But, fortunately for us, he has not succeeded in setting you against us.

TWEEZ. Drudgley knows nothing about it; never mind him. Let us make the best of what's done. We can't have bigamy even for Jack Stilton's daughter. But I ought to be very angry.

DICK. Forgive us this once; we'll never do it again. You'll see Emily—I know you'll like her—she'll idolize you. You'll call her daughter, won't you?

TWEEZ. Ah! but what will Jack Stilton say? He used to be *such* a fiery fellow. He used to beat the watchmen once—a long time ago: we got taken before Sir Richard Birnie—hem! Do you think he'll forgive Emily?

DICK. You must talk him over. The memory of your joint indiscretions in youth will mollify him. But *do* tell me how you learnt that we were married.

RATTLETON *enters cautiously at window.* TWEEZER, *who appears to move machanicallly, sinks in a chair.*

RATTLE. Coast clear? Father and son tête-à-tête, I suppose.

DICK. Ah! sir, is it you who have done me the favor of meddling in my private affairs? You have fortunately done no mischief, whatever you intended.

RATTLE. I've nothing to do with your private affairs. I don't know what you mean by mischief. I've made none. (*Aside.*) I conclude the old one has been enlightening him. Bravo the science of magnetico-photographico-biology.

DICK. I'm really much obliged to your officious zeal. You have opened a very delicate subject with my father. As it happens (no thanks to your intentions) he is quite willing to forgive my marriage with Emily Titmarsh.

RATTLE. Emily—Titmarsh! Say it again.

DICK. Emily Titmarsh.

RATTLE. This is indeed a surprise—a very disagreeable surprise.

DICK. Confound it! you surely don't affect ignorance of my union with her? Yes, she is no longer a Titmarsh but a Tweezer!

RATTLE. This is indeed a blow! From this day forth let us never meet, for if we do, it must be as foes. I loved Emily.

DICK. Loved my wife!

RATTLE. No; she was to be my wife.

DICK. Impossible!

RATTLE. But true nevertheless. She did indeed reject me, but I lived in hopes. Those hopes you have dashed to the ground. Oh! Emily—false—false! Why was I born? Why do I live?

DICK. Don't be absurd; the days of heroics are over! I have won the lady. She's mine. I'm going now to bring her home.

RATTLE. Spare me that pang at least. Let me not look on her.

DICK. Pooh! pooh! Now, Emily, dear, you shall come to your future home.

[Exit DICK, L. door.]

RATTLE. Well! that's off my mind. I can't hope any more in that quarter. I can't have the niece. I'll try the aunt. She's got two thousand dollars a year I know, and all at her own disposal. Ah! Tweezer seems recovering himself.

TWEEZ. (*Rubbing his eyes, and resuming his natural manner.*) What! Mr. Rattleton, not gone, I thought you were to be at New York by this time.

RATTLE. We haven't lunched yet.

TWEEZ. Haven't we?—I've been dreaming, then. Where's my son, I wonder?

RATTLE. He was here just now; he's stepped out for a minute. Let me have some luncheon, and be off. But, never fear, I'll fetch you to-morrow, my cultivator of the humanities. I'll take the liberty of ringing the bell. (*Rings.*)

TWEEZ. You've done nothing but take liberties all the morning. (*Aside.*)

Enter SERVANT at door, L.

Lunch!

[*Exit SERVANT—returns with tray.*]

RATTLE. (*Sits down to lunch.*) Your health, Tweezer. Capital sherry—very.

Enter DICK, L.

DICK. I forgot one thing—Why, here's this fellow making himself at home!

TWEEZ. Dick, I've something to say to you.

DICK. Looks grave! Can't be a lecture, after our amicable understanding just now.

TWEEZ. We were interrupted this morning, just as I was going to broach a very interesting subject.

DICK. Yes, sir; but since then we've said all that is necessary to be said, haven't we? I've great pleasure in remembering all the kind things you said. Though you *said* you were angry, I didn't believe you; your words were contradicted by your looks.

TWEEZ. What are you dreaming of?

DICK. I confess I did not expect to find you thought me old enough to marry—

TWEEZ. Not *old* enough? On the contrary, marriage is what I set my heart on.

DICK. So I found, to my great surprise. Well, sir, are we to live here for the present?

TWEEZ. It would be most convenient, perhaps; but there'll be time enough for all that when the preliminaries are settled.

DICK. I don't quite comprehend you. What sort of preliminaries do you mean?

TWEEZ. Why, my dear Dick, you know that however well the parents may understand one another, and however well the young people may understand one another, there are times and seasons—consent to be asked—the day fixed—the knot tied—

DICK. I'm all at sea.

TWEEZ. I'll bring you into port. Jack Stilton has only to be asked, and Letitia will be your own.

DICK. What can the governor be driving at? He knows I'm married to Emily, and wants me now to marry Letitia. Let us if we can, sir, get at something like an explanation.

RATTLE. (*Finishing his luncheon.*) Let me explain.

TWEEZ. You'd better not interfere, sir.

RATTLE. But I must interfere!—justice demands it!—your son already loves, but not the lady you destine for him.

TWEEZ. Not Letitia! Who then is his choice?

DICK. Oh, father!—to ask such a question after giving your consent to my marriage.

TWEEZ. What marriage? This is the first I've heard of it. What marriage?

DICK. My marriage with Emily.

TWEEZ. Your marriage with Emily?

RATTLE. His marriage with Emily!

DICK. I confessed this morning in this room, not an hour ago, that I was already a married man.

TWEEZ. Pinch me, somebody! Do you mean to say you're actually married to her?

DICK. Yes; and that you are quite ready to welcome her as a daughter.

TWEEZ. Not a word of truth in the whole story.

RATTLE. Oh, Tweezer! that salmon again—at one o'clock in the day too!—fie, fie!

TWEEZ. Do you want to drive me wild?

DICK. No, sir; but I want you to abide by your own words. I asked you how you had learnt that I was married:

you told me it didn't signify—nay, hear me out—that you would make the best of it and forgive us.

TWEEZ. You mean to persuade me that I forgave you! that I said all this! You'll persuade me that I am not myself soon.

RATTLE. Only beside yourself. I once loved Emily Titmarsh. She rejected me—I lost sight of her. To-day I find her married to your son. I make the best of it—I forgive; you make the best of it—you forgive. Embrace us both—come, come. (*Both reject RATTLETON.*)

TWEEZ. If you *are* married, I suppose I *must* make the best of it; but it's a terrible upset of a cherished plan. But I see Drudgley coming across the lawn.

RATTLE. Where—where? Dick, I've something particular to say to you in the next room. Come.

DICK. Something particular?

RATTLE. (*Dragging him off.*) There's no time to be lost.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

DRUDGLEY *enters at window—manner very formal.*

DRUDG. Well, sir, I've come back, hoping to find you in a better frame of mind than when I had my last painful conversation with you.

TWEEZ. Painful conversation? I didn't at all see that our conversation was at all *painful*—was it?

DRUDG. It was to me—very painful. It was full of remarks prejudicial to a very honorable profession, of which I am but a humble member. We may be permitted to feel and to resent the indignities done to our class.

TWEEZ. I don't think you expected me to sign papers without reading them?

DRUDG. Certainly not. I'm glad, however, to find your tone and language so much more moderate since we parted. Look over—scrutinize them—but remember you insulted me about business and about my wife, in a way that can only be excused by supposing that you were under the influence of—

TWEEZ. Drink—pray say, drink! I or you have been drinking this morning.

DRUDG. Allow me to observe that it is not I.

TWEEZ. Good, good—say it is I. Every one seems to be of the same opinion—there's only one sane person here, to all appearances.

DRUDG. And that is—

TWEEZ. Mr. Rattleton.

DRUDG. He's here, is he? Well, I want him!

TWEEZ. On legal business?

DRUDG. Most of *my* business is legal—but now tell me—when shall we complete? when will you sign? The whole thing may fall through if not done directly.

TWEEZ. A little family affair has to be settled first, of which I was not aware this morning.

DRUDG. He evidently is suspicious. (*Aside.*) Where is Mr. Rattleton?

TWEEZ. Sit down—have something to eat. He'll be here directly.

DRUDG. Thank you. (*Sits down and begins luncheon.*)

Enter RATTLETON, R., and goes up to DRUDGLEY, L.

RATTLE. Ah! Mr. Drudgley, how are you? It is some time since we met. Have you any information touching that little matter?

DRUDG. (*Producing writ.*) Yes! I'll trouble you with this—excuse my serving it myself—I've never been able to lay my hand on you till now.

RATTLE. Now look here; you show me a writ, I'll show you a coin. (*Takes out the half-dollar.*) Look steadily at this; do you see anything peculiar about it.

DRUDG. (*Continuing to eat.*) No—it's only a half-dollar.

RATTLE. Look steadily. I pass my hands so—gaze on it—see—the spell works—he's mine—my second fluid to-day. (*DRUDGLEY'S fork has been arrested on its way to his mouth.*) There; he's quiet for a time.

TWEEZ. What's the matter?—is he choking?

RATTLE. No; I've only electro-etceteraed him.

TWEEZ. What *do* you mean?

RATTLE. Why, I've passed the fluid through his system and he becomes a portion of myself—loses his own individuality.

TWEEZ. Allow me to ask, have I been in an electro-etcetera state to-day?

RATTLE. Something very like it.

TWEEZ. By way of rehearsal for your confounded soirée, I suppose?

RATTLE. Unintentional—on my honor.

TWEEZ. And it is to you I am indebted for having forgiven my son and insulted my lawyer?

RATTLE. Don't distress yourself—both are good actions. Look at me: I'll worm out his secrets. (*Takes DRUDGLEY's hand.*) Tell me, man of parchment, what dost thou hope from me?

DRUDG. You don't know, Mr. Rattleton—you've been running away from your best friend.

RATTLE. Ah! you want to stick to me!

DRUDG. If you knew all, you'd know that in my house is a document of the greatest importance to you.

RATTLE. Not a second writ?

DRUDG. No; the title deeds of an estate in Wisconsin—some five thousand dollars a-year.

RATTLE. Wealth untold! Where is the innocent sheepskin?

DRUDG. In box No. 7, right hand side, as you enter my office.

RATTLE. Good. (*Makes passes.*)

DRUDG. (*Puts the food in his mouth, and continues as before.*) So, as I was going to observe, Mr. Rattleton, you can't think how long I have looked for you.

RATTLE. Not longer than I have for the title deeds of a little estate to Wisconsin, value about five thousand dollars a-year, now in box No. 7, on the right hand, as you enter your office.

DRUDG. What! what!—who told you this? Believe me, Mr. Rattleton, I have sought you for *two* purposes—to recover a debt and to pay one—I shall be able to do both at the same time. I congratulate you heartily. Good morning.

RATTLE. No, no—hang me! I'll not part with you till I see the deeds safe in these hands of mine. I'll not trouble you again to look after me as you have done.

DICK *runs in*, R.

DICK. Father, father—here's Emily.

RATTLE. Stay—don't let her come in yet; it would be too much for me. Now, Mr. Drudgley, are you ready to start?—I want my deeds.

DRUDG. Come, come—

RATTLE. No delay, or I put my art once more in force against you. Here, Tweezer—here's your half-dollar. "Lie there, my art." (*Gives it.*) Dick, I congratulate you! Science has stood your friend, and mine—and yours, Tweezer. Drudgley, be honest; tell truth and shame the ancient gentleman, or beware my power; I've only got to do *so*, and *so*. (*Making passes.*) Ah! I forgot—I'd better do this in another place. (*To the Audience.*) Who'll lend me half-a-dollar?—I've five thousand a-year now. Don't speak all at once. Thank you, sir. If you will step up here with the coin, I shall no longer have to go about the world in want of A CONFEDERATE.

CURTAIN.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face,
Some are good and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;

But Will was so fat, he appear'd like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated ;
But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated ;
And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same ! and the next ! and the next !
He perspired like an ox ; he was nervous and vex'd ;
Week passed after week, till by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him ;
For his skin, " like a lady's loose gown," hung about him.
He sent for a doctor, and cried, like a ninny,
" I have lost many pounds—make me well, there's a guinea."

The doctor look'd wise :—" A slow fever," he said ;
Prescribed sudorifices, and going to bed.
" Sudorifices in bed," exclaimed Will, " are humbugs !
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs !"

Will kick'd out the doctor :—but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed ;
So, calling his host, he said, " Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman, six months ago ?

" Look ye, landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
" That with honest intentions you first took me in :
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so very hot, that I m sure I caught cold !"

Quoth the landlord, " Till now, I ne'er had a dispute ;
I've let lodgings ten years,—I'm a baker to boot ;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven ;
And your bed is immediately—over my oven."

" The oven ! " says Will ;—says the host, " Why this passion ?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.

Why so crusty, good sir?"—"Zounds!" cried Will, in a taking,
"Who wouldn't be crusty, with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms: cried the host, with a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been going away half a year."

"Friend, we can't well agree;—yet no quarrel," Will said:
"But I'd rather not perish, while you make your bread."

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

SMITH.

A COUNSEL in the "Common Pleas,"
Who was esteemed a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit,
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes,
In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
Ridiculing and maltreating
Women, or other timid folks;
In a late cause, resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
Appeared expressly meant by fate
For being quizzed and played upon.

So having tipped the wink to those
In the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down,
Until our wag should draw the cork—
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?"
"Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you;
But on *four* legs instead of *two*."
"Officer," cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,

"Do pray keep silence down below there!
Now look at me, clown, and attend,
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"

"Yees, very like, I often go there."

"Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,"
(The counsel cried, with grin sardonic,)

"I wish I'd known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods, when I
On circuit was at York residing.
Now, farmer, do for once speak true,
Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding?"

"Why no, sir, no! we've got our share,
But not so many as when *you* were there."

THE PUGILISTS.

A STRIKING TALE.

ANONYMOUS.

Two boxers long enrolled by fame,
In *honors* such as bruisers claim,
Who having often sparred and fought,
And many a hardy victory bought,
By thumps, black eyes, and knock-down blows,
Eke broken head and bloody nose,
At length, like other heroes great,
That can control each humble state,
And keep the peaceful rogues in awe,
By what the vulgar call *club-law*,
Agreed, though friends, they should contest,
Which of themselves could fight the best,
Ambassadors went forth to treat,
Each Champion's council sage to g eet;

Not with intent to offer peace,
And bid the sanguine passions cease ;
No ;—they the bruising art admired,
Were with the glorious contest fired :
Therefore they wider made the breach,
Conveyed in threats, from each to each.

At length these sage Ambassadors
Arranged all matters by the laws—
By *pugilistic laws* I mean,
Such as apply to fighting men ;
For war, in every various scene,
Where blood and slaughter intervene,
Pays, or at least, appears to pay,
Respect to what it does away.
Thus, when a tyrant conq'ror seizes
Some state his fell ambition pleases,
He says they had infringed the *law*,
And holds them bound by right of war.
The Dutch, the Italians, and the Swiss,
Severely feel the truth of this.
Heaven guard our happy Isle ! may we
From Conquerors' laws be ever free !

At length all matters are agreed,
The combatants, in form, proceed
To fam'd Olympus or Eleusis,
Whichever name the hearer chooses ;
Yet think not they such ninnies prove,
Merely to fight for downright love ;
No ;—money, money is the prize,
To pay for bruises and black eyes.
The scientific gulls profound,
In close cabal are plac'd around.
Now hands they shake, and now set to,
To please the motley, mongrel crew.
A round is fought, and then another,
The odds run high on this and t'other ;
Murmurs and shouts, and loud huzzas,

Sound forth each battered hero's praise ;
But still, obedient to the laws,
'Twixt ev'ry round there is a pause.
"Time !" cries a voice—again they fight,
Besmear'd and bruise'd, a hideous sight !
Round after round with mix'd applause
Goes on, and "Time" ends every pause.

Time, call'd so oft, at length appears,
A goodly sage, thou worn in years ;
At sight of him each savage started,
And, growling, would have thence departed :
Enchantment fixes them—they stand,
And trembling, view the glass in's hand ;
While prostrate, panting on the ground,
The boxers by the spell are bound.
He speaks : " What would ye, knaves and fools,
Who thus disturb my peaceful rules ?
Say, titled idlers, what have you
Among this motley group to do ?
Within St. Stephen's echoing walls,
The Senate for your service calls ;
Your country, too, demands your aid,
There let your prowess be display'd ;
And let the foes of Britain know,
What to your native land you owe !—
For you, ye sots, that mingled round,
In murmur'ing laziness are found—
Go to your several homes, and there
Let your starv'd offspring be your care ;
Work—show your industry and love,
And thus to *Time* your value prove !
You, bleeding mastiffs, who have now
No power to urge the angry blow ;
Yet whose hard hearts still burn with rage,
In the fierce conflict to engage ;
On you is vainly spent my breath—
Behold, how near the victor—Death !
See ready his uplifted dart,

To pierce each bleeding bravo's heart."
This said—his garment opening wide,
Discover'd Death close at his side ;
Their fear he saw—the spell unbound,
And each prepar'd to quit the ground ;
In haste, the late exulting crew,
Peers, boxers, mob and all withdrew.

HOW PAT SAVED HIS BACON.

ANONYMOUS.

EARLY one fine morning, as Terence O'Fleary was hard at work in his potato-garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on.

"God's 'bud! Terry, man, what would you be afther doing there wid them praties, an Phelim O'Loughlin's berrin' goin' to take place? Come along, ma bochel! sure the praties will wait."

"Och! no," sis Terry, "I must dig on this ridge for the childer's breakfast, an' thin I'm goin' to confession to Father O'Higgins, who holds a stashin beyont there at his own house."

"Bother take the stashin!" sis Mick, "sure that 'ud wait too." But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin'; and Terence, having finished "wid the praties," as he said, went down to Father O'Higgins, where he was shown into the kitchen, to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there, before the kitchen fire, when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon, which hung in the chimney-corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished the childer "had it at home wid the praties."

"Murther alive!" says he, "will I take it? Sure the priest can spare it; an' it would be a rare thrate to Judy an' the gossoons at home, to say nothin' iv myself, who hasn't tasted the likes this many's the day." Terry looked at it

again, and then turned away, saying—"I won't take it—why would I, an' it not mine, but the priest's? an' I'd have the sin iv it, sure! I won't take it," replied he, "an' it's nothin' but the Ould Boy himself that's timptin' me! But sure it's no harm to feel it, any way," said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it. "Och! it's a beauty; and why wouldn't I carry it home to Judy and the childer? An' sure it won't be a sin afther I confesses it!"

Well, into his great coat pocket he thrust it; and he had scarcely done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kilt and ruin'd, horse and foot, now, joy, Terry; what'll I do in this quandary, at all, at all? By gannies! I must thry an' make the best of it, any how," says he to himself, and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out—

"Oh! stop—stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness' sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell yit; only sir, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of never having done the like afore, sur, niver!"

"Come," said Father O'Higgins. "you must tell it to me."

"Why, then, your Riverince, I will tell id; but, sir, I'm ashamed like?"

"Oh, never mind! tell it," said the priest.

"Why, then, your Riverince, I went out one day to a gintleman's house, upon a little bit of business, an' he bein' in-gaged, I was showed into the kitchen to wait. Well, sur, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hanging in the chimbly-corner. I looked at id, your Riverince, an' my teeth began to wather. I don't know how it was, sur, but I suppose the Divil timpted me, for I put it into my pocket; but, if you plaize, sur, I'll give it to you," and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me!" said Father O'Higgins; "no, certainly not; give it back to the owner of it."

"Why, then your Riverince, sur, I offered id to him, and he wouldn't take id."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said the priest; "then take it home, and eat it yourself, with your family."

"Thank your Riverince kindly!" says Terence, "an' I'll do that same immediately, plaize God; but first and foremost, I'll have the absolution, if you plaize, sir."

Terence received absolution, and went home rejoicing that he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

THE IRISH DRUMMER.

ANONYMOUS.

A SOLDIER, so at least the story goes,
 It was in Ireland I believe,
 Upon his back was sentenc'd to receive
 Five hundred cat-o'-nine-tail blows;
 Most sagely military law providing,
 The *back* alone shall suffer for *backsliding*.
 Whether his crime was great or small,
 Or whether there was any crime at all,
 Are facts which this deponent never knew;
 But though uncertain whether justly tried,
 The man he knows was to the halbert tied,
 And hopes his readers will believe so too.
 Suppose him, then, fast to the halberts bound,
 His poor companions standing silent round,
 Anticipating ev'ry dreadful smack;
 While Patrick Donovan, from Wicklow county,
 Is just preparing to bestow his bounty,
 Or *beat quick time* upon his comrade's back.
 Of stoics much we read in tales of yore,
 Of Zeno, Possidonious, Epictetus,
 Who, unconcerned, the greatest torments bore,
 Or else these ancient stories strangely cheat us.
 My hero was no stoic, it is plain:
 He could not suffer torments and be dumb,

But roared, before he felt the smallest pain,
As though a rusty nail had pierc'd his thumb.
Not louder is the terror spreading note,
Which issues from the hungry lion's throat,
When o'er Numidian plains in search of prey,
He takes his cruel, his destroying way.
The first two strokes, which made my hero bleat,
Fell right across the confines of his seat,
On which he piteously began to cry,
"Strike high! strike high! for mercy's sake strike high!"
Pat, of a mild, obliging disposition,
Could not refuse to grant his friend's petition;
An Irishman has got a tender heart,
And never likes to act a cruel part;
Pat gave a good example to beholders,
And the next stroke fell on his comrade's shoulders!
Our suffering hero now began to roar
As loud, if not much louder, than before;
At which Pat lost all patience, and exclaim'd,
While his Hibernian face with anger flam'd,
"Perdition catch you!—can't your tongue be still?
There is no *plasing* you, strike where one will?"

MIKE HOOTER'S BEAR STORY.

HALL.

"It's no use talkin'," said Mike, "'bout your Polar Bar, and you Grizly Bar, and all that sorter varmint what you read about. They ain't nowhar, for the big black customer that circumlocutes down in our neck o' woods, beats 'em all hollow. I've heard of some monsus explites kicked up by the brown bars, sich as totein' off a yoke o' oxen, and eatin' humans raw, and all that kind o' thing; and Capten Parry tells us a yarn 'bout a big white bar, what 'muses hisself climin' up the North Pole and slides down to keep his hide warm; but all that ain't a circumstance to what I've saw.

"You see," continued Mike, "there's no countin' on them varmints as I've been usened to, for they comes as near bein' human critters as anything I ever see what doesn't talk. Why, if you was to hear anybody else tell 'bout the bar-fights I've had, you wouldn't b'leeve 'em, and if I wasn't a preacher, and could not lie none, I'd keep my fly-trap shot 'till the day of judgment.

"I've heard folks say as how bars cannot think like other human critters, and that they does all the sly tricks what they does, from instink. Golly! what a lie! You tell me one of 'em don't know when you've got a gun, and when you ain't? Just wait a minit, an' my privit 'pinion is, when you've hearn me thro', you'll talk t'other side of your mouth.

"You see, one day, long time ago, 'fore britches come in fashion, I made a 'pointment with Ike Hamberlin, the steam doctor, to go out next Sunday to see whether we couldn't kill a bar, for you know bacon was skace, and so was money, and them fellows down in Mechanicsburg wouldn't sell on tick, so we had to 'pend on the varmints for a livin'.

"Speakin' of Mechanicsburg, the people down in that ar mud-hole ain't to be beat, nowhere this side o' Christmas. I've hearn o' mean folks in my time, an' I've preached 'bout 'em a few; but ever sense that feller, Bonnel, sold me a pint of red-eye whiskey—an' half ov it backer juice—for a coon-skin, an' then guv me a brass picayune fur change, I've stopped talkin'. Why, that chap was closer than the bark on a hickory tree; an' ef I hadn't hearn Parson Dilly say so, I'd av swore it wasn't er fac, he was cotch one day stealin' acorns from a blind hog. Did you ever hear how that hoss-fly died? Well, never mind. It was too bad to talk 'bout, but heap too good for him.

"But that ain't what I was spoutin' 'bout. As I was sayin' afore, we had to 'pend on the varmints fur a livin'. Well, Ike Hamberlin, you see, was always sorter jubious o' me, kase I kilt more bar nor he did; an', as I was sayin', I made a 'pointment with Ike to go out huntin'. Then, Ike,

he thought he'd be kinder smart, and beat 'Old Preach' (as them Cole boys usen to call me), so, as soon as day crack, he hollered up his puppies, an' put! I spied what he was 'bout, for I hearn him laffin' to one o' his niggers 'bout it the night afore—so, I told my gal Sal to fill my private tickler full o' the old 'raw,' an' then fixed up an' tramped on arter him, but didn't take none o' my dogs. Ike hadn't got fur into the cane, 'fore the dogs they 'gan to whine an' turn up the har on ther backs; an', bimeby, they all tucked tail, an' sorter sidled back to whar he was standin'. 'Sick him!' says Ike, but the critters wouldn't hunt a lick. I soon diskivered what was the matter, for I kalkilated them curs o' his'n wasn't worth shucks in a bar fight—so, I know'd thar was bar 'bout, if I didn't see no sine.

"Well, Ike he coaxed the dogs, an' the more he coaxed, the more they wouldn't go, an' when he found coaxin' wouldn't do, then he scolded and called 'em some of the hardest names ever you hearn, but the tarnation critters wouldn't budge a peg. When he found they wouldn't hunt no how he could fix it, he began cussin'. He didn't know I was thar. If he had er suspicioned it, he'd no more swore than he'd dar'd to kiss my Sal on er washin' day; for you see both on us belonged to the same church, and Ike was class-leader. I thought I should er flummuxed! The dogs they sidled back, an' Ike he cussed; an' I lay down an' rolled an' laughed sorter easy to myself, 'till I was so full I thort I should er bust my biler! I never see ennything so funny in all my life! There was I layin' down behind er log, fit to split, an' there was the dogs with their tails the wrong eend down, an' there was Ike 'a rarin' an' er pitchin'—er rippin' an' er tarin'—an' er cussin' wus nor a steamboat cap'n! I tell you it fairly made my har'stan' on eend! I never see er customer so riled afore in all my born days! The dogs, they smelt bar sine, an' wouldn't budge a peg, an' arter Ike had a'most cussed the bark off'n a dog-wood saplin' by, he lent his old flint-lock rifle up agin it, and then he peeled off his old blanket an' laid her down,

too. I diskivered mischief was er cumin', fur I never see a critter show rathy like he did. Torectly I see him walk down to the creek bottom, 'bout fifty yards from where his gun was, and then he 'gin pickin' up rocks an' slingin' um at the dogs like bringer! Cracky! didn't he link it into um? It minded me of David whalin' Goliah, it did! If you'd er seed him, and hearn 'em holler, you'd er thought he'd er knocked the nigh sites off'n every mother's son of 'em!

"But that ain't the fun yet. While Ike was er lammin' the dogs, I hearn the alfiredest crackin' in the cane, an' I looked up, an' thar was one of the eternaest whollop in' bars cummin' crack, crack, through the cane an' kerslesh over the creek, and stopped right plumb slap up whar Ike's gun was. Torectly he tuck hold er the old shooter, an' I thought I see him tinkerin' 'bout the lock, un' kinder whislin', and blowin' into it. I was 'stonished, I tell you, but I wanted to see Ike outdone so bad that I lay low and kep' dark, an' in about a minit Ike got done lickin' the dogs, an' went to git his gun. Jeemeny, criminy! if you'd only bin whar I was! I do think Ike was the maddest man that ever stuk an axe into a tree, for his har stuck right strait up, and his eyes glared like two dog-wood blossoms! But the bar didn't seem to care shucks for him, for he jist sot the old rifle rite back agin the saplin', and walked on his hind legs jist like any human. Then, you see, I gin to git sorter jelus, and sez I to myself, 'Mister Bar,' sez I, 'the place whar you's er stanin' ain't prezactly healthy, an' if you don't wabble off from that purty soon, Missis Bar will be a widder, by gum!' With that, Ike grabbed up old Missis Rifle, and tuk most perticular aim at him, and, by hokey, she snapped! 'Now,' sez I, 'Mister Bar, go it, or he'll make bacon of you!' But the varmint didn't wink, but stood still as a post, with the thumb of his right paw on the cend of his smeller, and wiglin' his t'other finger, thus:—(*Mike went through with the gyration.*) All this time, Ike, he stood thar like a fool, er snappin' and er snappin', an' the bar, he

looking kinder quare like, out er the corner o' his eye, an' sorter laffin' at him. Torectly I see Ike take down the ole shooter, and kinder kersamine the lock, an' when he done that, he laid her on his shoulder, and shook his fist at the bar, and walked toward home, an' the bar, he shuk his fist, an' went into the canebrake, and then I cum off.

Here all the Yazoo boys expressed great anxiety to know the reason why Ike's gun didn't fire.

"Let's liker fust," said Mike, "an' if you don't caterpillar, you can shoot me. Why you see," concluded he, "the long and short of it is this, that the bar in our neck o' woods has a little human in um, an' this feller know'd as much about a gun as I do 'bout preachin', so when Ike was lickin' the dogs, he jest blowed all the powder outen the pan, an' to make all safe, he tuk the flint out too, and that's the way he warn't skeered when Ike was snappin' at him."

THE CRITIC.

SARGENT.

ONCE on a time, the nightingale, whose singing
Had with her praises set the forest ringing,
Consented at a concert to appear :
Of course her friends all flocked to hear,
And with them many a critic, wide awake
To pick a flaw, or carp at a mistake.

She sang as only nightingales can sing ;
And when she'd ended,
There was a general cry of "Bravo ! splendid !"
While she, poor thing,
Abashed and fluttering, to her nest retreated,
Quite terrified to be so warmly greeted.
The turkeys gobbled their delight ; the geese,
Who had been known to hiss at many a trial,
That this was perfect, ventured no denial :
It seemed as if the applause would never cease.

But 'mong the critics on the ground,
 An ass was present, pompous and profound,
 Who said,—“My friends, I'll not dispute the honor
 That you would do our little prima donna :
 Although her upper notes are very shrill,
 And she defies all method in her trill,
 She has some talent, and, upon the whole,
 With study, may some cleverness attain.
 Then, her friends tell me, she's a virtuous soul ;
 But—but—”

“But”—growled the lion, “by my mane,
 I never knew an ass, who did not strain
 To qualify a good thing with a but !”
 “Nay,” said the goose, approaching with a strut,
 “Don't interrupt him, sire ; pray let it pass ;
 The ass is honest, if he is an ass !”

“I was about,” said Long Ear, “to remark,
 That there is something lacking in her whistle ;
 Something magnetic,
 To waken cords and feelings sympathetic,
 And kindle in the breast a spark
 Like—like, for instance, a good juicy thistle.”

The assembly tittered, but the fox, with gravity
 Said, at the lion winking,
 “Our learned friend, with his accustomed suavity,
 Has given his opinion without shrinking ;
 But, to do justice to the nightingale,
 He should inform us, as no doubt he will,
 What sort of music 'tis, that does not fail
 His sensibilities to rouse and thrill.”

“Why,” said the critic, with a look potential,
 And pricking up his ears, delighted much
 At Reynard's tone and manner deferential,—
 “Why, sir, there's nothing can so deeply touch
My feelings, and so carry *me* away,
 As a fine, mellow, ear-inspiring bray.”

"I thought so," said the fox, without a pause,
"As far as you're concerned, your judgment's true;
You do not like the nightingale, because
The nightingale is not an ass like you!"

MR. CAUDLE WANTS A "LATCH-KEY."

JERROLD.

ON my word, Mr. Caudle, I think it a waste of time to come to bed at all now! The cocks will be crowing in a minute. Keeping people up till past twelve. Oh yes! you're thought a man of very fine feelings out of doors, I dare say! It's a pity you haven't a little feeling for those belonging to you at home. A nice hour to keep people out of their beds! Why did I sit up, then? Because I chose to sit up—but that's my thanks. No, it's no use your talking, Caudle; I never *will* let the girl sit up for you, and there's an end. What do you say? Why does she sit up with me, then? That's quite a different matter: you don't suppose I'm going to sit up alone, do you? What do you say? What's the use of *two* sitting up? That's my business. No, Caudle, it's no such thing. I *don't* sit up because I may have the pleasure of talking about it; and you're an ungrateful, unfeeling creature, to say so. I sit up because I choose it; and if you don't come home all the night long—and 'twill soon come to that, I've no doubt—still, I'll never go to bed, so don't think it.

Oh, yes! the time runs away very pleasantly with you men at your clubs—selfish creatures! You can laugh and sing, and tell stories, and never think of the clock; never think there's such a person as a wife belonging to you. It's nothing to you that a poor woman's sitting up, and telling the minutes, and seeing all sorts of things in the fire; and sometimes thinking that something dreadful has happened to you; more fool she to care a straw about you! This is

all nothing. Oh, no! when a woman's once married, she's a slave, worse than a slave, and must bear it all!

And what you men can find to talk about I can't think! Instead of a man sitting every night at home with his wife, and going to bed at a Christian hour, going to a club, to meet a set of people who don't care a fig about him; it's monstrous! What do you say? You only go once a week? That's nothing at all to do with it; you might as well go every night; and I dare say you will soon. But if you do, you may get in as you can; I won't sit up for you, I can tell you.

My health's being destroyed night after night, and—oh, don't say it's only once a week; I tell you, that's nothing to do with it—if you had any eyes, you would see how ill I am; but you've no eyes for anybody belonging to you: oh, no; your eyes are for people out of doors. It's very well for you to call me a foolish, aggravating woman! I should like to see the woman who'd sit up for you as I do. You don't want me to sit up? Yes, yes, that's your thanks; that's your gratitude; I'm to ruin my health, and to be abused for it. Nice principles you've got at that club, Mr. Caudle!

But there's one comfort—one great comfort; it can't last long: I'm sinking; I feel it, though I never say anything about it; but I know my own feelings, and I say it can't last long. And then I should like to know who'll sit up for you! Then I should like to know how your second wife—what do you say? You'll never be troubled with another? Troubled, indeed! I never troubled you, Caudle. No; it's you who've troubled me; and you know it; though like a foolish woman, I've borne it all, and never said a word about it. But it *can't* last—that's one blessing.

Oh, if a woman could only know what she'd have to suffer, before she was married! Don't tell me you want to go to sleep! If you want to go to sleep, you should come home at proper hours! It's time to get up, for what I know, now. Shouldn't wonder if you hear the milk in five

minutes—there's the sparrows up already; yes, I say the sparrows; and, Caudle, you ought to blush to hear 'em. No, Mr. Caudle: it *isn't* the wind whistling in the key-hole; I'm not quite foolish, though you may think so. I know wind from a sparrow!

Ha! when I think what a man you were before we were married! But you're now another person, quite an altered creature. But I suppose you're all alike; I dare say, every poor woman's troubled and put upon, though I should hope not so much as I am. Indeed, I should hope not! Going and staying out, and—

What! You'll have a key? Will you? Not while I'm alive, Mr. Caudle! I'm not going to bed with the door upon the latch, for you or the best man breathing. You won't have a latch; you'll have a Chubb's lock? Will you? I'll have no Chubb here, I can tell you. What do you say? You will have the lock put on to-morrow? Well, try it; that's all I say, Caudle, try it. I won't let you put me in a passion; but all I say is, try it.

A respectable thing, that, for a married man to carry about with him—a street-door-key! That tells a tale, I think. A nice thing for the father of a family! A key! What! to let yourself in and out when you please! To come in, like a thief in the middle of the night, instead of knocking at the door like a decent person! Oh, don't tell me that you only want to prevent my sitting up. If I choose to sit up, what's that to you? Some wives indeed, would make a noise about sitting up, but you've no reason to complain, goodness knows!

Well, upon my word, I've lived to hear something. Carry the street-door key about with you! I've heard of such things with young good-for-nothing bachelors, with nobody to care what became of 'em; but for a married man to leave his wife and children in a house with the door upon the latch—don't talk to me about the Chubb—a great deal you must care for us. Yes, it's very well for you to say, that you only want the key for peace and quietness—what's it to you,

if I like to sit up? You've no business to complain; it can't distress you. Now, it's no use your talking; all I say is this, Caudle; if you send a man to put on any lock here, I'll call in a policeman; as I'm your married wife, I will.

No, I think when a man comes to have the street-door key, the sooner he turns bachelor again the better. I'm sure Caudle, I don't want to be any clog upon you. Now, it's no use your telling me to hold my tongue, for I—What? I give you the headache, do I? No, I don't, Caudle; it's your club that gives you the headache; it's your smoke, and your—well! if ever I knew such a man in all my life! there's no saying a word to you! You go out, and treat yourself like an emperor, and come home at twelve at night, or any hour, for what I know, and then you threaten to have a key, and—and—and—

“I *did* get to sleep at last,” says Caudle, “amid the falling sentences of ‘take children into a lodging’—‘separate maintenance’—‘won’t be made a slave of’—and so forth.”

HUMBUGGING A TOURIST.

PAULDING.

Characters.

PHIL. PETERS, *a New Yorker, personating MR. BRAGG from Vicksburg.*

SAM. MARKHAM, *a Philadelphian.*

HUSKISSON HODGSON, *a Brummagem Beau and a Tourist.*

PHIL. Tell me who is this pompous signor, swelling and strutting through the street. By his port and majesty, I should judge him to be the British Lion.

SAM. Ay, that's his figure looming up the street. Shall we call him in as he comes this way, and bait the bull?

PHIL. By all manner of means.

SAM. Well, first let me give you a hint or too. I have told you what he is—he has forced his way into good society, nobody can tell how—can see nothing admirable in this country or its institutions, of course—but is eloquent on oysters. And now, Phil, you must play the “half-horse, half-alligator,” for the nonce. Mind you give it to him in strong doses, and fear not overacting your part; for the poor simpleton has such extraordinary notions of the Western country, that he will swallow anything, however preposterous; and it is a pity he should be disabused, he is so innocent in his belief. (*Knocks at the window.*) Ho, Hodgson, come in, and have a chat with us. (*Turning to PHIL.*) You are now Mr. Bragg, and lo! the victim comes. (*Enter HODGSON.*) Mr. Hodgson, how are you, this morning? Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Bragg, of Vicksburg. (*PHIL turns away, with his hands in his pockets, and whistles “Old Dan Tucker.”* *Aside to HODGSON.*) He is, I assure you, a very pleasant fellow—an excellent specimen of the frank Western man—and will be delighted to give you any information respecting the country, habits of the people, and so on.

HODGSON. (*In a cautious whisper.*) But are you sure he is not dangerous? Has he no Bowie-knives, pistols, or anything of the kind about him?

SAM. (*In the same tone.*) Well—not more than the usual allowance—a “Planter’s Protector,” or so, perhaps or a sword-cane—nothing more. But how were you pleased, last night, at Mrs. Nogood’s?

HODG. Oh—Miss Garafeliaw was pausitively divoine; she hung upon my aurm, and while I entertained her with the description of my ancestral halls—

SAM. (*Aside.*) Conceited ass!

PHIL. (*Aside.*) Pheugh! ancestral halls! his paternal cotton mills. Heaven save the mark!

HODG. The words of love and mutual affection rising to our lips—

PHIL. (*Aside hurriedly.*) I must stop this, or Sam will be frantic. (*Walking quickly to the window.*)

SAM. Why, Phil—(excuse me, Mr. Bragg, for being so familiar)—what on earth is the row?

HODG. (*Aside.*) What is—auh—the savage going to do now?

PHIL. Why, may my boiler be eternally busted, if there isn't that are young lady I was keepin' company with yesterday, a travelling along with another feller. But I'll be down upon him like an Arkansaw flood—I'll be into him like a Mississippi sawyer. Where are my pistols? Whoo-oo-oo-oop!

HODG. Oh, Mr. Bragg, for Heaven's sake! in the name of mercy, don't, don't!

SAM. Oh pshaw, Bragg, for our sakes now, stay and take a quiet julep, and defer your performances till afterwards.

PHIL. Waal, I suppose I mought as well, specially as I reckon he ain't of no account, any how. I *will* if you'll give us a chaw tobacco.

SAM. (*Rings the bell—WAITER comes.*) John, go across the way, and bring us some juleps, and a paper of tobacco. Don't stand there staring at me, but go—quick—fly—and be back in a theatrical minute.

PHIL. (*To SERVANT.*) Mind—pigtail! [*Exit SERVANT.*]

HODG. (*Aside to SAM.*) But don't you think!—(*He draws his hand across his throat.*)

SAM. (*In a whisper to HODG.*) Oh, no. I assure you we are perfectly safe; he does not mean anything by it. (*Juleps are brought; each helps himself. SAM beckons to his SERVANT and whispers.*) Now, John, whatever I order you to do when that stout gentleman is here, do it as if it were the commonest thing in the world. You understand me!

JOHN. (*Grinning.*) Yes, sir! [*Exit JOHN.*]

HODG. (*Sipping julep.*) By Gemini, that's good. Are you aware, gents, that this is the finest thing in your country? People talk about you rivers, and all that sort of thing, and they call cotton your staple production, but for my pawt, I consider your juleps and your oysters to be the only things worthy of imitation. Fact is, 'pon honor, I have some idea

of taking a few oysters out to improve the breed in England. Oyster, gents, I may say—oysters are the only things which redeem your country.

PHIL. Do you mean, Mr. What's-your-name, to insinuate that this here country, called the United States of Ameriky, requires anything to redeem its character, or any thing else? If you do, may be I won't be into your eyes in less then no time, like a real Kaintucky poker a-rooting in the woods

HODG. (*Covering his eyes with his hands.*) Oh, no, no no!

PHIL. Oh, waal, if you didn't mean nothin', Socrates Bragg is not the man to take offence at a trifle; and I reckon, besides, you ain't no great shakes.

HODG. (*Aside.*) "No great shakes"! I must inqwiawr if he means to insult me. (*Aloud.*) But Mr. Markham, I see no spit-boxes about your parlor here—auh—as I have been led to expect!

SAM. Oh, we have given them up, and expectorate in the French style into our pocket-handkerchiefs—those, at least, who have enjoyed the advantages of travelling in Europe.

HODG. Indeed! (*Aside to SAM.*) I would like to ask him (*Pointing to PHIL.*) about Bowie-knives and such things.

SAM. (*Aside to HODG.*) Well, do it. These Western fellows like to talk big.

HODG. (*Turning to PHIL.*) May I inqwiawr, Mr. Bragg, whethaw Bowie-knives are as common now in Cincinnati and the other frontier towns as they used to be?

PHIL. *May you inquire?* Do you mean to insult me, Mr. Hodgkins? Are we not among gentlemen here? Ain't we all plain spoken?

HODG. I mean no offence, 'pon honor.

PHIL. 'Nuff said. Waal, as to Bowie-knives, sir, they're going out—

HODG. (*Piously.*) Thank Heaven!

PHIL. (*Pretending not to notice his exclamation.*) And now, most use Bolen's six-barrelled revolving, self-cocking pistols, with a small sprinkle of a Bowie-knife on the end of them, in case of emergency; though some prefer Colt's repeaters,

just for the sake, I calculate, of being singular and uncommonlike.

HODG. Good Lord, have mercy upon us! What a state of society! But are these weapons publicly carried?

PHIL. Oh, yes. We occasionally practise in the streets; and if a little boy, or a stranger is once in a while found dead, why it's nobody's business, and the coroner's inquest brings in a verdict of "accidental death."

HODG. The infernal spirit of democracy! Heaven defend me from such a country. But are rifles still in common use?

PHIL. Rifles? Why, what else should we use?

HODG. Auh—I thought perhaps there might be a market there for double-barrelled guns; and—auh—indeed, that is pawt—auh—of my business out here—to dispose of. Hum—hum—(*Aside.*) By Gemini, I came within an ace letting the cat out of the bag.

PHIL. Mr. Hodg—podge—

HODG. (*Interrupting him.*) Hodgson, sir, if you please.

PHIL. Mr. Hodgson, then, take my advice, and, if you hope to escape with anything left of you, speak not in our Western country of a double-barrelled gun. We don't tolerate 'em, sir.

HODG. Is it pawsible?

PHIL. Yes, sir; I ventured once to purchase one out of curiosity, and the excitement against it, sir, was so intense in my neighborhood, that I had to throw it into the Mississippi. I tried the infernal big-mouthed cretur once, and may I be eternally split up into firewood, sir, if the shot didn't come out just like a fog, and when it disappeared, all that I could find of my bird was the end of his bill. No, sir, the rifle is our weapon; with that we can shoot anything, from buffalo down to an Englishman, or a sandpiper.

HODG. (*Aside.*) How he makes one shiver! Sandpipers with rifles! Good Heavens! the extravagance of these Western people is really awful. No wonder they are obliged to repudiate; and there, by the way, is a hint for my book.

(*Aloud.*) But, Mr. Bragg, is tarring and feathering common?

PHIL. Law bless you, yes! Why I myself was tarred and feathered once, and just becoss my bank bust up, and I could not pay my creditors.

SAM. (*Aside.*) That's right, Phil; smite him on the hip, and spare not.

HODG. (*In agitation.*) What a land! what a land! But, Mr. Bragg, were you ever blown up?

PHIL. Blown up, sir! Warn't I raised on the Mississippi, and lived on steam since I was a babby? Why, you might as well ask me if I've been weaned. It's the commonest thing in natur. Blown up?—more times than I can count up, sir?

HODG. What, Mr. Bragg, were your sensations?

PHIL. Why, sir, it is the pleasantest and most elevating feeling you can imagine. May I be scalped, sir, if it is not just like being kicked into chaos. No man, sir, knows what the sublimity of life is until he has had a biler bust under him. You may take my word for that, sir. And now, good morning, gentleman. (PHIL *rises to depart.*) But before I go, I will tell you, sir (*turns to HODG.*), a true and interesting story—if it isn't, may I be—well—about a burst up.

Waal, sir, I was going up stream, one day, to St. Louis, and I had a horse on board—(a finer horse, by the way, sir, never trod turf. His name was Roanoke—my ancestors come from the Old Dominion, sir), and I sees that something was the matter with him, and a knowing hoss he was to smell out mischief. So I goes up, and says I, "Roanoke, what snag ha' you run against now? Do you want some feed, old boy?" says I.

He shook his head.

"Are you cold?" says I.

He shook his head.

"Is the biler going to bust?" says I.

He nods his head.

"Right straight?" says I.

He nods his head again.

I unties the halter as fast as I can, and I sings out "Gentlemen, I'll bet ten to one this boat's biler busts before sunset." "Done," and "done," shouts a dozen, when *bang* goes *both* bilers like a clap of thunder run mad. May I be scalped, sir, if I and my horse weren't the only creatures that escaped. So I lost all my bets, and was obliged to resolve myself into a committee, sir, in a cypress swamp, to exonerate the captain, engineer, hands, and biler from all blame, collectively and individually. I tell you what, sir, may I never taste Monongahela again, if I didn't get aboard the next up boat in a mighty thick rile. *Good morning, gentlemen!*

SAM. (*Winks to PHIL.*) Don't go yet, Bragg, sit down again, now, and tell us a little more about your parts. Mr. Hodgson is very much interested in that section of the country, and a stranger—

PHIL. Oh, waal, I'm always ready cocked to go off for a *stranger's* information.

HODG. Thank you—auh—what sort of people have you out there?

PHIL. Waal, we've got some a'most all kinds: Pukes, Wolverines, Snags, Hoosiers, Griddle-greasers, Buckeyes, Corn-crackers, Pot-soppers, Hard-heads, Hawkeyes, Rack-ensacks, Linsey-woolseys, Red-horses, Mud-heads, Green-horns, Canada-patriots, Loafers, Masons, Anti-masons, Mormons, and some few from the Jerseys, and other outside places of creation.

HODG. Heavens! All savage tribes, I presume; but I thought your government—auh—had removed all the Indians beyond the Mississippi.

PHIL. No, sir; there are still many savages this side the river.

HODG. What is the average product of your lands, per acre, Mr. Bragg, in a good season?

PHIL. Oh—of snakes, ten cords is considered a very fair yield, making two bushels of rattles, or more when threshed

out; but that's according to the age of the reptiles—of mosquitoes, four bushels—of other vermin, six bushels is called a tolerable crop.

HODG. Good Lord! Snakes by the cord! But I mean corn and other grain.

PHIL. *Stranger*, in the West we never keep account of sich things. We save enough to eat, and feed our hogs, and send the rest to market; and if the rivers ain't dry, and the steamboats don't get snagged, run into, blown up, or seized by the sheriff, it gets there in the course of time and we presume is sold; for that's the last we hear of it.

HODG. And you have no agents to attend to it when it arrives?

PHIL. Oh—yes—we hires agents o' course.

HODG. And you never call on them to give account of their sales and receipts?

PHIL. No, *sir*, no—it would be as much as a man's life is worth to do so unpopular a thing. It's an unheard of notion, *stranger*—an obsolete idea. Nobody thinks of such a thing, except once in a while a mean feller, and he has to cut stick—quit our parts, *sir*, in short order, I reckon. Tramp's the word, and he emigrates, *sir*. 'Sides, there's the chance o' your agent's drawin' on you."

HODG. Drawing on you? With funds of yours in his hands, auh?

PHIL. Yes, *sir*—click! And may be you find half an ounce o' lead lodged in your phrenological developments.

HODG. Shocking!

PHIL. Waal, jist to show you the workin' of the thing: you see we made Bill Toddy our agent—good fellow—fust rate chap—great on liquor. Now supposin' I goes to New Orleans, and says I to Bill, "Look here, young 'un, jist fork over that are change, will you?" What do you think Bill does?

HODG. Why, he takes out his ledger, balances his account, and pays you what he owes on your sales.

PHIL. That jist shows how much you know of human

natur, Mr. Hodgeskin. Now I should calkerlate that Bill would naterally get his back up at that, and say—"Soc Bragg, you're a poor devil"—or, "Soc Bragg, you're a durned dropsical water-drinker"—or, "Soc Bragg, you're everlastingly beneath my notice." And then, we'd have one of the awfulest musses that ever did take place in New Orleans.

HODG. Mr. Bragg, the state of society in your country is even more disorganized than I had supposed.

PHIL. Yes, sir-r-r, it can't be beat, as you say. Most people in furrin parts have every kind of amphibious ideas of our diggins. You don't know what a glorious place it is out West. It is of an entire different stripe from foggy England, where you have to drink port, and ale, and beer, and sich like onnateral tipples. It's another kind of streak, sir-r-r.

HODG. Auh—Mr. Bragg—auh—do you drink much malt liquor in your pawts? auh—I have a brothow—auh—that is—yes—yaas—

PHIL. Look here, *stranger*, why don't you speak as if you warn't afraid o' what you were sayin' instead of coughin' like an old steamboat—puff—auh—puff—auh? Speak out like a ringed pig.

HODG. I merely ausked if you drank much malt liquor in your pawts.

PHIL. Do we drink spring water? No sir! we drink Tom and Jerry some—gin-cocktails putty considerably—but mostly stone fence bare-footed!

HODG. Eh! what! bare-footed! I had no idea, I must confess, of the misery of this country. Dear me, I'll write a communication, when I get home, to some of the charitable societies. No shoes!—not even moccasins! (*Aside.*) It's a judgment on them for their oppression of their colored brethren.

PHIL. No shoes? What does the man mean, Mr. Markham?

SAM. I fancy Mr. Hodgson doesn't take your meaning.

PHIL. That's it, eh? I was afraid the *stranger* was pokin' fun at me—and then I'm dangerous.

HODG. Oh, no, no, no! I assure you.

PHIL. Well, stranger, whar *was* you raised? I thought even a Yankee knew that "stone fence bare-footed" is the polite English for whiskey uncontaminated—pure, sir.

HODG. (*Aside.*) What—auh—a frightful patois they speak.

PHIL. (*Aside to SAM.*) Keep him on that track, Sam, and I'll astonish him.

SAM. I believe, however, Mr. Bragg, that some parts of the country are very poor indeed.

PHIL. Poor, sir! It's considerably the richest country that ever was created. Why, I've seen many a tree it took a man and a boy to look to the top of.

HODG. That's a very singular circumstance.

PHIL. Fact, sir.

SAM. But I mean, Mr. Bragg, that meat is sometimes very scarce.

PHIL. Oh, *meat*!—yes. I was out one year in a log cabin, a little out of the common trail, and sometimes we didn't see a piece of meat for three months at a time, and lived perty much on sweet punkins.

HODG. Punkins! Good Heavens! This goes beyond anything I ever heard or read of before. They may talk about famine in India, and poverty in Ireland, but never can there be greater misery than this. But did you not become very weak under such a diet, Mr. Bragg?

PHIL. Waal, sir, we fell off some, but were pretty nigh as strong as a ten-horse steam ingyne for all that. Why, stranger, my father that spring swum across the Big Satan, in a freshet, with a dead painter in his mouth, and a live alligator full splurge after him. It was a tight race, I tell you, and I *did* laugh, and no mistake, to see the old man puttin' out. The crittur just bit off the heel of his boot as he got ashore. *He did!*

HODG. Horrible! A dead painter between his teeth! And how did he come by this untimely end?

PHIL. What, the painter? how should he? My father shot him, sir, and a most almighty good shot it was, or *I'm* no judge. He took him sitting, sir, but—

HODG. (*Trembling.*) And—and—what was the provocation, sir?

PHIL. Why, I rayther allow the animal was just takin' a sketch of him, and would have had him, sir.

HODG. Good Heavens! Shoot a gentleman—an innocent, unoffending artist—

PHIL. Shoot a what? I'm speakin' of a painter, sir.

HODG. And isn't a painter a fellow-Christian—a man as well as you? hasn't he a soul to be saved?

PHIL. Well, that ar' beats—a painter a Christian! Why, sir, we consider them in our parts the worst kind o' heathen!

SAM. (*Stifling a laugh.*) I apprehend, Mr. Bragg, that Mr. Hodgson lies under an error; he thinks you mean a man that paints—signs, you know, and portraits.

PHIL. No, now? does he? Well, I'm dirned if he ain't a greenhorn! Why, mister, a painter's a wild animal—a catamount, sir—an exaggerated kind o' Bengal tiger!

SAM. I fancy, too, that Mr. Hodgson misapprehends your account of the lack of meat. I dare say you had plenty of venison.

PHIL. Oh, yes—plenty of venison—no lack of vittels.

HODG. Venison!

SAM. And wild turkeys, perhaps?

PHIL. Wild turkeys! oh, yes—all out doors are full of them; 'sides 'coons, squirrels, beavers' tails, 'chucks, bear-meat, skunks, and other varmints. Lots of *fodder* we had, that *are* a fact—but no *meat*! Tell you what, sir, it's paddling right up the stream in a canoe, to live without meat. The old man did grumble some, I tell you!

HODG. What *does* the man mean?—Wild turkeys and venison—and no meat?

SAM. I believe I must explain for you, Mr. Hodgson. The term *meat* in the West is understood to apply solely to *salt pork*.

HODG (*Aside.*) What a monstrous slang these savages speak! It's impossible to understand it. (*Aloud.*) Have you any Englishmen out there?

PHIL. Britishers?—I tell you, sir, we have the scum of all creation in our parts.

HODG. Auh, auh! auh—auh—what is the usual currency of that part of the country? Auh—what do you pay your debts with?

PHIL. Ha! ha! ha! (*Laughs.*) Pay our debts with?—that's a good joke—may be I won't tell that when I get home. We *slope*, sir, absquatulate!

HODG. (*To SAM.*) What does he mean?

SAM. (*To HODG.*) Hush!—don't press him on that point—it's dangerous!

PHIL. As for our currency, it's rayther promiscuous, as I may say, jest now—mostly 'coon skins, howsomever. You see the Owl Creek, and the Wild Cat, and Sore Bear, and the Salt River, and the Alligator banks all went slam bang to eternal smash, and since then, it's ben very *mixed*.

SAM. Didn't a certain bank, called the Big Riley Bubble, explode also?

PHIL. Take care, Mr. Markham, I don't stand that, sir-r-r—I have a mighty pisen feelin' about that concern.

HODG. Why, Mr. Bragg, had you any interest—

PHIL. *Stranger*, if you don't shet your mouth a little closer than a Gulf clam, I'll fix your flint in short order.

HODG. Excuse me, Mr. er-Bragg; didn't mean to offend, 'pon honor.

PHIL. Sir-r-r, *I* was President of the Big Riley Bubble Bank. *I* was rode on a sharp rail—and if you allude to it again, may I be eternally condemned to be fireman to the slowest boat in *all* creation, if I don't scalp you in several seconds less than no time. We can *do* that, sir, whar *I* was raised.

HODG. I'm dumb—auh!

SAM. Lethe shall be with me another name for the Big Riley.

HODG. Have you any knowledge of the State of Arkansas, Mr. Bragg?

PHIL. I've *ben* thar, I reckon—I *have* hunted all over them parts, almost clean out to the jumping off place of creation.

HODG. Auh—auh—do you know anything of Ramdown County? Ah, auh—my fauther took some lands there for a debt about ten years ago, and I have some idea of—of going out there to examine the property. There are several flourishing villages upon it, as I perceive by the map I have of it.

PHIL. Do I know Ramdown County? I'd like to see the man would tell me I don't, that's all. I'm getting tired of a peaceful life. It makes me bilious!—(HODG. *edges away from him.*) Ramdown County, sir, is an eternal bog—one of the ugliest, dirtiest, deepest, nastiest, cussedest swamps that ever was created. (*Solemnly.*) Mr. Hodgkins, you had better venture into New Orleans in yeller fever time than show your face there. Why, sir, the only dry locations in it are taken up by the wust kind o' squatters—and if you escape, sir, the alligators, rattlesnakes, moccasins, bears, painters, quagmires, hurricanes, highwaymen, freshets, Inguns, and bilious fevers, you will be murdered by the settlers, and no mistake!

SAM. (*Aside to PHIL.*) Phil, that is too bad!

HODG. What a dreadful picture! But the towns—Oxford, Babylon, Sodom, Nineveh, Moscow?

PHIL. *Towns*, sir! There isn't but one log cabin in the lot—at Sodom, sir—and that's a place even the boatmen didn't like to stop at. (*In a solemn whisper.*) It's a mortal *unhealthy* place for strangers—several have *disappeared* there?

HODG. Dear! dear! dear! catch me there! But Moscow and the others?

PHIL. Moscow is fifty feet above ordinary water mark, and only accessible in wet seasons—and has no inhabitants. Oxford is fifteen feet under water at all times, and death for fever and ague, besides being dreadfully infested with mos-

quitos, alligators, and howling savages. Babylon was swallowed up some years ago by an earthquake; and Nineveh was washed away by the Red River last spring, *and* it deserved to be swept off, sir, for I am credibly informed, there was nothing to drink in the place. What's the use of such poor places, but to be washed away? Any more inquiries, *stranger*? happy to give you information.

HODG. No, I thank you, sir—auh—I believe I won't go there.

PHIL. *Stranger*, I wouldn't. It's a powerful sickly country for people who ask too many questions, and ain't satisfied with what they get there—it goes against one's grain when we see a man *stuck up*, I tell you, and we let him know it quick. And now I'll cut dirt!

HODG. (*Producing a note book.*) Allow me one—auh—moment, Mr. Bragg—Have you any objection to my taking a note of this conversation for a—auh—a work I have in contemplation?

SAM. (*Aside.*) He bites, by all that is incredible.

PHIL. Why—Mr. Hodgson, it doesn't strike me as exactly the thing to take down a man's words in this way, but if you particularly desire it, durn me if I can refuse such a trifle.

HODG. I should, sir—auh—esteem it as a particular favaw.

PHIL. Then, sir, you have my permission. Good morning, again. (*Aside to SAM, who follows him to the door.*) Didn't I throw a pretty good broadside into the Cockney?

SAM. Faith, you gave it to him like Stephen Decatur. And what do you think of the beast?

PHIL. That you may safely warrant him at any cattle show as a genuine imported bull. [*Exit PHIL.*]

HODG. (*Aside, writing in his note book.*) All the Americans are shockingly profane. (*Rising to take his leave.*) An extraordinary man that, Mr. Markham.

SAM. Very, in his way. There are many such beyond the mountains.

HODG. Well—auh—Mr. Markham, good day. I must go and commit this conversation to writing. [*Exit* HODGSON.]

SAM. There goes the model of a Cockney tourist in America. [*Exit* SAM.]

THE WIDOW'S VICTIM.

AN ETHIOPIAN INTERLUDE.

Characters.

JENNY—TOMMY—JOHNNY.

(*For Complete Stage Directions see page 64.*)

Enter JENNY, C.

JENNY. There now, my missus is gone out, the cook is busy, and the laundress is ironing, and I, Jenny the chambermaid, having finished my day's work, can employ my time as I please; and, as the old saying is, "When the cat's away the mice will play."

I was to the theatre last night with my Tommy; he belongs to one of those Dramatic Associations, and he acts; he says he's going to make an actress of me. My missus is greatly troubled by a countryman hangin' around here, and so she told me to send for my Tommy, to dress himself up and frighten the countryman away. I sent for him some time go, and I wonder what keeps him so long?

TOMMY. (*Outside, C., stumbles.*) Curse that pail!

JENNY. (L. H. C.) That's his voice. This way, Tommy!

TOMMY. (*Outside, C.*) Lead me, lead me, ye virgins, to that kind voice. (*Enters, C., and embraces her.*) Camille!

JENNY. Armand!

TOMMY. Camille! Camille! Camille!

JENNY. (*Throws him off.*) Armand, I've sworn to hate, to despise you; but no, no! I cannot! (*They embrace and walk to C.*)

TOMMY. Angels were painted fair to look like thee. Confound it, I've almost broke my shin stumbling over that pail.

Why is it, Jenny, you will leave pails standing around for people to fall over; but—

My love, my life, my Violante,

Have you got anything nice to eat in the pantry!

JENNY. I've got some co-l-d goo-se.

TOMMY. Aha! ill-omened bird! name it not, or I shall go into *hiss-terics*; but what did you send for me for?

JENNY. Oh! I almost forgot, I'm so stage-struck. There's a countryman coming around here, bothering my mistress a great deal, and she can't get rid of him; so she wants you to frighten him away.

TOMMY. Oh! she wants me to get up a little play to frighten him away, does she?

JENNY. Yes.

TOMMY. I'm the very boy to do it; don't you remember how nicely I played Claude Melnotte last Thursday night?

JENNY. Yes; and how I wished I had been Pauline, for I know every word of the part!

TOMMY. You do!

JENNY. Yes, sir, I do.

TOMMY. Then suppose while we're waiting for this old countryman we have a little bit of it.

JENNY. All right!

TOMMY. Do you recollect the last part of the third act?

JENNY. Yes.

TOMMY. All right; get your posish. (*Jenny goes to L. H. C. and fixes dress.*) What are you doing that for?

JENNY. That's my trail.

TOMMY. Oh! Are you ready?

JENNY. Yes.

TOMMY. Then go it.

JENNY. (*Imitating some actress.*) Claude, take me; thou canst not give me wealth, station, titles, but thou canst give me a true and loving heart I will work for thee, toil for thee, bear with thee; and never, never shall these lips reproach thee for the past. (*They embrace.*) How's that, Tommy?

TOMMY. That's bully; that's a great deal better than Miss Fish done it the last time we saw her.

JENNY. You don't mean Miss Fish, Tommy; you mean Miss Heron.

TOMMY. Miss Heron! well ain't herrin' fish? of course they are—Yankee sardines. Now then, Jenny, it's my turn. Are you ready?

JENNY. Yes.

TOMMY. Then look out. This is the heaviest blow of all—

JENNY. What blow?

TOMMY. Why what you've jest bin blowin' about. What a heart I've wronged! Farewell, mother; I'll see thee again a better man than a prince. And thou—thou so fondly loved, so guiltily betrayed, all is not yet lost; for if I live, the name of him thou hast once loved shall not rest dishonored; but if I fall midst the roar and carnage of battle, my soul shall fly back to thee; more—more would I speak to thee: to bless, to pray—but no, no; farewell, farewell, farewell.

As TOMMY is going off c., JOHNNY enters and TOMMY treads on his toe.

JOHNNY. Oh! oh! right on my favorite corn!

TOMMY. Peace, old man, I have a prior claim!

JOHNNY. I didn't know that, sir.

TOMMY. I outbid you, sordid huckster, for this priceless jewel. There! there's the sum twice told; blush not to take it. (*Throws purse.*)

JOHNNY. Nary a blush. (*Puts purse in pocket.*)

TOMMY. There's not a coin but which has been bought in a nation's cause and with a soldier's blood.

JENNY. Ah! that voice! it is—it is—

TOMMY. Thy husband. (*They embrace.*)

JOHNNY. I've made a mistake, and got into a lunatic asylum. (*Pulls out stocking for a handkerchief.*)

JENNY. (*Aside to TOMMY.*) That's him.

TOMMY. Is it? what's the matter?

JENNY. He's like Othello when Iago's been stuffin' him up. I'll frighten him.

TOMMY. Go it.

JENNY. H-u-s-h—sh! the handkerchief—the handkerchief. (*Snatches stocking from JOHNNY.*)—the handkerchief! (*Goes off R. H.*)

JOHNNY. Here, young woman, you've got my handkerfitch!

TOMMY. (*Pulls JOHNNY to c.*) Come here. Were you ever on the stage?

JOHNNY. Yes, I drove on de Knickerbocker once.

TOMMY. No, no! I mean the stage Shakespeare speaks of as holding the mirror up to nature.

JOHNNY. Yes; I've got one in my room seven by nine.

TOMMY. No, no! I mean the same kind of a stage as you will find in a theatre.

JOHNNY. Oh! like the play actors have.

TOMMY. Yes. What kind of a voice have you got for tragedy?

JOHNNY. Oh, I've got scrougin' ole voice fur tragedy.

TOMMY. Well, supposing I should step up to you, slap you on the shoulder, and call you a villain and a traitor to the State, what reply would you make?

JOHNNY. I should say that was very ungentlemanly language.

TOMMY. No, no! you should say—Liar! Now get over on that side. Are you ready?

JOHNNY. Yes, sir.

TOMMY. (*Slapping him on the back.*) Thou art a villain and a traitor to the State.

JOHNNY. (*Very low.*) Liar!

TOMMY. Oh! that is the weakest lie I ever did hear; come over here and call me a villain.

JOHNNY. You're a willain and a traitor to de State.

TOMMY. L-i-a-r!

JOHNNY. (*R. H. c. frightened.*) I didn't mean it.

TOMMY. That's the way I wanted you to speak to me.

Come here. (*Goes to c.*) Did you ever see any plays performed?

JOHNNY Yes, sir.

TOMMY. What were they?

JOHNNY. Macbeth, Toodles, and all dem fellers.

TOMMY. What do you think you could play in Macbeth?

JOHNNY. Lady Macbeth.

TOMMY. No! that's a lady's part. We must play something; what'll it be?

JOHNNY. Let's play tag.

TOMMY. No, no! we must play some piece.

JOHNNY. Let's play on a piece of pie.

TOMMY. No, no! we must play some play as they do in a theatre.

JOHNNY. Oh! I see.

TOMMY. Let me see; there's the Drunkard, a good moral drama.

JOHNNY. You wouldn't have to make up, your nose is so red.

TOMMY. No; that won't do. I have it; we'll play Damon and Pythias. I'll play Damon and you play Lucimicus.

JOHNNY. All right.

TOMMY. What's the first word you say when you comes on the stage?

JOHNNY. Come on, Macduff!

TOMMY. I see you don't know anything about the piece. You see I am Damon, and I've been arrested for knocking over a peanut stand, and put in the calaboose. I have a friend named Pythias, he says that he'll stop in jail while I go into the country and see my wife and child.

JOHNNY. Yes, but you ain't got no wife!

TOMMY. I only play that I've got a wife.

JOHNNY. You'd better not, fur dey'll take you up for bugle-ary.

TOMMY. It's in the piece. I go into the country and take you with me, but if I don't return at a certain hour, Pythias is excuted in my stead; and while I am in the house, bid-

ding my wife and child farewell, you are in the barn-yard, where you kill my hoss!

JOHNNY. But you ain't got any hoss!

TOMMY. It's in the play!

JOHNNY. Oh! I see.

TOMMY. I come from the house and ask you for my horse, and you say, "Forgive me, master, I slew your horse!"

JOHNNY. That's my part, is it?

TOMMY. Yes; get over there!

JOHNNY. (*Repeats his part a number of times.*) Forgive me, massa, I slew your hoss!

TOMMY. Is that the way to stand? you ought to tremble. (JOHNNY trembles.) That's it; keep that shake up. (TOMMY goes off L., and rushes on again.) 'Tis o'er, Lucimicus: bring thou forth my horse! I've staid too long, and speed must leave the winds behind me. By all the gods, the sun is rushing down the West—

JOHNNY. Let her rush.

TOMMY. Why dost thou stand there? bring thou forth my horse.

JOHNNY. Golly, I've forgot my part!

TOMMY. Slave!

JOHNNY. You call me a slave agin, and I'll bust you in the horn!

TOMMY. Why didn't you say, "Forgive me, master, I slew your horse!"

JOHNNY. I forgot all about it.

TOMMY. Try it once more. Where's that shake? (*Goes off as before.*) Be swift of speech, as my heart is my horse, I say!

JOHNNY. Forgive me, massa, I slew your donkey!

TOMMY. Aha! I'm standing here—

JOHNNY. So am I.

TOMMY. To see if the great gods will with their lightnings execute my prayer upon thee! But be thy punishment mine. I'll tear thee all to pieces! Come!

JOHNNY. Where?

TOMMY. To the eternal river of the dead; the way is shorter than to Syracuse or Utica. With one swing I'll throw thee to Tartarus, and follow after thee! Come, Pythias' red ghost beckons me on. Come, craven! come! come! (*Exit, dragging JOHNNY off* L. H. E.)

JOSH BILLINGS ON THE MULE.

THE mule is half hoss, and half jackass, and then kums tu a full stop, natur diskovering her mistake. Tha weigh more, akordin tu their heft, than enny other kreetur, except a crowbar. Tha kant hear enny quicker, nor further than the 'hoss, yet their ears are big enuff for snow shoes. You ken trust them with enny one whose life ain't worth enny more than the mule's. The only wa tu keep them into a paster, is tu turn them into a medder jineing, and let them jump out. Tha are reddy for use, just as soon as they will du tu abuse. Tha haint got enny friends, and will live on huckel-berry brush, with an ockasional chanse at Kanada thissels. Tha are a modern invenshun, i dont think the Bible deludes tu them at tall. Tha sel for more mony than enny other domestik animile. Yu kant tell their age by looking into their mouth, enny more than you kould a Mexican cannon's. Tha never hav no disease that a good club wont heal. If tha ever die tha must kum rite tu life agin, for i never herd nobody sa "ded mule." Tha are like sum men, very korrump at harte; ive known them tu be good mules for 6 months, just tu git a good chanse to kick sombody. I never owned one, nor never mean to, unless there is a United Staits law passed, requiring it. The only reason why tha are pashunt, is bekause tha are ashamed ov themselves. I have seen eddikated mules in a sirkus. Tha kould kick, and bite, tremenjis. I would not sa what I am forced tu sa again the mule, if his birth want an outrage, and man want tu blame for it. Enny man who is willing tu drive a mule,

ought to be exempt by law from running for the legislatur. Tha are the strangest creeturs on earth, and heaviest, according tu their sise; I herd tell ov one who fell oph from the tow path, on the Eri kanawl, and sunk as soon as he touched bottom, but he kept rite on towing the boat tu the nex stashun, breathing thru his ears, which stuck out ov the water about 2 feet 6 inches; i didn't see this did, but an auctioneer told me ov it, and i never knew an auctioneer tu lie unless it was absolutely convenient.

THE TINKER AND THE GLAZIER.

HARRISON.

SINCE gratitude, 'tis said, is not o'er common,
 And friendly acts are pretty near as few,
 With high and low, with man, and eke with woman,
 With Turk, with Pagan, Christian, and with Jew;
 We ought, at least, when'er we chance to find
 Of these rare qualities a slender sample,
 To show they may possess the human mind,
 And try the boasted influence of example.
 Who knows how far the novelty may charm?
 At all events it cannot do much harm.
 The tale we give, then, and we need not fear,
 The moral, if there be one, will appear.

Two thirsty souls met on a sultry day,
 One glazier Dick, the other Tom the tinker;
 Both with light purses, but with spirits gay,
 And hard it were to name the sturdiest drinker.
 Their ale they quaff'd;
 And as they swigg'd the nappy,
 They both agreed, 'tis said,
 That trade was wondrous dead,
 They joked, sung, laughed,
 And were completely happy.

The landlord's eye, bright as his sparkling ale,
 Glisten'd to see them the brown pitcher hug;

For ev'ry jest, and song, and merry tale,
Had this blithe ending—"Bring us t'other mug!"
Now Dick the glazier feels his bosom burn,
To do his friend Tom Tinker a good turn;
And where the heart to friendship feels inclin'd,
Occasion seldom loiters long behind.
The kettle, gayly singing on the fire,
Gives Dick a hint just to his heart's desire;
And, while to draw more ale the landlord goes,
Dick in the ashes all the water throws;
Then puts the kettle on the fire again,
And at the tinker winks,
As "Trade success!" he drinks,
Nor doubts the wish'd success Tom will obtain.
Our landlord ne'er could such a toast withstand;
So giving each kind customer a hand,
His friendship too display'd,
And drank—"Success to trade!"
But, oh! how pleasure vanish'd from his eye,
How long and rueful his round visage grew,
Soon as he saw the kettle bottom fly,
Solder the only fluid he could view!
He raved, he caper'd, and he swore,
And damn'd the kettle's body o'er and o'er.
"Come, come," says Dick, "fetch us, my friend, more ale,
All trade you know must live;
Let's drink—"May trade with none of us e'er fail!"
The job to Tom then give;
And, for the ale he drinks, my lad of metal,
Take my word for it, soon will mend your kettle."
The landlord yields; but hopes 'tis no offence
To curse the trade that thrives at his expense.
Tom undertakes the job; to work he goes,
And just concludes it with the evening's close.
Souls so congenial had friends Tom and Dick,
They might be fairly called brother and brother.
Thought Tom, "To serve my friend I know a trick,
And one good turn always deserves another."
Out now he slily slips,

But not a word he said,
The plot was in his head,
And off he nimbly trips,
Swift to the neighboring church his way he takes ;
Nor in the dark,
Misses his mark,
But ev'ry pane of glass he quickly breaks
But as he goes,
His bosom glows,
To think how great will be his friend Dick's joy
At getting so much excellent employ.
Return'd, he beckoning draws his friend aside,
Importance in his face,
And, to Dick's ear his mouth applied,
Thus briefly states the case :
“ Dick, I may give you joy ; you're a made man ;
I've done your business most complete, my friend :
I'm off—the devil catch me, if he can—
Each window of the church you've got to mend ;
Ingratitude's worst curse on my head fall.
If for your sake I have not broke them all.”
Tom, with surprise, sees Dick turn pale ;
Who deeply sighs—“ Oh, la ! ”
Then drops his under jaw,
And all his powers of utterance fail ;
While horror in his ghastly face,
And bursting eye-balls, Tom can trace ;
Whose sympathetic muscles, just and true,
Share, with his heart,
Dick's unknown smart,
And two such phizzes ne'er met mortal view.
At length friend Dick his speech regain'd,
And soon the mystery explain'd—
“ You have indeed my business done !
And I, as well as you, must run ;
For, let me act the best I can,
Tom, Tom, I am a ruined man !
Zounds, zounds ! this piece of friendship costs me dear ;
I always mend church windows *by the year !* ”

WONDERFUL DREAM.

A NEGRO DIALOGUE.

CHRISTY.

JULIUS. Sam, did you eber go huntin' in the winter time way out West?

SAM. No, Julius.

JULIUS. Well, I have, Sam.

SAM. You enjoyed yourself, I suppose?

JULIUS. Oh, yes. Ebery time I went I had lots ob fun, until de last time I went—den I had bad luck.

SAM. How happened that?

JULIUS. Well, you see dar was two ob my neighbors come to me an' axed me fur to go huntin' wid ems, an' I said I would go. So we all got our tings ready to start, and I noticed de oder fellers had an extra game bag all filled wid somefin, and says I, "Fellers, what you got dar?" Dey said "Eatments!" and would you believe it, Sam, I had forgot to get anyting ready fur to take wid me for to eat.

SAM. That was a great oversight on your part.

JULIUS. Yes; but dey stopt to a hotel till I went back to my dwelling and got some provender, and I didn't know how much dey had, so I bought a loaf of bread extra, and hid it under my arm, and buttoned my coat ober it.

SAM. Why, Julius, dey must have discovered it.

JULIUS. Oh, no, Sam; de place where my heart used to be before I got dis'pointed in lub, was big enuff to hide de bread. Well, Sam, we got way out in de wild wilderness, and arter we'd bin dar for free or four weeks, we found out dat our eatments wouldn't last.

SAM. Then you was in a perdicament.

JULIUS. No, we was in de woods.

SAM. Well, what did you do?

JULIUS. I couldn't do nofin; but I had my loaf ob bread, and, somehow or oder, dese fellers found out dat I had it, and dey was jealous.

SAM. How did you manage? did you divide it?

JULIUS. What, Sam! divide a tree cent loaf twixt tree ob us?—no sir. Any one ob us felt as if we could eat it widout chawin'. So I proposed dat we should all go to sleep, and de one dat dream de biggest dream should hab de loaf ob bread.

SAM. What were the dreams?

JULIUS. One dreamt dat he seen a kettle dat was so big dat dey had to git a ladder seventeen thousand feet long fur to git into it.

SAM. That was a large dream.

JULIUS. Yes, but de oder feller beat him.

SAM. What was his dream?

JULIUS. He got up and dreamt—

SAM. No, no; he dreamed—got up and told his dream.

JULIUS. Yes; dat's what I said; he dreamed dat he seen a cabbage so big, dat it covered four thousand acres ob ground.

SAM. That did beat the other dream, truly.

JULIUS. Yes, it did, Sam.

SAM. What was your dream?

JULIUS. Well, Sam, I dreamed dat in de middle ob de night I got hungry, and eat up de bread, and my dream come true.

A NEW OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

FOR A LADY'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. JOHNSTONE.

WHEN the bleak winds in winter's hoary reign,
Bind up the waters in his icy chain;
When round the pool village the youngsters meet,
And try the frozen edge with tim'rous feet,
The surface trembles and the crackling noise
Cows with wide-spreading fear faint-hearted boys;
Whilst one more vent'rous than the rest appears,
Glides to the centre, and assur'd it bears,

Rais'd on his skates, the polish'd mirror skims,
 Nor dreads immersion deep, bruis'd bones, or broken limbs.
 Just such a vent'rer, trembling near the shore,
 Was I, when first I tried this surface o'er.
 With doubtful step, new to the slippery stage,
 I anxious wished, yet dreaded, to engage.
 Hope smiled auspicious, and assurance gave—
 I should not meet a cold, o'erwhelming grave;
 Then from the shore my puny bark I push'd,
 Whilst your applause my loudest terrors hush'd,
 And to your candor trusting, still I glide,
 Safely my bark 'long the unruffled tide;
 Your kind protection is the prosp'rous gale
 That speeds its voyage and extends its sail;
 And whilst such fav'ring breezes happy blow,
 With all the aid indulgence can bestow,
 Be *this* her wished-for course—her grateful name,
 The Endeavor brig, bound for the port of Fame.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

TO BE SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF PERFORMANCE.

THE stoic's plan is futile, which requires
 Our wants supplied by lopping our desires.
 As well by this vague scheme might we propose,
 Cut off your feet, 'twill save the price of shoes.
 As well might we thus courting public favor,
 To gain your plaudits, lop off all endeavor.
 The thought we spurn: be it our constant aim
 By assiduity to gain a name,
 Your approbation points the road to fame;
 Each effort use, nor e'er a moment pause,
 To reap that golden harvest—your applause.
 Sweet is the balm which *hope's* kind aid bestows,
 To lighten grief, or mitigate our woes;
 To raise desponding merit, banish fear;
 And from the trembler wipe the falling tear;

To diffidence inspire, it's dread beguile,
 And doubt extinguish with a cheering smile ;
 That task be yours. My co-mates with some dread,
 Depute me here, their willing cause to plead ;
 Your fiat must our future fates control,
 For here, our chief has "garner'd up his soul ;"
 Eager to please, his throbbing heart beats high,
 By you depress'd, or swelled to ecstasy ;
 Then bid the phantom Fear at once depart,
 And rapture revel in his anxious heart.

ADDRESS ON CLOSING A PERFORMANCE.

As when on closing of a well-spent life,
 The parting *husband* views his faithful wife
 (For life itself is but a gaudy play,
 The flutt'ring phantom of a summer's day),
 With pleasing terror and with trembling haste,
 He recollects a thousand raptures past ;
 And though resign'd, and conscious that he must
 Delay to mingle with his kindred dust ;
 So I, while round these seats my sight I bend,
 And in each cordial eye behold a friend,
 From the fond flowings of a grateful heart,
 Cannot refrain to cry—Ah ! must we part ?
 Your minds, where conscious worth and goodness live,
 May paint the boundless thanks we wish to give,
 But it's beyond the power of words to tell,
 The *debt* we owe—the *gratitude* we feel.

PROLOGUE.

FOR A PERFORMANCE BY BOYS.

DEAR friends, we thank you for your condescension,
 In deigning thus to lend us your attention ;
 And hope the various pieces we recite
 (Boys though we are) will yield you some delight.

From wisdom and from knowledge, pleasure springs,
Surpassing far the glaring pomp of kings :
All outward splendor quickly dies away,
But wisdom's honors never can decay.

Blest is the man who treads her paths in youth,
They lead to virtue, happiness and truth ;—
Sages and patriots in these ways have trod,
Saints have walked in them till they reached their God.

The powers of eloquence can charm the soul,
Inspire the virtuous, and the bad control ;
Can rouse the passions, or their rage can still,
And mould a stubborn mob to one man's will.

Such powers the great Demosthenes attained,
Who haughty Philip's conquering course restrained ;
Indignant thundering at his country's shame,
Till every breast in Athens caught the flame.

Such powers were Cicero's :—with patriot might
He dragged the lurking treason forth to light,
Which long had festered in the heart of Rome,
And saved his country from her threatened doom.

Nor to the senate or the bar confined,
The pulpit shows its influence o'er the mind ;
Such glorious deeds can eloquence achieve ;
Such fame, such deathless laurels, it can give.

Then say not this our weak attempt is vain,
For frequent practice will perfection gain,
The fear to speak in public it destroys,
And drives away the bashfulness of boys.

Various the pieces we to-night repeat,
And in them various excellences meet,
Some rouse the soul—some gently soothe the ear,
“ From grave to gay, from lively to severe.”

We would your kind indulgence then bespeak,
For awkward manner, and for utterance weak,
Our powers, indeed, are feeble ; but our aim
Is not to rival Greek or Roman fame.

Our sole ambition aims at your applause,
We are but young—let youth, then, plead our cause.
And if your approbation be obtained,
Our wish is answered, and our end is gained.

EPILOGUE.

FOR A SCHOOL PERFORMANCE.

Our parts are perform'd and our speeches are ended,—
We are monarchs, courtiers, and heroes no more ;
To a much humbler station again we've descended,
And are now but the school-boys you've known us before.

Farewell then our greatness—'tis gone like a dream,
'Tis gone—but remembrance will often retrace
The indulgent applause which rewarded each theme,
And the heart-cheering smiles that enliven'd each face.

We thank you !—Our gratitude words cannot tell,
But deeply we feel it—to you it belongs ;
With heartfelt emotion we bid you farewell,
And our feelings now thank you much more than our tongues.

We will strive to improve, since applauses thus cheer us,
That our juvenile efforts may gain your kind looks ;
And we hope to convince you the next time you hear us,
That praise has but sharpened our relish for books.

F I N A L E .

THE pages that in Humor's train
Have well performed their jolly function,
Should not be parted with, 'tis plain,
Without a little comic unction.
And so our book, in which they've passed
The reader's eye, in gay succession,
Shall wind up with a joke, at last,
In honor of the quaint procession :
Why is this work like regions wild
Of which our fox hunters are lovers?
Because there is—to draw it mild—
Most glorious sport within the covers!

SPENCER'S

BOOK OF COMIC SPEECHES

AND

HUMOROUS RECITATIONS.

A COLLECTION OF COMIC SPEECHES AND DIALOGUES, HUMOROUS
PROSE AND POETICAL RECITATIONS, LAUGHABLE DRAMATIC
SCENES AND BURLESQUES, AND ECCENTRIC CHARACTERISTIC
SOLILOQUIES AND STORIES, SUITABLE FOR SCHOOL
EXHIBITIONS AND EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

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INTRODUCTION.

MAN is a "laughing animal," 'tis said,
And so on "food for laughter" should be fed—
An olio rare of epigrams and jokes,
Satires, burlesques, bon-mots, and equivoques,
That cause vest buttons from their bonds to break,
And pad with fat the jovial sides they shake.

Dished in these covers, Humor's spicy fare
Awaits the traveller through a world of care,
A banquet spread all palates to delight,
However dull the mental appetite :
Where even Gravity—by Sterne proclaimed
An "arrant scoundrel"—of his mood ashamed,
Draughts of inspiring nectar as he quaffs,
Will cease to "talk of graves and epitaphs."
Guests, take your seats, glance on the tempting *carte*,
And at the feast prepare to play your part.
Outside, with steam up, stands Life's business train,
Lunch at Wit's Station, and then mount again.

The Gods, inspired by Momus, King of Mimes,
Shook their ethereal ribs, we learn, sometimes ;
The Earth, beam-tickled, laughs gay-tinted flowers,
Each starry world winks knowingly at ours :
Surely such hints 'twere folly to despise,
The merry, only, are the truly wise.

If o'er this page one tristful reader bends,
The leaves that follow let him make his friends.

Blithe boon companions are they, every one,
 Agog with all the elements of fun.
 His face, if long, shall widen as he reads ;
 His eyes, if dull, shall dance as he proceeds ;
 His heart, if full of heaviness, become
 Light as the foam-beads on a glass of " Mumm,"
 And, like Job's charger, he shall " laugh, ha ! ha !"
 Till shake the rafters with his loud guffaw ;
 For sober thoughts at Humor's touch take flight,
 As bogeys vanish, bothered by the light.

Con o'er each piece—to memory's care commit
 The mintage bright of mirth-provoking Wit,
 And when at eve the social group you join,
 Tell out, with graceful art, the flashing coin.
 " Young's Night Thoughts " solemn, for old mopes were
 sung,
 But here are sprightlier Night Thoughts for the Young !

If with good emphasis and unction read,
 Tears, o'er each passage, will be freely shed—
 Not such as fell in whimpering Werter's lap,
 But drops of mirth by Laughter set a-tap.

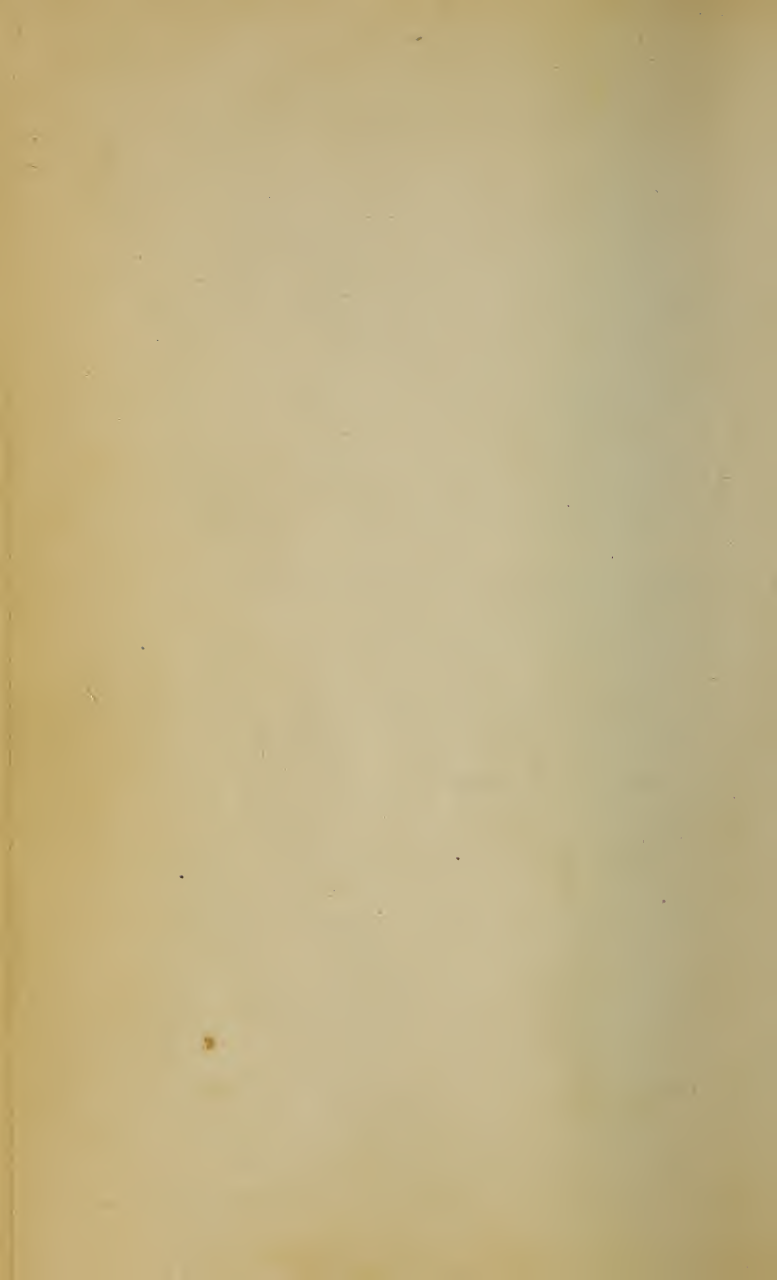
Hits at odd foibles, puns to make you shout,
 With each word's meaning twisted inside out ;
 Amusing dialogues, and speeches terse,
 That scarce a sexton gravely could rehearse ;
 Quips that a saint might tickle at his prayers,
 If entertained, like angels, unawares—
 In short, the spoils of many a jolly raid
 Through Jokedom's realm, are here an offering made.
 A group of gems, of lustre rich and rare,
 Grouped in a casket for the world to wear.
 The casket ope—the sparklers in it hid
 Will shame this crude inscription on the lid.

PROLOGUE.

FRIENDS of the Muse of Comedy
In merry conclave gathered,
To shoot at Care the arrows keen
By Wit and Satire feathered,
This Volume to each archer true
Presents a well-filled quiver ;
We've only to select our shafts,
And at the mark deliver.

Short, therefore, should the prologue be,
The pastime that prefaces,
For "brevity's the Soul of Wit"—
Long stories cause long faces.
So, as good subjects of King Fun,
And foes to phizzes solemn,
We'll make the words of greeting brief,
And push along the column.

Some hearts may "funeral marches beat,"
But hang all tunes unjolly !
Hearts that are wise strike up instead,
"Away with melancholy."
Away with melancholy, then,
Mirth's budget lies before us,
And laughter, to its every hit,
Shall improvise a chorus.



BOOK OF COMIC SPEECHES

AND

HUMOROUS RECITATIONS.

THE YANKEE LANDLORD.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

“WHEN first I chanced the Eagle to explore,
Ezra sat listless by the open door ;
One chair careened him at an angle meet,
Another nursed his hugely-slippered feet ;
Upon a third reposed a shirt-sleeved arm,
And the whole man diffused tobacco's charm.
'Are you the landlord ?' 'Wahl, I guess I be,'
Watching the smoke, he answered leisurely.
He was a stoutish man, and through the breast
Of his loose shirt there showed a brambly chest ;
Streaked redly as a wind-foreboding morn,
His tanned cheeks curved to temples closely shorn ;
Clean-shaved he was, save where a hedge of gray
Upon his brawny throat leaned every way
About an Adam's-apple that beneath
Bulged like a boulder from a furzy heath.
'Can I have lodging here ?' once more I said.
He blew a whiff, and, leaning back his head,
'You come a piece through Bailey's woods, I s'pose,

Acrost a bridge where a big swamp-oak grows?
 It don't grow neither ; it's been dead ten year,
 Nor th' ain't a livin' creetur, fur nor near,
 Can tell wut killed it ; but I some misdoubt
 'Twas borers, there's sech heaps on 'em about ;
 You didn't chance to run ag'inst my son,
 A long, slab-sided youngster with a gun?
 He'd oughto ben back more 'n an hour ago,
 An' brought some birds to dress for supper—Sho !
 There he comes now. 'Say, Obed, wut ye got?
 (He'll hev some upland plover like as not.)
 Wal, them's real nice uns an 'll eat A r,
 Ef I can stop their bein' over-done ;
 Nothin' riles *me*, (I pledge my fastin word,)
 Like cookin' out the natur' of a bird ;
 (Obed, you pick 'em out o' sight an' sound,
 Your ma'am don't love no feathers cluttrin' round ;)
 Jes' scare 'em with the coals ; thet's *my* idee.'
 Then, turning suddenly about on me,
 'Wal, Square, I guess so. Calkilate to stay?
 I'll ask Miss Weeks; 'bout *thet* it's hern to say.' ”



HIS EYE WAS STERN AND WILD.

ANONYMOUS.

His eye was stern and wild,—his cheek was pale and cold as clay;
 Upon his tightened lip a smile of fearful meaning lay ;
 He mused awhile—but not in doubt—no trace of doubt was there;
 It was the steady solemn pause of resolute despair.
 Once more he looked upon the scroll—once more its words he
 read—
 Then calmly, with unflinching hand, its folds before him spread.
 I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blue cold-gleaming steel,
 And grimly try the tempered edge he was so soon to feel !
 A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy swam my head,—
 I could not stir—I could not cry—I felt benumb'd and dead ;

Black icy horrors struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er ;
 I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more.

* * * * *

Again I looked,—a fearful change across his face had passed—
 He seem'd to rave,—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was cast ;
 He raised on high the glittering blade—then first I found a
 tongue—

“Hold, madman! stay thy frantic deed!” I cried, and forth I
 sprung ;

He heard me, but he heeded not ; one glance around he gave ;
 And ere I could arrest his hand, he had begun to *shave!*



THE GODDESS OF SLANG.

ANONYMOUS.

I WAS courting a beautiful girl one night,
 Whom I worshipped as almost divine,
 And longed to hear breathed the sweet little word
 That told me that she would be mine.
 I was praising the wealth of her chestnut hair,
 And her eyes of matchless blue,
 When she laid her dear cheek on my shoulder, and said,
 “Hurrah ! that's bully for you.”

I started in terror, but managed to keep
 From showing my intense surprise,
 And pressed my lips lightly on brow and on cheek,
 And then on her meekly closed eyes.
 I told her my love was as deep as the sea,
 As I felt her heart go pit patter,
 I would worship her always if she would be mine ;
 And she whispered, “Oh ! that's what's the matter.”

I told her her cheek would the rose put to shame ;
 Her teeth, the famed Orient pearl ;
 And the ocean's rich coral could never compare
 With the lips of my beautiful girl ;

That her voice was like music that comes to the ear
In the night-time ; and what was her smile ?
As that of an angel. And softly she breathed,
“ On that you can just bet your pile.”

In the hush of the starlight I still whispered on,
And pressed her more close to my breast ;
Talked sweeter than Roméo, dearer than Claude,
And told her how true love was blest ;
Of bliss in a cottage, of flowers and birds,
(Though I felt times strange out of joint ;)
When she looked with a smile, and daintily lisped
In my ear, “ I can’t quite see the point.”

I still pressed her closely, I talked still more sweet,
Called the stars to look down on our love ;
Made “ love ” rhyme to “ dove,” and “ kiss ” rhyme to bliss ;
And vowed, by the heavens above,
I’d be constant and true if she’d only be mine ;
Pressed her lips, and caressed her brown locks ;
When she answered me back, with a rich, saucy laugh,
“ Look ’e here ! a’in’t you after the rocks ?”

DICK, THE APOTHECARY’S APPRENTICE.

ANONYMOUS.

THUS far we have run before the wind. An apothecary !
Make an apothecary of me ! What ! cramp my genius
over a pestle and mortar ! or mew me up in a shop, with
an alligator stuffed, and a beggarly account of empty boxes !
To be culling simples, and constantly adding to the bills of
mortality ! No ! no ! it will be much better to be pasted
up in capitals—“ The part of Roméo by a young gentle-
man, who never appeared on any stage before !” My am-
bition fires at the thought. But hold ! Mayn’t I run some

chance of failing in my attempt? Hissed—pelted—laughed at—not admitted into the green-room! That will never do. Down, busy Fancy—down, down! Try it again—loved by the women—envied by the men—applauded by the pit—clapped by the galleries—admired by the boxes! “Dear Colonel, isn’t he a charming creature?” “My lord, don’t you like him of all things? Makes love like an angel! What an eye he has! Fine legs! I shall certainly go to his benefit.” Celestial sounds! And then I’ll get in with all the painters, and have myself put up in every print shop. In the character of Macbeth—“This is a sorry sight!” (*Stands in an attitude.*) In the character of Richard—“Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!” This will do rarely. And then I have a chance of getting well married. Oh, glorious thought! I will enjoy it, though but in fancy. But what’s o’clock? It must be almost nine. I’ll away at once. This is club night—the spouters are all met. Little think they I’m in town—they’ll be surprised to see me. Off I go; and then for my marriage with my master Gargle’s daughter!

Limbs, do your office, and support me well;
Bear me to her, then fail me if you can.

COURTING IN FRENCH HOLLOW.

ROBB.

“THAT gal of old Feecho’s wur about the pootyest creatur, fur a foreigner, I ever took a *shute* arter; her eyes jest floated about in her head like a star’s shadow on a Mississippi wave, and her model was as trim as the steamer Eagle; ’sides, her paddles wur the cleanest shaped fixins that ever propelled anythin’ human, and her laugh rung like a challenge bell on a ‘fast trip’—it couldn’t be beat. She run into my affecshuns, and I couldn’t help it. I

danced with her at some on the balls in Frenchtown, and thar I gin to edge up and talk tender at her, but she ony laughed at my sweet'nin'. Arter a spell, when I cum it strong about affecshun, and the needcessity of towin' side and side together, she told me that her old daddy wouldn't let her marry an American ! Ef I warn't snagged at this, I wouldn't say so. The old fellar wur a sittin' on a bench smokin' and lookin' on at the dance, and I jest wished him a hot berth for a short spell. 'Well, Marie,' said I, 'ef I melt the old man down will you gin in ?'

" 'Oh,' says she, 'you so vair strong at de vat you call *coax*, I shall not know how to say von leetel no.'

" 'So havin' fixed it all with her smooth as a full freight and a June rise, I drew up alongside of the old fellar, jest as he had cleared his chimley for a fresh draw of his pipe. Old Fecho had been a mountain trader, was strong timbered, not much the worse fur wear, and looked wicked as a tree'd bear. I fired up and generated an inch or two more steam, and then blew off at him. 'That's an onconscionable slick gal of your'n, Mounseer,' says I, to begin with, and it *did* tickle his fancy to have her cracked up, 'cause he thought her creation's finishin' touch,—so did I ! 'Oui, sair,' says old Fecho, 'she vair fine leetel gal, von angel wizout de ving, she is, sair, mine only von *fille*.'

" 'Well, she is a *scrouger*,' answered I, 'a perfect high pressure, and no dispute !'

" 'Vat you mean by him, eh ? vat you call s-c-r-r-r-ouge, eh ? vat is he, sair, my leetel gal no vat you call von s-c-r-r-r-ouge, sair !' and here old Fecho went off into a mad fit, jest as if I'd called her bad names. I tried to put down his 'safety valve,' but he would blow off his wrath, and workin' himself into a perfect freshet of rage, he swore he would take the little gal off home ; and I'm blessed ef he didn't. As soon as I eyed the old fellar startin' I got in his wake and follered him, detarmined to find out whar he located, and arter an eternal long windin' through one

street arter another, down he dived into French Hollow. Jest as he wur about to enter a house built agin the side of the hill, the old fellar heered my footsteps, and turnin' round in the darkness, he shouted—

“ ‘Ah, ha ! von sneak Yankee doodel, vat call my leetel gall von s-c-r-r-r-ouger, I shall cut you all up into von leetel piece, vidout von whole.’ ”

“ You know, boys, I aint easy skeer'd, but I own up that old fellar did kind a make me skeery ; they told sich stories about the way he used to skin Ingins, that I gin to think it was about best to let him have both sides of the channel ef he wanted it, so I didn't darr go to see Marie fur a long spell. One day I felt a strong hankerin', and jest strolled along the holler to git a glimpse on her, and sure enough thar she wur, a leanin' out the winder, smilin' like the mornin' sun on a sleepin' bayou. I sidled up to the house, and asked her ef I darr cum and sit up with her that evenin'. I told her I was jest fritterin' away all to nothin' thinkin' on her, and a small mite of courtin' would spur me up amazin', and then I gin her sich a look, that she fluttered into consent as easy as a mockin' bird whistles.

“ ‘Oh, *oui*, you shall come sometime dis night, when *mon père* is gone to de *cabaret* ; but you must be vair quiet as von leetel rat, vat dey call de mouse, and go vay before he come back to de *maison*.

“ In course I promised to do jest as she said. I kissed my hand to her, and said *aur ravoir*, as the French say for good-by, and then paddled off to wait for night. I felt wuss than oneasy until the time arriv, and when it did git round I gin to crawl all over—I swar I was a leetel skeered. Hows'ever, it warn't manly to back out now when the gal was expectin' me, so I started for the Hollow. I think a darker night was never mixed up and spread over this yearth—you remember, Bill, the night you steered the old Eagle square into the bank at Milliken's bend ? well, it wur

jest a mite darker than that! A muddy run winds through along the ravine whar the house stands, and I wur particular-ly near floppin' into it several times. A piece of candle in the winder lighted me to whar the little gal was a-waitin', and when I tapped at the door below, she pattered down and piloted me up to the sittin' room, whar we sot down and took a good look at each other. She looked pooty enough to tempt a fellar to bite a piece out on her. I had all sorts of good things made up to say when a chance offered, and here the chance wur, but cuss me ef I could get out the fust mutter. Whether it wur skeer at the idee of the old Frenchman, or a bilin' up of affecshun fur his darter that stuck my throat so tight, I'm unable to swar, but thar I wur, like a boat fast on a sand-bar, blowin' some, but makin' mity little headway.

“‘Vat is de mattair wiz you, Mounseer?’ said Marie, ‘you look vair much like de leaf in von grand storm, all ovair wiz de shake!’

“‘Well,’ said I, ‘I do feel as ef I wur about to collapse a flue, or bust my biler, for the fact of the marter is, Marie, they say your old daddy’s a tiger, and ef I git caught here thar’ll be suthin’ broke—a buryin’ instead of a weddin’;—not that I’m the least mite skeered fur myself, but the old man might git hurt, and I should be fretted to do any sech a thing.

“‘Oh, *mon ami*, nevair be fear fur him, he is von, great, strong as vat you call de gentleman cow?—von bull,—but, *mon Dieu*! what shall I do wiz you, suppose he come, eh? He vill cut you into bits all ovair!’

“‘But, my angel,’ ses I, ‘he shant ketch me, fur I’ll streak it like a fast boat, the moment I hear steam from his scape-pipe—the old man might as well try to catch a Mississippi *catty* with a thread line, as to git his fingers on me’. I had no sooner said so, than *bang*! went the door below, and old Fecho, juicy as a melon, came feelin’ his way up stairs, mutterin’ like a small piece of fat thunder, and swarin’ in

French, orfully. I know'd thar warn't much time to spare, so I histed the winder and backed out. Jest as I was about to drop, Marie says to me—'Oh, *mon Dieu!* don't drop into *de vell!*' and instanter shut the winder. My *har riz* on eend in a moment—'don't drop into the well!' I'll tell you what, boys, a souse into the Massissippi in ice time warn't half as cold as her last warnin' made me. It was so etarnal dark that I couldn't begin to tell which side of the buildin' I wur on, and that wur an all important perticuler, fur it wur jest *three* stories high on one side, towards the Hollow, and it warn't only *one* on the side next the hill—in course, all the chances wur in favor of the *well* bein' on the low side. I'd gin all I had then to know which side was waitin' below fur me. I looked up, as I hung on, to see ef thar warn't a star shinin' somewhare, jest to give a hint of what *was* below, but they'd all put on thar nightcaps, and wouldn't be coaxed from under the kiver; then I'd look below, and listen, until I made sartin in my mind that I could hear the droppin' of water, somewhare about *fifty feet* below me! Old Fecho was a tearin' through the room, and a rippin' out French oaths, in an uncommon rapid manner, and declarin' that he knew some one had bin thar, fur he'd bin told so. Two or three times he appeared to be a rushin' for the winder, and the little gal would coax him back agin, and then he'd talk the hardest kind of de Yankee doodels, and grit his teeth most owdaciously. Well, ef I warn't in an oneasy situation all this time, then I'm more than human—my arms jest stretched out to about a yard and a half in length, and gin to cramp and git orful weak. I couldn't fur the life of me think on any prayer I'd ever heerd—I sot my teeth together, drew a long breath, shut my eyes, and let go!—*whiz!*—*r-r-r-ip!*—*bang!* I went—as I supposed—about fifty feet; and didn't I holler, when I lit and rolled over, and the water soused all round me! 'Murder! oh, git me out, oh-o-o-o, murder!' The people came a-rushin' out of their houses, with lights, and sich another jargon of

questions as they showered at me—askin', all together, who'd bin a stabbin' me? what wur the marter? and who'd hit me? I opened my eyes to tell 'em I'd fell from the third story, and broke every bone in my body, when, on lookin' up, thar wur the old Frenchman and his darter, grinnin' out of the top winder, about *ten feet* above me! The fact wur, boys, I'd dropped out on the *hill side* of the house, and jumped down jest *four feet* from whar my toes reached,—I had lit on the edge of a water pail, and it flowed about me when I fell over! Arter old Fecho told them the joke, they pretty nigh busted a larfin' at me, and from that day to this I han't gone a courtin' in French Hollow!"

THE CASE ALTERED.

ANONYMOUS.

HODGE held a farm, and smiled content
 While one year paid another's rent;
 But, if he ran the least behind,
 Vexation stung his anxious mind;
 For not an hour would landlord stay,
 But seize the very quarter-day.
 How cheap soe'er or scant the grain,
 Though urged with truth, was urged in vain.
 The same to him, if false or true;
 For rent must come when rent was due.
 Yet that same landlord's cows and steeds
 Broke Hodge's fence, and cropped his meads.
 In hunting, that same landlord's hounds—
 See! how they spread his new-sown grounds
 Dog, horse, and man, alike o'erjoyed,
 While half the rising crop's destroyed;
 Yet tamely was the loss sustain'd.
 'Tis said the sufferer once complain'd:
 The Squire laugh'd loudly while he spoke,
 And paid the bumpkin—with a joke.

But luckless still poor Hodge's fate ;
His worship's bull had forced a gate,
And gored his cow, the last and best ;
By sickness he had lost the rest.
Hodge felt at heart resentment strong—
The heart will feel that suffers long.
A thought that instant took his head
And thus within himself he said :
" If Hodge, for once, don't sting the Squire.
May people post him for a liar !"
He said—across his shoulder throws
His fork, and to his landlord goes.

" I come, an't please you, to unfold
What, soon or late you must be told.
My bull—a creature tame till now—
My bull has gored your worship's cow.
'Tis known what shifts I make to live :
Perhaps your honor may forgive."
" Forgive !" the Squire replied, and swore :
" Pray cant to me, forgive, no more ;
The law my damage shall decide ;
And know that I'll be satisfied."
" Think, sir, I'm poor—poor as a rat !"
" Think I'm a Justice, think of that !"
Hodge bow'd again, and scratch'd his head ;
And, recollecting, archly said,
" Sir, I'm so struck when here before ye,
I fear I've blunder'd in the story.
'Fore George ! but I'll not blunder now :
Yours was the bull, sir ; mine, the cow !"

His worship found his rage subside,
And with calm accents thus replied :
" I'll think upon your case to-night ;
But I perceive 'tis altered quite !"
Hodge shrugg'd, and made another bow :
" An please ye, where's the justice now ?"

THE FOX AND THE RANGER.

LOVER.

Characters.DE WELSKIN—*A French Smuggler.*RORY—*An Irishman, his Prisoner.*

DE WELSKIN. Ha! ha! you fonnee feylow! by gar you are de von great rog, Monsieur Rory.

RORY. Do you think so, Munseer?

DE WELSKIN. Ah, ah! von great rog, rascal, by gar.

RORY. Well, then, there's a pair of us, Divilskin, and if you're ever hanged for being an honest man, it'll be a murder.

DE WELSKIN. Tank you, Rory, tank you, my boy; [*Shakes hands.*] but, by gar, you are de big rog. So cunning you are, *ma foi*, you are so cunning as dat litel animal vot runs about; vot you call 'im?

RORY. Magpies, is it?

DE WELSKIN. No, no, no!

RORY. Magpies is the cunningest bastes in the world.

DE WELSKIN. No, no, no, not dat! Bah! vot you call de littel ting vot runs about vid a broshe.

RORY. Sweeps, is it?

DE WELSKIN. I say dat animal vot de gentlemen runs after.

RORY. That's an heiress.

DE WELSKIN. No, no, no!—dat animal vot ve call *le reynard*.

RORY. Oh! sly reynard, the fox, you mane.

DE WELSKIN. De faux—de faux—dat is him; you be cunning as von faux, Mistair Rory.

RORY. Oh, the fox is a cunnin' baste, in throth; an' will you tell me, Munseer, have yiz got foxes in France?

DE WELSKIN. Oh, yais, sairtanlee ; faux very moshe.

RORY. I'll howld you a quart o' porther, that they're not to compare with the Irish foxes in the regard o' cunnin'.

DE WELSKIN. Ver moshe cunning, French faux.

RORY. Why, an Irish fox would sthrip a French fox of his skin, and sell it before his face, and th' other not know it.

DE WELSKIN. Bah ! bah ! bah !

RORY. Tut, man, you don't know what devils them Irish foxes is. Did you ever hear of the fox of Ballybothrum ?

DE WELSKIN. Ballabot—bosh—vaut you call him ?

RORY. Ballybothrum ; oh ! that was the fox in airnest ! devil such a fox ever was before or sense, as that same fox ; and the thing I'm going to tell you happened to a relation of my own, one Mickee Rooney, that was a ranger in the sarvice of the Lord knows who.

DE WELSKIN. Lord Whaat ?

RORY. Lord knows who ; a great lord in them parts. But as I was tellin' you, Munseer, the ranger lived in a small taste of a cabin, beside the wood, all alone by himself, bar-rin' the dogs that was his companions.

DE WELSKIN. De daugs ?

RORY. Yes ; himself and the dogs was the only Christians in the place, and one night, when he kem home, wet and wairy wid the day's sport, he sot down beside the fire, just as we're sittin' here, and begun smoking his pipe to warm himself, and when he tuk an air o' the fire, he thought he'd go to bed—not to sleep, you persave, but to rest himself like ; so he took off his clothes, and hung them to dhry forninst the fire, and then he went to bed, and an illigant bed it was ; the finest shafe o' sthraw you ever seen, lyin' over in the corner, as it might be there, and as he was lyin' in bed, thinking o' nothin' at all, and divartin' himself with lookin' at the smoke curlin' up out o' the fire, what should he see but the door open, and a fox march into the place, just as bowld as if the house was his own ; an' he

went over and sot down on his hunkers forninst the fire, and begun to warm his hands like a Christian ; it's truth I'm tellin' you.

DE WELSKIN. Staup, sair—staup ! vere vas de daugs all dis time ?

RORY. The dogs ; oh, the dogs it is ? Oh, I didn't tell you that ! Oh, sure the dogs was runnin' about the wood at the time, ketchin' rabbits—for the fox was listenin', you see, outside the door, and heer'd the ranger tell the dogs to go and ketch him a brace o' rabbits for his supper—for I go bail if the fox didn't know the dogs was out o' the place, the divil a toe he' pat inside the ranger's house ; and that shows you the cunnin' o' the baste. Well, as he was sittin at the fire, what do you think, but he tuk the ranger's pipe off the hob, an' lights it in the fire, and begins to smoke, as nath'ral as any other man you ever seen.

DE WELSKIN. Smoke ! de faux smoke ?

RORY. Oh, yes ! all the Irish foxes smoke when they can get 'bakky ; and they are mighty fond o' short cut when the dogs is afther them ! Well, Munseer, the ranger could hardly keep his timper at all, when he seen the baste smokin' his pipe, and with that, says he, it's fire and smoke of another kind I'll give you, my buck, says he, takin' up his gun to shoot him ; but the fox had put the gun into a pail o' wather, and, of coorse, the divil a fire the gun would fire for the ranger.

DE WELSKIN. Ha, ha, ha ! sacre !

RORY. And the fox put his finger on his nose, just that-away, and laughed at him. Wow ! wow ! says the fox, puttin' out his hand, and takin' up the newspaper to read.

DE WELSKIN. Sacre ! de newspaper ? no, no, my boy.

RORY. Why, man alive, how would the fox know where the hounds was to meet, next mornin' if he didn't read the paper ?—sure that shows you the cunnin' o' the baste ! Well, with that, the ranger puts his fingers to his mouth, and gives a blast of a fwistle you'd hear a mile off, for to call

the dogs. Oh! is it for fwistlin' you are, says the fox, then it is time for me to leave the place, says he, for 'twould not be good for my health to be here when the dogs come back. So he lays down the pipe in the hob; but before he did, I must tell you, he wiped it with the end of his tail—for he was a dacent baste, and used his tail as nath'ral as a Christian would use the sleeve of his coat for a cowl'd in his nose—and then he was goin' to start; but the ranger, seein' him goin' to escape, jumps out o' the bed, and gets betune him and the door, and divil a start you'll start, says he, till the dogs comes back, you red rascal, and I'll have your head in my fist before long, says he, and that's worth a pound to me. I'll howld you a quart of porther, says the fox, I'll make you lave that. Divil a lave, says the ranger. Wow, wow! says the fox, I'm a match for you yet; and what do you think, but he whips the ranger's breeches off the back o' the chair, and throws them into the fire, and he knew the divil another pair the ranger had to his back.

DE WELSKIN. Ha, ha, ha, by gar!

RORY. That'll make you start, says the fox. Divil a start, says the ranger; my breeches is worth half-a-crown, and your head's worth a pound, so I'll make seventeen and sixpence by the exchange. Well, you are the stupidest vagabone I ever met, says the fox, and I'll make you sensible at last, that you must let me go, for I'll burn you out o' house and home, and with that, what do you think the fox done? By all that's good—and the ranger himself told me out iv his own mouth, and said he wud niver have b'lieved it, ownly he seen it—the fox tuk a lighted piece iv a log out o' the blazin' fire, and run over wid it to the ranger's bed, and was going to throw it into the sthraw, and burn him out of house and home; so when the ranger seen that, he gev a shout out iv him—Hillo! hillo! you murtherin villain, says he, you're worse nor Captain Rock; is it going to burn me out, you are, you red rogue iv a Ribbonman,

and he made a dart betune him and the bed, to save the house from bein' burnt—but, my jewel, that was all the fox wanted—and as soon as the ranger quitted the hole in the door, that he was standing foreninst, the fox let go the blazin' faggit, and made one jump through the door and escaped. But before he wint, the ranger gev me his oath, that the fox turned round and gev him the most contemptible look he ever got in his life, and shewed ivery tooth in his head with laughin', and at last he put out his tongue at him, as much as to say, You've missed me, like your mammy's blessin', and off wid him, like a flash of lightning. [*Escapes by running across the stage.*]

DE WELSKIN. [*Astonished.*] Ah! Rory, you vun funnee Ireesh faux. [*Follows Rory.*]

THE DECLARATION.

WILLIS.

'Twas late, and the gay company was gone,
And light lay soft on the deserted room
From alabaster vases, and a scent
Of orange-leaves, and sweet verbenā came
Through the unshutter'd window on the air.

And the rich pictures with their dark old tints,
Hung like a twilight landscape, and all things
Seem'd hush'd into a slumber. Isabel,
The dark-eyed, spiritual Isabel
Was leaning on her harp, and I had staid
To whisper what I could not when the crowd
Hung on her look like worshippers. I knelt,
And with the fervor of a lip unused
To the cold breath of reason, told my love.
There was no answer, and I took the hand
That rested on the strings, and press'd a kiss
Upon it unforbidden—and again

Besought her, that this silent evidence
 That I was not indifferent to her heart,
 Might have the seal of one sweet syllable.
 I kissed the small white fingers as I spoke,
 And she withdrew them gently, and upraised
 Her forehead from its resting-place, and look'd
 Earnestly on me—*She had been asleep!*

THE WARRANTEE DEED.

ANONYMOUS.

AIR—" *Villikins and his Dinah.*"

A LAWYER there was, whom I'll call Mr. Clay,
 He had but few clients, and those didn't pay ;
 At length, of starvation he grew so afraid,
 That he courted and married a wealthy old maid.

Chorus.—Ri tu ral li, tu ral li, tu ral li, day.

At the wedding this lawyer made one great mistake ;
 'Twas not in omitting the cards or the cake ;
 The ring was well chosen, the parson well feed
But the groom did not ask for a warrantee deed.

Chorus, bewailing this sad mistake.—Ri tu, etc.

One night, in their chamber, the lady arose,
 And began to prepare to retire to repose :
 While her husband sat near her, admiring the charms
 Which it gave him such pleasure to clasp in his arms.

*Enraptured Chorus, appropriate to the feelings of the
 joyous bridegroom.*—Ri tu, etc.

She went to the wash-stand to bathe her fair face,
 But the process destroyed all its beauty and grace ;
 The rose on her cheek, whether ruddy or faint,
 When displayed on the towel was nothing but paint !

*Amazed Chorus, on witnessing the materials of the
 lady's countenance displayed upon the towel.*—Ri
 tu, etc.

She went to the mirror, to take down her hair,
 But when she had done so, her cranium was bare !
 Said she, "Don't be frightened to see my poor head,
 I shall put on my cap when I get into bed."

Chorus : to be sung as smooth as the lady's head.—
Ri tu, etc.

Her husband next saw, with amazement and grief,
 A curious performance of hers with her teeth ;
 She took them all out with her fingers and thumbs,
 Said she, "I'm accustomed to sleep in my gums."

*Toothless Chorus : to be sung by Dr. Colton's laughing-
 gas patients.—Ri tu, etc.*

Then she loosened the robes which enveloped her waist,
 And took something out which within them was placed ;
 Said she, "When I'm dead, let it not be forgotten,
 You can make a small fortune, my love, on this cotton."

*Chorus : exhibiting the sudden change in the feelings
 of the widower, produced by receiving the price of
 the cotton.—Ri tu, etc.*

The groom had been sitting in stupid surprise
 To see such strange doings before his own eyes ;
 But now he leaped up, and rushed out at the door,
 And poor Mrs. Clay never saw him no more !

*Slam bang Chorus : showing how the departing hus-
 band shut the door after him.—Ri tu, etc.*

Young man, when you go to agree for a wife,
 'Tis the gravest agreement you'll make in your life ;
 Don't trust to good looks—of my counsel take heed ;
 But be sure and insist on a warrantee deed.

*Grand final Chorus, by twenty-four resolute young
 men, each determined to exact a warrantee deed.—*
Ri tu, etc.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

ANONYMOUS.

It was a fearful night ; pale lightning quivered at intervals through the clouds, and the wind rose through the neighboring wood in strange fitful blasts, which were followed only by a mysterious stillness augmenting the terrors of the hour. I knew not how I got there ; enough—I found myself in a dark gloomy dungeon, a torch burning at the farther end was the only thing visible. In the centre of this scene of desolation, methought I saw a young female of exquisite beauty, whose luxurious hair hung in natural ringlets over a graceful and well moulded shoulder. Her form, too, was such as a statuary might have chosen for a model. In her hand was a wand, with which she beckoned me ; I had scarcely advanced a few steps, when an icy coldness seized me, and by the livid effulgence of the torch, I beheld skulls scattered over the floor, and heads, severed from their bodies, laughing with grim insensibility. Claps of distant thunder now shook the building, but my own beating heart soon overpowered every other sound. A thrill of horror seized me, all the frightful recollections of my youth flashed across my brain, and I fell senseless on the ground.

* * * * *

When my senses returned, the morn had burst forth in all its splendor of fullness, and the chequered rays of the sun penetrated through a small aperture into this dismal abyss. The same loathsome objects were around me, looking more hideous than before ; in the place of the lovely and beauteous creature, was an old withered hag, whose hollow cheeks and bloodshot eyes presented an appearance truly horrible. She held a dagger which she brandished with a ghastly smile. Her black brows were knitted together, and anger darted from her eyes as she pronounced, like the croaking of the raven, “ Child of guilt

thy hour is come." By a supernatural effort, I sprang upon my legs, and seized a skull as a weapon of defence, But her bony hand had already encircled my throat ; I felt a choking thirst come over me ! I was paralyzed with fear ; a preternatural giddiness took possession of my head, large drops of perspiration rolled down my forehead ; I uttered a shrill and piercing cry, the noise of which startled me. I awoke, and found I was grasping—*the bed-post*.

JULIA.

COLERIDGE.

JULIA was blest with beauty, wit and grace :
 Small poets loved to sing her blooming face.
 Before her altars, lo ! a numerous train
 Preferr'd their vows ; yet all preferr'd in vain :
 'Till charming Florio, borne to conquer, came,
 And touch'd the fair one with an equal flame.
 The flame she felt, and ill could she conceal
 What every look and action would reveal.
 With boldness then, which seldom fails to move,
 He pleads the cause of marriage and of love ;
 The course of hymeneal joys he rounds,
 The fair one's eyes dance pleasure at the sounds.
 Naught now remain'd but "Noes"—how little meant—
 And the sweet coyness that endears consent.
 The youth upon his knees enraptured fell :—
 The strange misfortune, oh ! what words can tell ?
 Tell ! ye neglected sylphs ! who lap-dogs guard,
 Why snatch'd ye not away your precious ward ?
 Why suffer'd ye the lover's weight to fall
 On the ill-fated neck of much-loved Ball ?
 The favorite on his mistress casts his eyes,
 Gives a melancholy howl, and—dies !
 Sacred his ashes lie, and long his rest !
 Anger and grief divide poor Julia's breast.
 Her eyes she fix'd on guilty Florio first,

On him the storm of angry grief must burst.
 That storm he fled :—he woos a kinder fair,
 Whose fond affections no dear puppies share.
 'Twere vain to tell how Julia pined away ;—
 Unhappy fair, that in one luckless day
 (From future almanacs the day be cross'd !)
 At once her lover and her lap-dog lost !

SAYING NOT MEANING.

WAKE.

Two gentlemen their appetite had fed,
 When, opening his toothpick-case, one said,
 “It was not until lately that I knew
 That *anchovies* on *terrâ firmâ* grew.
 “Grow !” cried the other, “yes they *grow*, indeed,
 Like other fish, but not upon the land ;
 You might as well say grapes grow on a reed,
 Or in the Strand !”

“Why, sir,” returned the irritated other,

“My brother,

When at Calcutta

Beheld them *bonâ fide* growing ;

He would n't utter

A lie for love or money, sir ; so in

This matter you are thoroughly mistaken.”

“Nonsense, sir ! nonsense ! I can give no credit

To the assertion—none e'er saw or read it ;

Your brother, like his evidence, should be shaken.”

“Be shaken, sir ! let me observe you are

Perverse—in short—”

“Sir,” said the other, sucking his cigar,

And then his port—

“If you will say impossibles are true,

You may affirm just any thing you please—

That swans are quadrupeds, and lions blue,

And elephants inhabit Stilton cheese !
 Only you must not *force* me to believe
 What's propagated merely to deceive."

"Then you force me to say, sir, you are a fool,"
 Return'd the bragger.

Language like this no man can suffer cool :

It made the listener stagger ;

So, thunder-stricken, he at once replied,

"The traveller *lied*,

Who had the impudence to tell it you ;"

"Zounds ! then d'ye mean to swear before my face
 That anchovies *don't* grow like cloves and mace?"

"I *do* !"

Disputants often after hot debates

Leave the contention as they found it—bone,

And take to duelling or thumping *têtes* ;

Thinking by strength of artery to atone

For strength of argument ; and he who winces

From force of words, with force of arms convinces !

With pistols, powder, bullets, surgeons, lint,

Seconds, and smelling bottles, and foreboding,

Our friends advanced ; and now portentous loading.

(Their hearts already loaded) serv'd to show

It might be better they shook hands—but no ;

When each opines himself, though frighten'd, right.

Each is, in courtesy, oblig'd to fight !

And they *did* fight : from six full measured paces

The unbeliever pulled his trigger first ;

And fearing, from the braggart's ugly faces,

The whizzing lead had whizz'd its very worst,

Ran up, and with a *duellistic* fear

(His ire evanishing like morning vapors,)

Found him possess'd of one remaining ear,

Who in a manner sudden and uncouth,

Had given, not lent, the other ear to truth ;

For while the surgeon was applying lint,

He, wriggling, cried—"The deuce is in't—

"Sir ! I *meant*—CAPERS !"

16,000 YEARS AGO.

A NEGRO BURLESQUE.

ANONYMOUS.

Characters.

MR. DISMAL—*of Dreadful Swamp, an antique traveller.*JOE BROWN—*a youthful villager.*MUDGE—*(most foul in the piece) with a fowling piece.*

SCENE AND PROPERTIES.—*A wood or garden. Trees for wings. Entrances left and right open. Large purse, pocket-book, carpet-bag for Dismal. A long-barrelled gun for Mudge.*

As curtain rises, JOE crosses slowly to upper end. Enter, MUDGE, with gun, he calls——

Hay! hi! there! (JOE looks over his shoulders but is about to exit.—MUDGE lifts his gun. JOE stops short front.)

MUDGE. Boy! come y'ere, boy! *(JOE faces round and comes to centre.)*

MUDGE. Why didn't you come when I called? I been follerin' you for de las' haff hour and you on'y now *big-gun* to apprehend.

JOE. What does you want wid me?

MUDGE. I want to question yer about dat stranger what's stoppin' at de willage hotel. What does yer know about him?

JOE. Is you de head-eater on some noospaper?

MUDGE. No! dis is for my private information.

JOE. I don't know nuffin' about him. Nobody knows.

MUDGE. Has he got much ob a trabelling furniture?

JOE. Oh, a pooty good deal. He drinks port wine san-garee when he's angry! he mus' be an extinguished character.

MUDGE *(slaps lock of gun.)* He will be an extinguished character!

JOE (*jumps.*) Don't do dat—it might go off.

MUDGE. What's his name ?

JOE. It's painted on his walise—you know President Johnsum ?

MUDGE. Yaas.

JOE. Well, it—ain't him ! (*MUDGE, enraged, trips up JOE, who falls, and goes off left.*)

JOE (*sitting up.*) Dis is de t'anks a feller gits for bein' civil ! (*rises.*) I would like to know what dis ole chap is doin' round heyah. Can't be de Wandering Jew, 'cause I saw him dewour a ham sandwich. Oh ! here he comes ! (*runs about stage and hides left front.*)

Voice of DISMAL singing dolefully—

“In dem days when I was hard up,
In want ob food an' fire,
I used to tie my shoes up
Wid little bits ob wire!”

JOE (*aside.*) Dat's a werry cheerful sort of a ditty.

DISMAL *enters, right upper end, shuffling to centre strikes disconsolate attitude.*

'Tis sixteen thousand years since I leff de home ob my fore-faders——

JOE (*aside.*) Here's a man wid four faders !

DISMAL. Welcome, my native place, so long unseen by my ear-sight !

JOE (*aside.*) So long ! Sixteen thousand ! It mus' be ole Mathooselum !

DISMAL. Dese am de same green hills on which I gambolled !

JOE (*aside.*) Oh he's a gam-be-lier !

DISMAL (*sleeve to eyes.*) De child-mates ob my playhood—whar am dey ?

JOE (*aside.*) Is he axing me, I wonder !

DISMAL. All—all—my all has gone !

JOE (*aside.*) Poor feller ! he's a cobbler what's lost his tools.

DISMAL. "Dey have gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream !" (*shivers.*)

JOE (*aside.*) He shakes like a tremor !

DISMAL. Ah ! (*paviour's sigh.*) Dat won't do—it ain't haff loogluebrious enuff. (*louder and more dreadful sigh.*) Ah !

JOE (*aside, shuddering.*) Wouldn't like to be shut up in room wid him all night.

DISMAL (*waves his bag and rug.*) Dough rugged my manners, wealth gives me a *newer lease* (new valise) ob life—I have riches beyond count.

JOE (*aside, interested.*) Dar's somefin' pleasant about de ole man arter all !

DISMAL (*takes purse from bag and pocket-book from coat pocket.*) Alas ! No one to share my joys—no one to share my coin——

JOE (*aside.*) Don't coin-sider so ! (*goes up left and tries to cross to right upper end, when, in excess of caution, his foot slips and he falls centre.*)

DISMAL (*quickly turns, puts purse and book in his pocket, seizes JOE, and drags him down front.*) Ha ! whom have we here ?

JOE. Leff me go ! I wan't doin' nuffin.

DISMAL. What was you up to on de groun' ?

JOE. I fell from my high estate—'about five foot eight.

DISMAL (*releases him.*) You are of yon willage. (*Points off.*)

JOE. I are.

DISMAL. Den, if thou knowest him, tell me, I prithee gentle stranger, whar am a youth ob tender years called Parr——

JOE (*reflecting.*) A youth ob ten dear years.—Dar ain't no ten years olders dat are pa's.

DISMAL. I mean a boy——

JOE. Oh ! dar ain't no boys now. De moment dey can go inside ob gloves an' tail coats, dey is men.

DISMAL (*impatient.*) Boy, or man, named Parr——

JOE. Eh ? oh ! Ole "life-pill Parr !" De ole feller whose sands ob life have werry nearly all run out ! ha, ha ! He was sent to repose dese free hundred years, and den he was a century old.

DISMAL (*claps his hands in clasping them.*) Thus fade they !

JOE (*aside.*) Dey fade pooty slow !

DISMAL. I remember him a tiny juvenile.

JOE. I never knew he was a Jew in de ile or any oder sich business.

DISMAL, 'Twas eber dus—— (*wiping eyes.*)

JOE. Dust in yer eye ?

DISMAL. 'Twas eber dus, in childhood's hour, I neber lub'd a bright gazelle——

JOE (*right centre.*) He wasn't a galzelle—he was a boyzelle.

DISMAL. But it wanished and left me deserted—deserted (*sob.*)

JOE (*jumps.*) Did dis hurt you much ? (*looking steadily at DISMAL.*)

DISMAL. Oh ! leff me in distress !

JOE. I don't want dat dress ob your'n ! (*going to right.*)

DISMAL. Stay !

JOE (*stops, turns.*)

DISMAL. Come hither. (*JOE to him.*) You have been kind o'kind to de ole man. (*takes out purse, with business of going to give JOE a handful of coin, but only gives him one.*)

JOE (*bites coin, &c., à la disappointed cabman.*) Sixpence ! sixpence ! Dey can't say dis is a *sixpensive* man !

DISMAL (*waving his hand.*) Adoo !

JOE. It is a *do*.

DISMAL. Bye-bye——

JOE. It's more ob a sell-sell. I'll remember you for dis !

(*Exit.*)

DISMAL (*about to put up his purse.*) An honest lad ! oh ! de superior honesty ob de country swains—dey are neber seen swayin' wid temptation——

MUDGE (*enters right upper end with gun—aside.*) De millonary wid de long purse what I hab so long pursued. (*comes down right, melodramatically.*)

DISMAL. Why, I might hold out my boff han's wid dis money in it (*purse and pocket-book in hands*) and not one would offer to say——

MUDGE (*right centre, pointing gun.*) Drop dat money, or dis gun so early will leave you *dis-gun-so-late* ! (*business with gun.*)

DISMAL (*recedes to front.*) Does you mean to take dis puss so coolly ?

MUDGE. Puss-icely so. Drop it ! (DISMAL *excessively frightened.*) Be quick ! Dis is a musket which mus' get no trifling !

DISMAL *drops purse and pocket-book, and goes off left end in great alarm, his knees knocking together.*

MUDGE (*bursts into laughter.*) Yah ! yah ! dis flint fixed him ! I'll go sit under dese trees yere, and reckon up de treasure. (*Kneels down left front, laying gun right side of him, and unties purse-strings.*)

DISMAL (*enters left upper end cautiously—aside.*) I wonder whar I kin fin' a perlice-man ? Oh ! (*sees MUDGE*) why, dar's de scandalous rogue wid my plunder ! If I on'y—oh, golly, let's try ! (*Comes down left side carefully.*)

MUDGE (*rings a coin.*) Tin ! yes, it am a tin shillin' ! Here's depravity for you—de werry footpads is jobbed off with bad money !

(DISMAL *goes to right side of MUDGE, and takes up the gun ; then to left front.*)

MUDGE (*rising.*) Well, now, I'd like to know what we'll do next ?

DISMAL (*loudly, as he points gun at MUDGE.*) I tink you'd best put down dat dar blunt !

MUDGE (*alarmed, business of shaking from head to foot.*) Oh ! de millyonary !

DISMAL. You don't "down wid de dust !"

MUDGE *very slowly* lays down bag.

DISMAL. Quick time ! (*gun business.*)

MUDGE *more quickly* drops rug on bag.

DISMAL. Faster, or de slugs in dis will go hard wid you, sluggard.

MUDGE (*drops purse and pocket-book on the rug. About to go up left sulkily.*) Dar dey is.

DISMAL. Hold yer hosses ! I isn't done wid you yet. (*ferocious slap of the hand to the gun-stock.*)

MUDGE (*stops, crying.*) I neber did you no harm ! My lilly sister is crying for me ! Boohoo !

DISMAL. Stop your nonsense ! your hat's struck my fancy ! Put down dat 'ar hat !

MUDGE (*knocks his hat off and kicks it to centre.*) Hope you're sassagefried now !

DISMAL. No remarks ! (*grounds the gun, and assumes a haughty attitude.*) And de werry next time you come gunnin' roun' a man, look out dat he hain't got a Sharp ! G'out ! (*furious gesture.*)

MUDGE *jumps and runs off left upper end.*

DISMAL. (*laugh*) Ker-yah ! yah ! dis is a big scare on dat n'g ! (*holding gun in right hand, he picks up MUDGE's hat and, removing his, puts it on, and his on top of it.*) Dis is de way to make hat-ditions to de wardrobe ! (*picks up rug and lays it on right arm*) De way ob de transgressor am rugged. (*takes up bag and stuffs into it, then hangs bag on gun-barrel.*) How lubly ! dar's dis gun wid a bag-on-it now ! hee-hee ! (*takes up pocket-book, but finds that he has so loaded himself that, to put it away, he must lay down the gun—does so, and puts pocket-book in coat pocket.*)

JOE (*has entered, steps up stage left, and points to DISMAL—aside.*) Heyah's de ole man ag'in. What's he up to now? What's he up to now? Why—yah! he's got two wide-awakes on! he wasn't a bit too wide awake afore! Jimmy neddy! Look at him stowin' away de cash! Oh! (*comes down centre*) dis sort ob ting can't go on so. (*rushes at gun, seizes it, and, in his hurry, points the stock at DISMAL.*)

DISMAL (*starts, drops the rug, which unrolls, and gets twisted round his feet, and is alarmed*) Who's dat?

JOE. On'y me; I—I forgot somefin'!

DISMAL. (*laughs, half-reassured*) Oh! it's on'y dat good lilly honest boy—Why, Bobby, did you forget to tell me somefin'?

JOE. I forgot to tell you somefin.' Put down dem 'ar t'ings! (*reverses gun, and levels it at DISMAL.*)

DISMAL. Dis is conterary to de statutes—hayve a care, boy!

JOE. Dar'll be some stat-shoots in dis neighborhood if you don't drop dem t'ings. (*exaggerated pantomime of taking deadly aim.*)

DISMAL *drops purse, pocket-book and bag.*

JOE. Put down dem 'ar hats!

DISMAL. What a cap-ti-waiting way dis youth has! (*drops hats.*)

JOE. Stop! Take of dat 'ar coat.

DISMAL. What! remove my wrapper! Oh! dis ain't a nice way to undress an old man. (*coat off.*)

JOE. Put down that 'ar coat!

DISMAL (*drops coat, tearing it.*) "Dis was de rent the envious cask-o'-bear made!" (*rubs his eyes, going right.*)

MUDGE *enters left, making signs to JOE.*

JOE.

DISMAL.

MUDGE.

RIGHT.

CENTRE.

LEFT.

JOE (*starts. Aside.*) I thought it was a perliceman.

MUDGE (*unseen by DISMAL, comes to centre. Mysteriously aside to JOE.*) I say! 'sh! I say! (*JOE is embarrassed.*)

Hush! (*motions not to let DISMAL know*) 'tain't capped! (*holds out his finger and thumb as if he had a cap between them.* I'll go you halves!

JOE. *Comic business of his not understanding gunnery, passes the gun to MUDGE, centre.*

MUDGE *levels gun at JOE, who recedes to right front, and then at DISMAL, who recedes to left front. Then, to JOE* Take off dat ar' hat! (*JOE removes hat*) Put down dat 'ar hat! (*JOE flings hat to centre.*) Take off dat 'ar coat! (*JOE does so*) Put down dat ar' coat! (*JOE flings coat to centre.*) Now (*pointing gun alternately at JOE and DISMAL*) Boff of you get——

JOE *runs off right side.* DISMAL *runs off left side.*

MUDGE (*laughs.*) Poor martyrs ob dis clothes-mart! (*Half kneels, the gun between his legs, and picks up the coats, hats, &c.*) If dis old clothes business continues, I'll be able to hab a dash among de colored fokes. Heyah's a dressing-gown for de million! (*holds up coat*), (*piles up the articles on his arms, and the bag and pocket-book and hats in his hands.*)

Enter left upper end, DISMAL, coming down and across to centre front. Enter right upper end, JOE, to centre front.

MUDGE (*rises.*) Well, guess I'll go home to de ole woman! I'm pooty well perwided for de winter!

JOE and DISMAL (*reach centre from front together, grasp gun, and level it at MUDGE, crying together*) Drop dem 'ar t'ings!

MUDGE *lets all fall.*

JOE and DISMAL *lay down gun and pick up hats, &c.*

MUDGE *is going to pick up gun.*

JOE and DISMAL *drop articles and rush for gun. All three, each afraid the other will get it, start back. Great confusion, the coats, &c., flying about on all sides, while ASSISTANTS in the wings throw up hats and coats.*

CURTAIN.

THE NIMMERS.

ANONYMOUS.

Two foot companions once in deep discourse,
 "Tom," says the one—"let's go and steal a horse."
 "Steal!" says the other, in a huge surprise,
 "He that says I'm a thief—I say he lies."
 "Well, well," replies his friend—"no such affront,
 I did but ask ye—if you won't, you won't."
 So they jogg'd on—till, in another strain,
 The querist moved to honest Tom again;
 "Suppose," says he, "for supposition's sake—
 'Tis but a supposition that I make—
 Suppose that we should filch a horse, I say?"
 "Filch! filch!" quoth Tom, demurring by the way,
 "That's not so bad as downright theft—I own—
 But—yet—methinks—'twere better let alone:
 It soundeth something pitiful and low;
 Shall we go filch a horse? you say,—why, no—
 I'll filch no filching;—and I'll tell no lie;
 Honesty's the best policy—say I."
 Struck with such vast integrity quite dumb,
 His comrade paus'd—at last, says he—"Come, come,
 Thou art an honest fellow—I agree—
 Honest and poor:—alas! that should not be:
 And dry into the bargain—and no drink!
 Shall we go nim a horse, Tom—what dost think?"
 How clear things are when liquor's in the case!
 Tom answers quick, with casuistic grace,
 "Nim! yes, yes, yes, let's nim with all my heart,
 I see no harm in nimming, for my part;
 Hard is the case, now I look sharp into't,
 That honesty should trudge i'th' dirt a-foot;
 So many empty horses round about.
 That honesty should wear its bottom out;
 Besides—shall honesty be choked with thirst?
 Were it my lord-mayor's horse—I'd nim it first.
 And by-the-by, my lad—no scrubby tit—
 There is the best that ever wore a bit

Not far from hence"—"I take ye," quoth his friend,
"Is not yon stable, Tom, our journey's end?"
Good wits will jump—both meant the very steed ;
The top o' th' country both for shape and speed :
So to't they went—and, with an halter round
His feather'd neck, they nimm'd him off the ground.
And now, good people, we shall next relate
Of these adventurers the luckless fate :
Poor Tom!—but here the sequel is to seek,
Not being yet translated from the Greek :
Some say that Tom would honestly have peach'd,
But by his babbling friend was overreach'd ;
Others insist upon't that both the elves
Were, in like manner, halter nimm'd themselves,
It matters not—the moral is the thing.
For which our purpose, neighbors, was to sing.
If it should hit some few amongst the throng,
Let 'em not lay the fault upon the song.
Fair warning all ; he that has got a cap
Now put it on—or else beware a rap :
'Tis but a short one, it is true, but yet
'T has a long reach with it—videlicet,
'Twixt right and wrong, how many gentle trimmers
Will neither steal, nor filch, but will be plaguy nimmers!

GUCOM, AND THE BACK-LOG.

HALIBURTON.

'SQUIRE PELEG SANDFORD and all his family were all of them the most awful passionate folks that ever lived, when they chose ; and then they could keep in their temper, and be as cool as cucumbers. One night old Peleg, as he was called, told his son Gucum, a boy of fourteen years old, to go and bring in a back-log for the fire. Back-log, you know, 'Squire, in a wood-fire, is always the biggest stick that one can find or carry. It takes a stout junk of a boy to lift one.

Well, as soon as Gucom goes to fetch the log, the old 'Squire drags forward the coals, and fixes the fire so as to leave a bed for it, and stands by, ready to fit it in its place. Presently in comes Gucom with a little cut-stick, no bigger than his leg, and throws it on. Uncle Peleg got so mad, he never said a word, but just seized his riding-whip, and gave him an awful whippin'. He tanned his hide properly for him, you may depend.

"Now," says he, "go, sir, and bring in a proper back-log."

Gucom was clear grit as well as the old man, for he was a chip of the old block, and no mistake; so out he goes without so much as sayin' a word, but instead of goin' to the wood-pile, he walks off altogether, and stayed away eight years, till he was one-and-twenty and his own master. Well, as soon as he was a man grown, and lawfully on his own hook, he took it in his head one day he'd go home and see his father and mother agin, and show them that he was alive and kicking; for they didn't know whether he was dead or not, never havin' heard of or from him one blessed word all that time. When he arrived at the old house, daylight was down, and the lights lit, and as he passed the keepin' room winder, he looked in, and there was the old 'Squire sittin' in the chair he was in eight years afore, when he ordered in the back-log, and gave him such an unmerciful whippin'. So what does Gucom do but stop at the wood-pile, and pick up a most hugaceous log, (for he had grow'd to be a whappin' big fellow then,) and openin' the door, marches in and lays it down upon the hearth, and then lookin' up, says he—

"Father, I've brought you in the back-log."

Uncle Peleg was struck up all of a heap; he couldn't believe his own eyes, that the six-footer was the boy he had cowed, and he couldn't believe his own ears when he heard him call him father; a man from the grave wouldn't have surprised him more; he was quite onfakalized and bedumbed for a minute. But he came too right off, and iced down to a freezin' point in no time.

"What did you say?" said he.

"That I have brought you in the back-log, sir, you sent me out for."

"Well then, you've been an amazin' long time a fetchin' it," said he, "that's all I can say. Draw the coals forward, put it on, and then go to bed."

Now that's a fact, Squire; I know the parties myself, and that's what I do call coolness, and no mistake!

THE WIDOW'S MISTAKE.

WHITCHER.

ADAPTED FROM "THE WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS."

Characters.

MR. CRANE—*A Widower.*

WIDOW BEDOTT—*A Village Gossip, anxious to get married.*

*MELLISSY—*Her Daughter.*

SCENE—*Parlor in a Country House. The widow and Mr. Crane seated at a table. Crane's hat on the table.*

WIDOW. "O' no, Mr. Crane, by no manner o' means t'ain't a minnit tew soon for you to begin to talk about git-tin' married agin. I am amazed you should be afeerd I'd think so. See—how long's Miss Crane ben dead? Six months!—land o' Goshen!—why I've know'd a number of individdiuals get married in less time than that.

There's Phil Bennett's widder t' I was a talkin' about jest now—she't was Louisy Perce—her husband hadn't been dead but *three* months, you know. I don't think it looks well for a *woman* to be in such a hurry—but for a *man* it's a different thing—circumstances alters cases, you know. And then, sittiwated as you be, Mr. Crane, it's a turrible thing for your family to be without a head to superintend the domestic consarns and tend to the children—to say noth-

* The character of Mellissy can easily, by a little arrangement, be left out.

in' o' yerself, Mr. Crane. You dew need a companion, and no mistake. Six months! Good grievous! Why Squire Titus didnt wait but *six weeks* arter he buried his fust wife afore he married his second. I thought ther wa'n't no partickler need o' his hurryin' so, seein' his family was all growed up. Such a critter as he pickt out, tew! t'was very onsuitable—but every man to his taste. I hain't no dispersition to meddle with nobody's consarns. There's old farmer Dawson, tew—his pardner hain't been dead but tew months. To be sure he ain't married yet—but he would a ben long enough ago if somebody I know on'd gin him any incurridgement. But tain't for me to speak o' that matter. He's a clever old critter, and as rich as a Jew—but—lawful sakes! he's old enough to be my father. And——”

MR. CRANE. “Well widder—I've been thinking about taking a companion—and I thought I'd ask you——”

WIDOW. “O, Mr. Crane, egscuse my commotion—it's so onexpected. Jest hand me that are bottle o' camfire off the mantletry shelf—I'm ruther faint—dew put a little mite on my handkercher and hold it to my nuz. There—that'll dew—I'm obleeged tew ye—now I'm rather more composed—you may perceed, Mr. Crane.”

MR. CRANE. “Well widder, I was agoing to ask you whether—whether ”——

WIDOW. “Continner, Mr. Crane—dew—I know it's turrible embarrisin'. I remember when my dezeased husband made his suppositions to me, he stammered and stuttered, and was so awfully flustered it did seem as if he'd never git it out in the world, and I s'pose it's ginerally the case, at least it has been with all them that's made suppositions to me—you see they're ginerally oncerting about what kind of an anser they're agwine to git, and it kind o' makes 'em narvous. But when an andividdiwal has reason to s'pose his 'tachment's reciperrated, I don't see what need there is o' his bein' frustrated—tho' I must say it's quite embarrassin' to me—pray continner.”

MR. CRANE. "Well then, I want to know if you're willing I should have Mellissy."

WIDOW (*starting with dismay and disappointment.*) "The Dragon!"

MR. CRANE (*without noticing the widow's excitement.*) "I hain't said anything to her about it yet — thought the proper way was to get your consent first. I remember when I courted Trypheny we were engaged some time before mother Kenipe knew anything about it, and when she found it out, she was quite put out because I didnt go to her first. So when I made up my mind about Mellissy, thinks I, I'll dew it right this time, and speak to the old woman first."

WIDOW, (*jumping up, unable to contain her passion.*) "Old woman, hey! that's a purty name to call me! — amazing perlite tew! Want Mellissy, hey! Tribbleation! Gracious sakes alive! Well, I'll give it up now! I always know'd you was a simpleton, Tim Crane, but I must confess (*sneering very spitefully*) I didnt think you was *quite* so big a full—want Mellissy, dew ye? If that don't beat all! What an everlasting old calf you must be to s'pose she'd *look at you*. Why you're old enough to be her father, and more tew—Mellissy ain't only in her twenty oneth year—(*laughing derisively*). What a reedickilous idee for a man o' your age! as gray as a rat tew! I wonder what this world is a comin' tew! 'tis astonishin' what fools old widiwers will make of themselves!—Have Mellissy!—Melissy!"

MR. CRANE (*deprecatingly.*) "Why, Widder, you surprise me; I'd no idee of being treated in this way after you'd bin so polite to me, and made such a fuss over me and the girls."

WIDOW. "Shet yer head, Tim Crane; nun o' yer sass to me. *There's* yer hat on that are table, and *here's* the door—and the sooner you put on one and march out o' t' other, the better it'll be for you—and I advise you, afore you try to git married agin, to go out West and see 'f your wife's cold—and arter ye're satisfied on that point, jest put a little

lampblack on yer hair—'twould add to yer appearance on-doubtedly, and be of service tew you when you want to flourish round among the gals—and when ye've got yer hair fixt, jest splinter the spine o' yer back—'twouldent hurt yer looks a mite—you'd be intirely unresistible if you was a leetle grain straiter."

MR. CRANE (*almost speechless with astonishment.*) "Well, I never!—

WIDOW (*with increased anger.*) "Hold yer tongue—you consarned old coot you! I tell ye *there's* yer hat and *there's* the door—be off with yerself, quick metre—or I'll give ye a hyst with the broomstick."

MR. CRANE. "Gimmeni!"

WIDOW. "Git out, I say—I ain't a gwine to stan here and be insulted under my own ruff—git along—and if ever you darken my door agin, or say a word to Mellissy, it'll be the wuss for you—that's all."

MR. CRANE (*rising and backing out.*) "Treemenjious! What a buster!"

WIDOW. Go 'long—go 'long—go 'long, you everlastin' old gum. I won't hear another word (*stops her ears and stamps with rage.*) "I won't, I won't, I won't"—(*Exit Mr. Crane—enter Mellissy.*)

MELISSY. Why mother! what's the matter?

WIDOW. Matter!—Pity yer didn't stay till mornin'! Purty bizness keepin' me up here so late waitin' for you—when I'm eny most tired to death iornin' and workin' like a slave all day—ought to ben abed an hour ago.

MELISSY (*slyly.*) Well! I guess you can't have been waitin' *very* long for me. I saw Mr. Crane leave just as I came in, and I s'pose you don't think *his* company *very* disagreeable, do you—mother?

WIDOW. Thought you found me with agreeable company, hey? I should like to know what arthly reason you had to s'pose old Crane's was agreeable to me. I always dispised the critter—always thought he was a turrible fool—and now

I'm convinced on't. I'm completely dizgusted with him—and I let him know it to-night. I gin him a piece o' my mind 't I guess he'll be apt to remember for a spell. I ruther think he went off with a flea in his ear. Why—did ye ever hear o' such a piece of audacity in all yer born days?—for *him*,—*Tim Crane*—to durst to 'spire to my hand—*me*—the widder o' deacon Bedott! jest as if *I'd* condescend to look at *him*—the old numskull! He don't know B from a broomstick; but if he'd stayed much longer, I'd a teach't him the difference, I guess. He's got his *walkin' ticket* now—I hope he'll lemme alone in futur. And now, Mellissy Bedott, you ain't to have nothin' more to dew with them Crane gals,—d'ye hear? you ain't to 'sociate with 'em at all arter this—'t' would only be'ncurridgin' the old man to come a pesterin' me agin—and I won't have him round—d'ye hear! (*indignantly*)—*him*, indeed!

MELLISSY. Well! mother, let's go to bed, I'm sleepy—(*yawns and exit.*)

CATEGORICAL COURTSHIP.

ANONYMOUS.

THUS I sat one night by a blue-eyed girl,
 The fire was out, and so, too, was her mother:
 A feeble flame around the lamp did curl,
 Making faint shadows, blending in each other:
 'Twas nearly twelve o'clock, too, in November;
 She had a shawl on, also, I remember.

Well, I had been to see her every night
 For thirteen days, and had a sneaking notion
 To pop the question, thinking all was right,
 And once or twice had made an awkward motion
 To take her hand, and stammer'd cough'd and, stutter'd;
 But somehow, nothing to the point had utter'd.

I thought this chance too good now to be lost ;
I hitch'd my chair up pretty close beside her,
Drew a long breath, and then my legs I cross'd,
Bent over, sighed and for five minutes eyed her ;
She look'd as if she knew what next was coming,
And with her feet upon the floor was drumming.

I didn't know how to begin, or where—
I couldn't speak—the words were always choking ;
I scarce could move—I seem'd tied to the chair—
I hardly breathed—'twas awfully provoking !
The perspiration from each pore came oozing,
My heart, and brain, and limbs their power seem'd losing.

At length I saw a brindle tabby cat
Walk purring up, inviting me to pat her ;
An idea came, electric-like, at that—
My doubts, like summer clouds began to scatter
I seized on tabby, though a scratch she gave me,
And said, "Come, Puss, ask Mary if she'll have me."

'Twas done at once—the murder now was out !
The thing was all explained in half a minute ;
She blush'd, and turning pussy-cat about,
Said, "Pussy, tell him 'yes ;'" her foot was in it.
The cat had thus saved me my category,
And here's the catastrophe of my story.

MR. ARTEMUS WARD CROSSING DIXIE'S LINE.

BROWNE.

THE train of cars in which I was to trust my walerable life was the scaliest, rickyttest lookin lot of consarns that I ever saw on wheels afore. "What time does this string of second-hand coffins leave?" I inquired of the depot master. He said direckly, and I went in and sot down. I hadn't more'n fairly squattered afore a dark-lookin man

with a swinister expression on his countenance entered the cars, and lookin very sharp at me, he axed me what was my principles ?

“Sesesh !” I answered, “I’m a Dissoluter. I’m in favor of Jeff. Davis, Bowregard, Pickens, Capt. Kidd, Bloobear, Monro Edwards, the devil, Mrs. Cunningham, and all the rest of ’em.”

“You’re in favor of the war ?”

“Certingly. By all means. I’m in favor of this war, and also of the next war. I’ve been in favor of the next war for over sixteen years.”

At the first station a troop of sojers entered the cars and inquired if “Old Wax Works” was on board. That was the disrespectful stile in which they referred to me. “Becawze if ‘Old Wax Works is on board,’ sez a man with a face like a double-brested lobster, ‘we’re going to hang Old Wax Works !”

“My illustrious and patriotic Bummers !” sez I, agittin up and takin orf my shappo, “if you allude to A. Ward, it’s my pleasin dooty to inform you that he’s ded. He saw the error of his ways at 15 minits past two yesterday, and stabbed hissself with a sled-stake, dying in five beautiful tabloos to slow music.”

“And who be you ?”

“I’m a stoodent in Senator Benjamin’s law-offis. I’m going up North to steal some spoons and things for the Southern army.” This was satisfactory, and the intossicated troopers went orf.

At the next station I didn’t get orf so easy, I was dragged out of the cars, and rolled in the mud for several minits, for the purpose of “taking the conseet out of me,” as Sesesheser kindly stated.

I was let up finally, when a powerful large Sesesheser came up and embraced me, and to show that he had no hard feelin’s agin me, put his nose into my mouth. I returned the compliment by placin’ my stummick suddenly agin his

right foot, when he kindly made a spittoon of his able-bodied face. Actooated by a desire to see whether the Sesesher had been vaxinated, I then fastened my teeth onto his left sleeve, and tore it to the shoulder. We then vilently bunted our heads together for a few minits, danced round a little, and sot down in a mud-puddle. We riz to our feet agin, and by a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Sesesher's fist. We then rushed into each other's arms, and fell under a two-hoss wagon. I riz, and we embraced agin. We then careered madly to a steep bank, when I got the upper hands of my antagonist, and threw him into the raveen. He fell about 40 ft., striking a grindstone pretty hard. I understood he was injured. I havn't heard from the grindstone. A man in a cockt hat then cum up, and sed he felt as though an apology was due to me. The crowd had taken me for another man.

I was rid on a rale the next day, a bunch of blazin fire crackers bein tied to my coat tales. It was a fine spectycal in a dramatic pint of view, but I didn't enjoy it. I had other adventurs of a startlin kind, but why continuer? why lasserate the public boozum with these here things? Suffysit to say I got across Mason and Dixie's line safe at larst.

MY LAST SHIRT.

ANONYMOUS.

I HAVE watch'd thee with rapture, and dwelt on thy charms,
 As link'd in Love's fetters, we wandered each day;
 And each night I have sought a new life in thy arms,
 And sigh'd that our union could last not for aye.

But thy life now depends on a frail silken thread,
 Which I even by kindness may cruelly sever,
 And I look to the moment of parting with dread,
 For I feel that in parting I lose thee forever.

Sole being that cherish'd my poor troubled heart !

Thou know'st all its secrets—each joy and each grief ;
And in sharing them all thou did'st ever impart
To its sorrows a gentle and soothing relief.

The last of a long and affectionate race,

As thy days are declining I love thee the more,
For I feel that thy loss I can never replace—
That thy death will but leave me to weep and deplore.

Unchanged, thou shalt live in the mem'ry of years,
I cannot—I will not—forget what thou wert !

While the thoughts of thy love as they call forth my tears.
In fancy will wash thee once more—MY LAST SHIRT.



THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

BYRON.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand ;
“Hark ye,” said he, “’tis an odd story this,
About the crows !”—“I don’t know what it is,”
Replied his friend—“No ! I’m surprised at that ;
Where I come from, it is the common chat :
But you shall hear : an odd affair indeed !
And that it happened, they are all agreed :
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from ’Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows.”
“Impossible !”—“Nay, but it’s really true
I had it from good hands, and so may you.”
“From whose, I pray ?” So having named the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
“Sir, did you tell”—relating the affair—
“Yes, sir, I did ; and if it’s worth your care
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me ;
But, by the by, ’twas two black crows, not three.”

Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
 Whip to the third, the virtuoso went.
 "Sir,"—and so forth—"Why, yes ; the thing is fact,
 Though in regard to number not exact ;
 It was not two black crows, 'twas only one ;
 The truth of that you may depend upon.
 The gentleman himself told me the case."
 "Where may I find him?" "Why,—in such a place."
 Away he goes, and having found him out,—
 "Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
 Then to his last informant he referred,
 And begged to know if true what he had heard.
 "Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?" "Not I!"
 "Bless me ! how people propagate a lie !
 Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,
 And here I find at last all comes to none !
 Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"
 "Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recall
 The matter over." "And pray, sir, what was't?"
 "Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last,
 I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
 Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

ANONYMOUS.

Characters.

JONES, *a respectable middle aged gentleman.*

OILY, *a fashionable barber.*

SCENE.—*A Barber's Shop. Barber's men engaged in cutting hair, making wigs, and other barberesque operations.*

Enter JONES, meeting OILY, the barber.

JONES. I wish my hair cut.

OILY. Pray, sir, take a seat.

OILY *puts a chair for JONES, who sits. During the following dialogue OILY continues cutting JONES's hair.*

OILY. We've had much wet, sir.

JONES. Very much, indeed.

OILY. And yet November's early days were fine.

JONES. They were.

OILY. I hoped fair weather might have lasted us
Until the end.

JONES. At one time—so did I.

OILY. But we have had it very wet.

JONES. We have.

[A pause of some minutes.]

OILY. I know not, sir, who cut your hair last time :
But this I say, sir, it was badly cut :
No doubt 'twas in the country.

JONES. No ; in town !

OILY. Indeed ! I should have fancied otherwise.

JONES. 'Twas cut in town—and in this very room.

OILY. Amazement !—but I now remember well.
We had an awkward, new, unpracticed hand,
A fellow from the country. Sir, he did
More damage to my business in a week
Than all my skill can in a year repair.
He must have cut your hair.

JONES (*looking at him*). No—'twas yourself.

OILY. Myself ! Impossible ! You must mistake.

JONES. I don't mistake—'twas you that cut my hair.

A long pause, interrupted only by the clipping of the scissors.

OILY. Your hair is very dry, sir.

JONES. Oh ! indeed.

OILY. Our Vegetable Extract moistens it.

JONES. I like it dry.

OILY. But sir, the hair when dry
Turns quickly gray.

JONES. That color I prefer.

OILY. But hair, when gray, will rapidly fall off,
And baldness will ensue.

JONES. I would be bald.

OILY. Perhaps you mean to say you'd like a wig.—

We've wigs so natural they can't be told
From real hair.

JONES. Deception I detest.

Another pause ensues, during which OILY blows down JONES's neck, and relieves him from the linen wrapper in which he has been enveloped during the process of hair-cutting.

OILY. We've brushes, soaps, and scent, of every kind.

JONES. I see you have. (*Pays 25 cents.*) I think you'll find that right.

OILY. If there is nothing I can show you, sir?

JONES. No : nothing. Yet, there may be something, too, That you may show me.

OILY. Name it, sir.

JONES. The door.

(*Exit JONES.*)

OILY (*to his man.*) That's a queer customer at any rate.
Had I cut him as short as he cut me,
How little hair upon his head would be !
But if kind friends will all our pains requite,
We'll hope for better luck another night.

(*Shop-bell rings and curtain falls.*)

PADDY O'RAFTHER.

LOVER.

PADDY, in want of a dinner one day,
Credit all gone, and no money to pay,
Stole from the priest a fat pullet, they say,

And went to confession just after ;

"Your riv'rince," says Paddy, "I stole this fat hen.

"What, what !" says the priest, "at your owld thricks again ?

Faith, you'd rather be stealin' than sayin' amen,

Paddy O'Rafter !"

"Sure you wouldn't be angry," says Pat, "if you knew
That the best of intintions I had in my view,
For I stole it to make it a present to you,

And you can absolve me after."

"Do you think," says the priest, "I'd partake of your theft ?

Of your seven small senses you must be bereft—
 You're the biggest blackguard that I know, right or left,
 Paddy O'Raffther !"

"Then what shall I do with the pullet," says Pat,
 "If your riv'rince won't take it?—By this and by that
 I don't know no more than a dog nor a cat

What your riv'rince would have me be after."

"Why then," says his rev'rence, "you sin-blinded owl,
 Give back to the man that you stole from, his fowl,
 For if you do not, 'twill be worse for your sowl,

Paddy O'Raffther !"

Says Paddy, "I asked him to take it—'tis thrue
 As this minit I'm talkin', your riv'rince, to you ;
 But he wouldn't resaive it—so what can I do?"

Says Paddy, nigh chokin' with laughter.

"By my throth," says the priest, "but the case is absthurse ;
 If he won't take his hen, why the man is a goose—
 'Tis not the first time my advice was no use,

Paddy O'Raffther !"

"But for the sake of your sowl, I would sthrongly advise
 To some one in want you would give your supplies,
 Some widow, or orphan, with tears in their eyes,

And then you may come to me after."

So Paddy went off to the brisk Widow Hoy,
 And the pullet, between them, was eaten with joy,
 And, says she, "'Pon my word you're the cleverest boy,
 Paddy O'Raffther !"

Then Paddy went back to the priest, the next day,
 And told him the fowl he had given away
 To a poor lonely widow, in want and dismay,

The loss of her spouse weeping after.

"Well, now," says the priest, "I'll absolve you, my lad,
 For repentantly making the best of the bad,
 In feeding the hungry and cheering the sad,

'Paddy O'Raffther !"

DECIDEDLY COOL.

JERROLD.

Characters.

MR. BARKINS—an elderly gentleman.

PLUMPER—a man about town.

WIGGINS—a chambermaid.

SCENE—*Drawing Room in MR. BARKINS's House; portrait over fireplace; pictures hanging on walls; sofa, card tables, decanter and two wine glasses upon a small table; arm chair; four chairs; fire-stand with shovel and poker; carpet down; room elegantly furnished; knock heard without.*

Enter WIGGINS, followed by PLUMPER.

WIG. What name shall I say, please, sir?

PLUM. My name, did you say? O, your master doesn't know my name. I say, you don't keep the stairs very clean in this establishment, Susan; your name is Susan, of course? Yes, you look like a Susan—deused ugly name! (*Puts his hat up on the table.*)

WIG. La, sir! my name's Mary Wiggins.

PLUM. No, it isn't! I know better, I tell you, and there's no deceiving me—it's Susan! Pugh! how close this house smells!—hang it, let's open the window! (*Opens window.*)

WIG. (*aside.*) Well, he makes himself at home; I suppose he's a poor relation.

PLUM. (*throws himself on sofa, and casts away the anti-macassar that covered the head of it.*) Hang these rags! Why the deuse does Mrs. Barkins put these stupid things here? It's a very bad compliment to the heads of your friends, or the heads of the family. By the by, speaking of the heads of the family, how is Mrs. Barkins?

WIG. There is no Mrs. Barkins, sir; my missis is Miss Honiton. (*crosses.*)

PLUM. Barkins senior!—Barkins senior!

WIG. O sir! she's master's niece, I assure you.

PLUM. Who said she wasn't? Hang it, how sharp the women are getting! Well, Susan—for I know it is Susan—tell your master a gentleman wishes to see him.

WIG. Very well, sir!—(*aside.*) Say, a gentleman!—a gentleman—well, I hope I may be forgiven! (*Exit.*)

PLUM. Humph! I wonder what old Barkins is like! Let me see, what can I tell the old boy about Barkins junior? for of course they're relations—yes, they must be—happily the name's not common. I only saw young Barkins for about a couple of hours on board the Rhine boat—that was quite enough—only got at his name by catching it on his cigar case, when he offered me a weed. Well, I suppose I must flatter the old boy. I think *my* old governor will be pleased to see me. He sent me abroad to get rid of an inveterate modesty that threatened to ruin my prospects in life, and I flatter myself I have benefited by my journey, though I think I'm still a little spoony—a little bashful at times; but I'll shake it all off, I'm determined. (*Looks round the room.*) Well, I can't compliment old Barkins upon having an eye for the picturesque, certainly not; for the arrangement of this room is most offensively tasteless. Hang it! those card tables should be *vis-à-vis* (*moves them,*) and this sofa shouldn't be here. (*Moves it across stage.*) There, there, that's a little better! And these pictures, too—Barkins! Barkins! you are sadly wanting in artistic feeling! (*Transposes pictures.*) Ah! that's Barkins, of course, over the mantel-piece! Poor fellow! how plain!—in pity, we must put him in a less conspicuous position. (*Wheels table to fireplace, and gets upon table, reaches picture down, and has it in his hands, when*)

Enter BARKINS, who stands looking at him with amazement for some moments; PLUMPER silently compares the portrait he holds in his hand with the original.

It's very like—exceedingly like. The hair is handled with a dexterity worthy of Truefit, and the hands have a delicacy of tint—it's a pity they're so large—that sets the very best almond soap at defiance. Really, Mr. Barkins, you have a masterpiece here. I should say, by the cloudy background, and the artistic light thrown upon the buttons—a masterpiece by—Buggins.

BAR. Sir, I am lost in astonishment at the marvellous coolness of this intrusion.

PLUM. (*aside.*) I'm thankful for that—he doesn't think me bashful.

BAR. Come down, sir.

PLUM. You don't suppose I'm going to stop here all day. (*gets down and advances.*) Don't be in a hurry—first let me put this table in its place.

BAR. Sir!

PLUM. Let's proceed in the usual way. Mr. Barkins, I believe? (*bowing.*)

BAR. Sir, I am——

PLUM. Don't irritate yourself, old Barkins; that is to say, Mr. Barkins senior.

BAR. Sir, I am a man of business!

PLUM. That's a pity; they wouldn't admit you into my club, if I were to propose you.

BAR. How dare you, sir, meddle with the arrangement of my rooms—misplace my pictures?

PLUM. (*throwing himself into arm chair.*) Precisely so—I thought as much—just the way of the world again! Now, attend to me for one moment, Barkins—we're not old friends; but we intend to be.

BAR. (*aside.*) Cool, upon my word! (*sits.*)

PLUM. So I'll speak to you plainly: there's nothing like beginning as we mean to go on. Well, it's very clear, though, for aught I know to the contrary, you *may*, I say *may* be an honest man.

BAR. Sir!

PLUM. It's very plain you've not the remotest pretension to taste.

BAR. Upon my word, sir!

PLUM. (*coolly.*) It's no fault of yours. Some people are born idiots; others with an extraordinary amount of intellect; others, again, with very limited capacities; whilst some few are gifted from their birth with talents and perceptions which must ever remain a mystery to meaner

mortals. *Now* are we beginning to understand one another, Barkins senior?

BAR. Sir, I've told you before, and I must repeat it now, that I am a man of the world, and ——

PLUM. I beg your pardon; but you never said anything of the kind.

BAR. When I first came in, I told you I was a man of the world.

PLUM. I beg pardon; I have a most retentive memory, and I'll take my oath you never said anything of the kind.

BAR. I said I was a man of business.

PLUM. That's a different thing altogether.

BAR. Well, sir, a man of business, or a man of the world; it's all the same.

PLUM. No, sir! a man of business is not a man of the world; how many men of the world are not men of business! It won't do; it won't hold water.

BAR. Well, then, I'm a man of the world, and ——

PLUM. Very well. Now, then I'll remark upon it. Sorry to hear it, Barkins, sorry to hear it! What is your man of the world? A fellow who has got a list of its weaknesses and vices at his tongue's end, who looks askant at his neighbor, and thinks everybody, with the single exception of himself, either a flourishing pickpocket or a returned convict. O! you're a man of the world, are you? You know all its dirty corners and dark alleys—you think everybody and everything bad, and I dare be sworn, won't allow there's a bright side to the moon! I'm sorry for you, Barkins senior; but we must reform you.

BAR. Thank you, Mr. ——. May I, since you are so communicative and complimentary, beg the favor of your name?

PLUM. With great pleasure! My name is Horatio, George, Brummel, William, Wolfgang, Thomas Plumper, of Howqua Park, near Tee Green, Yorkshire.

BAR. Your godfathers were fertile in names, Mr. Plumper.

PLUM. Yes, I must confess they did the handsome thing. You see, when I was a child, only a few weeks old, I gave signs of great genius; and as it was difficult to determine the particular bent of it, my friends, with a foresight that cannot be too keenly admired, called me Horatio, thinking that I might rival Nelson in personal courage—George, in the hope that I might be the second finest gentleman in Europe—Brummel, in the belief that I should display unequalled taste in adorning a not insignificant person—William, in the hope that I might one day stand side by side with Shakspeare—Wolfgang, from my unmistakable promise of becoming a second Mozart—and, finally, Thomas, after the immortal Lawrence; and, as you will have perceived by my criticism on your excellent portrait, and the artistic arrangement of your apartment, my final cognomen is not altogether inappropriate. But I am a modest man, sir; and setting aside George, Brummel, William, Wolfgang, and Thomas, as something to fall back upon, I content myself with Horatio G. B. W. W. T. Plumper, Esquire, at your service!

BAR. Well, sir, having learned—that is to say, *heard*, for it would take a fortnight's study to *learn*—your name —

PLUM. Ha, ha, ha!—that's very neat!

BAR. May I be so bold —

PLUM. Ha, ha, ha!—very good!

BAR. Don't interrupt me, sir!

PLUM. Well, if you will say good things, I must laugh at them.

BAR. May I be so bold, in my own house and on my own Brussels, as to ask the purpose of your visit?

PLUM. Brussels? I thought it was Kidderminster! No—a bad Brussels! (*Examining it.*) I could get you a good serviceable one of *this* description, at about three shillings per yard.

BAR. This is impertinence, sir, which —

PLUM. Impertinence? Nonsense!—aren't you a man of the world? Besides, everything is so new to me here in

England, since I've been away on the Rhine, and through Germany —

BAR. (*interrupting him.*) I am charmed, sir, with your amiable condescension, and refreshing modesty, but permit me to observe that your cheerful society is a luxury which I feel I neither deserve nor desire, and must therefore dispense with, (*showing him the door.*) Mr. Horatio, George, Brummel, William, Wolfgang, Thomas Plumper, of Howqua Park, you will confer an especial favor upon the humble proprietor of these premises by putting yourself and your foreign airs upon the outside of this house as soon as you can make it convenient.

PLUM. Ah, yes; ha, ha, ha! I see. Well, if you don't know when you have a good thing, I pity you. A man at you time of life —

BAR. My time of life, sir!

PLUM. I didn't say *what* time of life, whether twenty, or forty, or sixty—I simply said, “your time of life.” If age be a weak point with you, let's drop the subject. Come, Barkins senior, we musn't quarrel; we're not old friends.

BAR. (*in a rage.*) Leave my house, sir, or I will call for the Police.

PLUM. Well, old boy, I forgive you, and to show that I bear you no malice, I will drink your health. (*PLUMPER goes to table, pours out a glass of wine, and tosses it off.*) Ha! that's by no means a bad glass of wine; a little doctored, perhaps, but as sherries go, a very passable wine! Come, take a glass, Barkins; it won't hurt you. (*Offers glass.*)

BAR. This fellow will drive me mad. (*Rushes to the window.*) Police! Police!

PLUM. (*taking up his hat.*) Good-by, my highly respected, elderly friend, I have already wasted too much of my sweetness upon the desert air. If you are insensible to the fascinations of my society, I pity you, that's all. Good-by, old boy. Give my love to Susan. (*Exit, followed by BARKINS, in a towering passion.*)

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE RATS.

ANONYMOUS.

A FRENCHMAN once, who was a merry wight,
Passing to town from Dover in the night,
Near the road-side an ale-house chanced to spy ;
And being rather tired as well as dry,
Resolved to enter ; but first he took a peep,
In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.
He enters : “ Hallo ! Garçon, if you please,
Bring me a leetle bread and cheese.
And hallo ! Garçon, a pot of portar, too ! ” he said,
“ Vich I shall take, and den myself to bed.”

His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left,
Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,
Into his pocket put ; then slowly crept
To wished-for bed ; but not a wink he slept—
For, on the floor some sacks of flour were laid,
To which the rats a nightly visit paid.

Our hero, now undressed, popped out the light,
Put on his cap, and bade the world good-night ;
But first his breeches, which contained the fare,
Under his pillow he had placed with care.

Sans cérémonie soon the rats all ran,
And on the flour-sacks greedily began ;
At which they gorged themselves ; then smelling round,
Under the pillow soon the cheese they found ;
And while at this they regaling sat,
Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman’s nap ;
Who, half awake, cries out, “ Hallo ! hallo !
Vat is dat nibbel at my pillow so ?
Ah ! ’tis one big huge rat !
Vat de diable is it he nibbel, nibbel at ? ”

In vain our little hero sought repose ;
Sometimes the vermin galloped o’er his nose ;
And such the pranks they kept up all the night
That he, on end antipodes upright,
Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.
“ Hallo ! Maison ! Garçon, I say !
Bring me the bill for vat I have to pay ! ”

The bill was brought, and to his great surprise,
 Ten shillings was the charge, he scarce believes his eyes ;
 With eager haste he runs it o'er,
 And every time he viewed it thought it more.
 Vy zounds, and zounds !" he cries, " I sall no pay ;
 Vat, charge ten shelangs for vat I have mangé ?
 A leetle sup of portar, dis vile bed
 Vare all de rats do run about my head ?"
 " Plague on those rats !" the landlord muttered out :
 " I wish, upon my word, that I could make 'em scout ;
 I'll pay him well that can." " Vat's dat you say ?"
 " I'll pay him well that can." " Attend to me, I pray ;
 Vill you dis charge forego, vat I am at,
 If from your house I drive away de rat ?"
 With all my heart," the jolly host replies,
 " Ecoutez done, ami ;" the Frenchman cries.
 " First, den—Regardez, if you please,
 Bring to this spot a leetal bread and cheese
 Eh bien ! a pot of portar, too ;
 And den invite de rats to sup vid you.
 And after dat—no matter dey be villing—
 For vat dey eat, you charge dem just ten shelang.
 And I am sure, ven dey behold de score,
 Dey'll quit your house, and never come no more."

THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

SMITH.

ONE of the kings of Scanderoon,
 A Royal Jester,
 Had in his train a gross buffoon,
 Who used to pester
 The Court with tricks inopportune,
 Venting on the highest folks his
 Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
 Which wholesome rule
 Occurred not to our jackanapes,

Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seemed to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure,
Incurr'd the desperate displeasure

Of his serene and raging Highness :
Whether he twitch'd his most revered
And sacred beard,

Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the Seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,

None knows :—his sin was an occult one ;
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,

Exclaim'd : “ 'Tis time to stop that breath.
Thy doom is seal'd :—presumptuous slave !
Thou stand'st condemn'd to certain death.

Silence, base rebel !—no replying !—

But such is my indulgence still,
That, of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying.”

“Thy royal will be done—'tis just,”
Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust ;

“Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your majesty's humane decree
Has deign'd to leave the choice to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age !”

KINDRED QUACKS.

ANONYMOUS.

I OVERHEARD two matrons grave, allied by close affinity
(The name of one was Physic, and the other's was Divinity,)
As they put their groans together, both so doleful and lugubrious :
Says Physic, “To unload the heart of grief, ma'am, is salubrious :

Here am I, at my time of life, in this year of our deliverance ;
My age gives me a right to look for some esteem and reverence.
But ma'am, I feel it is too true what everybody says to me,—
Too many of my children are a shame and a disgrace to me."

"Ah?" says Divinity, "my heart can suffer with another, ma'am ;
I am sure I can well understand your feelings as a mother, ma'am.
I've some, as well,—no doubt but what you're perfectly aware
on't, ma'm."

Whose doings bring derision and discredit on their parent,
ma'am."

"There are boys of mine," says Physic, "ma'am, such silly fan-
cies nourishing

As curing gout and stomach-ache by pawing and by flourishing."

"Well," says Divinity, "I've those that teach that Heaven's be-
attitudes.

Are to be earned by postures, genuflexions, bows, and attitudes."

"My good-for-nothing sons," says Physic, "some have turned
hydropathists,

Some taken up with mesmerism, or joined the homœopathists."

"Mine," says Divinity, "pursue a system of gimcrackery,
Called Puseyism, a pack of stuff, and quite as arrant quackery."

Says Physic, "Mine have sleep-walkers, pretending through the
hide of you,

To look, although their eyes are shut, and tell you what's inside
of you."

"Ah," says Divinity, "so mine, with quibbling and with cavilling,
Would have you, ma'am, to blind yourself, to see the road to
travel in."

"Mine," Physic says, "have quite renounced their good old pills
and potions, ma'am,

For doses of a billionth of a grain, and such wild notions, ma'am."

"So," says Divinity, "have mine left wholesome exhortation,
ma'am,

For credence-tables, reredoses, rood-lofts, and maceration,
ma'am."

"But hospitals," says Physic, "my misguided boys are founding, ma'am."

"Well," says Divinity, "of mine, the chapels are abounding, ma'am,"

"Mine are trifling with diseases, ma'am," says Physic, "not attacking them."

"Mine," says Divinity, "instead of curing souls, are quacking them."

"Ah, ma'am," says Physic, "I'm to blame, I fear, for these absurdities."

"That's my fear too," Divinity says; "ma'am, upon my word it is."

Says Physic, "Fees, not science, have been far too much my wishes, ma'am."

"Truth," says Divinity, "I've loved much less than loaves and fishes, ma'am."

Says each to each, "We're simpletons, or sad deceivers, some of us ;

And I am sure ma'am, I don't know whatever will become of us."

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

LELAND.

HANS BREITMANN gife a party—dey had piano playin'.

I fell'd in lofe mit a Merican frau ; her name vos Matilda Yane.

She had haar as prown as a pretzel bun, her eyes were himmel-blue,

And ven she looket into mine she shplit mine heart into two.

Hans Breitmann gife a party—I vent dar, you'll pe pound.

I valzt mit der Matilda Yane, and vent shpinnin' round and round

De pootiest fraulein in de house ; she weighed two hoondert pound !

Hans Breitmann gife a party—I tells you it cost him dear.

Dey rollt in more as seven kegs of foost-rate lager bier,

And fenefer dey knocks de shpickets in de Deutschers gife a cheer,

I dinks so fine a party not come to a hend dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a party : dere all vas Saus and Braus.
 Ven de sooper coom in, de gompany did make demselfs to house.
 Dey eat das Brod und Gaensebrust, Bratwurst und Broten fine,
 And vash deir Abendessen down mit four barrels of Neckar wein.

Hans Breitmann gife a party—ve all cot trunk as pigs.
 I put mine mout' to a parrel of bier and schwallowed up mit a
 schwigs.
 And den I kissed Matilda Yane and she schlog me on de kop,
 And de gompany fight mit taple legs till de conshtoble made us
 shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a party —vere is dat party now?
 Vere is de lofely goltten cloud dat float on de mountain's prow?
 Vere is de Himmelstrahlende Stern, de star of de spirits' light?
 All goned afay mit de lager bier, afay in de Ewigkeit.

THE GENEROUS FRENCHMAN.

ANONYMOUS.

“WHEN I was in Londres, I go vun day into wat ze
 Anglais call ze café, an I give ze order to ros me von docke ;
 ze Anglais ros ze docke ver well ; ven de docke was place
 before me I find him von very fine docke, and very well
 ros ; he was ver brown, ver full of ze stuff aux ognons, an
 ze flaveur was ver fine. I put ze fork into ze docke and I
 commence to cut ze docke, mais when I have begin to cut
 ze docke I hear some person make loud strong noise comme
 ça—Oh—— ! as if ze heart was break. I put down ze
 knife on ze plate, an I look roun to see who make ze noise
 comme ça—Oh—— ! Ven I look roun I see right oppo-
 site to me von gentlman, who was ver well dress ; he ave
 ver good cote, ver good pantalon, and ver good boot, but
 he have dam leetle hat wiz a hole in ze top ; *I no like dat*,
 mais he was a gentlman ; ze noise could not be make by
 him, an I procced to cut ze docke, mais, ven I ave procced
 to cut ze docke ze second time, I hear une autre fois ze
 same noise, comme ça—Oh—— ! plus forte, grate deal

loudaire zan ze first time. I look roun, mais I see nobody but ze gentlman ; I look at ze gentlman, an ze gentlman look at me. He *was* gentlman, for he ave ver good cote, ver good pantalon, and ver good boot, mais he ave leetle hat on ze head wiz a hole in ze top, an ze hair come out ; *I no like dat*, mais he *was* gentlman. Eh bien ! I ave say to ze gentlman—‘Monsieur, pour quoi you make comme ça—Oh——!?’ and ze gentlman ave make me answer an say, ‘Sare, I ave eat nosing for tree day, an I am ver hungry.’ Mon Dieu, I say to myself, ze gentlman ave reason, he ave eat nosing for tree day. Sacre-bleu he must ave ver grate hungaire, an ven I ave say dis to myself I look at ze docke, he was ver fine docke, an ver well ros. Zen I say to myself ze seconde time, I shall give ze half of ze docke to ze gentlman, an zen I give ze invitation to ze gentlman, to partage ze docke wiz me. Ven ze gentlman ave receive ze invitation he rite way place himself vis à vis to me, an ma fois ! aussi quick as ze lighntnin heave eat *ze hole of my docke*, quel faim ! Ze gentlman ave speak ze truf, he was ver hungry ! En verité, I should like to eat piece of my docke, mais ven I zink ze gentlman ave eat nosing for tree day, an as for me I ave déjeuner très forte, I ring ze bell an I give ze order for a noser docke ; in ze mean time, however, ze gentlman ave drink ze hole of my wine. Eh bien, I deman ze oder bouteille, an zen ze oser docke come ; ver fine docke, mais not so good as ze last,—n’importe, ze docke was ver good, mais dis time I ave cut ze docke for me, an ze gentlman ave got ze oser piece, he was so hungry, quel dommage, so mooch a gentlman, so well he dress. He ave ver good cote, ver good pantalon, an ver good boot, mais ze dam leetle hat wiz ze hole in ze top ; *I no like dat*, but he was gentlman. Eh bien, apres ça ze gentlman was satisfy he ave eat nearly ze two docke, an I was satisfy, an ven I ave settle ze conte ze lanlor was satisfy aussi ; an zen I ave say to ze gentlman, ‘Monsieur, I sall ave ze plaisir to see you some oser time, demain chez vous, at your house,’ and ze gentlman he make grate noise, un autre fois for ze zurd time, comme ça—

Oh——! an he say to me, ‘Sare, I ave no house.’ Eh bien! I reply to him, vare do you slip? an he say to me, ‘Sare, I slip in ze street.’ I say to myself, wat grate pitie such harsome gentlman slip in ze street; an zen I look at him again, an I know he is gentlman, he ave such ver good cote, such ver good pantalon, an such ver good boot, but zen I see ze dam leetle hat wiz ze hole in ze top, *I no like dat!* but he was gentlman. Nevare min, I shall take ze gentlman chez moi to my house! he shall not slip in ze street! So I give him ze invitation to go to my house, which he ave accept with great plaisir. Ven I ave take him chez moi I make in ze corner what ze Anglais call ze shake-down,—shake-up! an ze gentlman commence already to take off ze close. Pour la première he ave put ze dam leetle hat wiz ze hole in ze top on ze chair, *I no like dat*, so when he ave turn his back, I give it von leetle kick under ze bed and nevare say nosing; ze gentleman zen take off ze cote, ver good cote—ver good cote indeed! an he take off ze pantalon, ver fine pantalon ver good pantalon—oui, ver good! an zen he take off ze boot, ah ma foi, zey were good boot, ver fine boot indeed, an ze gentlman he go to slip. Eh bien, c’est fine, I ave nosing else to do, I go to slip aussi, an I nevaire hear nosing at all toute la nuit; I mus have slip ver well. In ze morning, ver early, à la bonne heure, I rub my eyes an fine myself wake up; I put ze head out of ze bed an I look for my compagnon, mais ze gentlman I no see him, no doute he slip very mooch hard, he have grand fatigue, he slip all ze time in ze street, I ave grate compassion for him; so I turn on ze oser side an I make ze second time wat ze Anglais call ze leetle nappe, not ze ‘nappe Française,’ mais ze ‘nappe Anglaise;’ chose très différente je vous assure. Eh bien, ven I ave rub ze eye ze second time, I fin it was ten o’clock of ze watch, an I say to ze gentleman who have slip in ze corner all ze nite, ‘Monsieur, levez vous! it is time to get up,’ an ze gentlman ave make no response, an zin I get up myself an I look in ze corner, mais I fin nosing; ze gentlman was gone. Ah ha!

I say to myself, ze gentlman was très reconnaissant, he ave ver mooch gratitude, he mus ave wake up an he fin me slip ver good, he no like to make ze noise to disturb me ; I ave no dout he will come back ven he zink I ave wake up, an he will make me grate zank for my kindness to him zat he did not slip in ze street. Oh he is such gentleman, he ave such ver good cote, such fine pantalon, and such ver good boot. Ven I say zis to myself I zink make my toilette, an I put on my boot, ver good boot,—mais, wat it is—*zey are not my boot!* ver good boot indeed—*ver good boot!* mais zey are *not my* boot. Ah nevaire min, it is mistake, ze gentlman ave made mistake, he get up so early in ze morning an ave make ze mistake in ze dark. Eh bien, he will soon return and make ze grand apologie, for he is somooch gentlman—oh oui, he is gentlman, he ave ver good cote, ver good pantalon, an ze boot are ver good aussi—not so good as mine, mais zey are ver good. In ze mean time I zink comme ça to myself, an I look roun for my pantalon ; oh zey are zere. I put on ze pantalon, mais—que diable ! I feel in ze poches, oui, bigar zey are *not my pantalon—ver fine!* oui, ver fine pantalon, mais zey are not my pantalon. Ah 'tis ver plain, ze gentlman ave make anoser mistake, an ave take my pantalon, an zink zey are his pantalon; nevaire min ! nevaire min ! he will fine out ze mistake bomby when he fine ze monnaie in ze poche, he will be ver sorry, for he is gentlman, he ave such ver good cote, ver good pantalon, an ver good boot ; oh oui, he is gentlman, j'en suis sure. Vile I zink so to myself I look at ze watch, an I fine him leven o'clock of ze mornin ; I tink it is time to break ze faste, I am ver hungry, so I put on my—ze debil ! what I have here ?—ver fine coat, mais, oui, it is not my cote—no it is *not my cote!* Ze gentlman ave make un autre fois, a noser gran mistake, he ave take my cote an lef me his cote, it was ver good cote—ver good cote indeed ! mais it was not my cote. J'en suis fâché ; ven ze gentlman ave fine it out he will be mooch mortify zat he ave take my cote. Ah mon Dieu ! I ave grate pitie for him, he was such gentlman, I am sure

he was gentlman, he ave such *ver* good cote, such fine pantalon, and such *ver* good boot ! Oh certainement he was gentlman, I nevaire make ze mistake, I know ze gentlman an he was gentlman, I know he will come back ; an zen I wait for him von hour by ze clock, an I zink to myself, bigar I ave ze gran rumble in ze stomach, an I feel *ver* hungere as if I ave eat nosing for tree day like ze gentlman, who I ave no doubt ave wait all zis time at ze café for me. Ah quel stupide ! I nevaire zink of zat before, an I look for my hat. It is not on ze table,—no ! it is not on ze——
restez ! qu'avons nous ici ? Who put my hat under ze bed ? my new hat ! I ave jus buy him, an ave just pay von guinea for him. Venez ! I go on ze knee. Ah ha ! I ave got him by ze ear. Venez ici donc, rodeur !—Wat ze debil I got here ! Hein ? *Sacre-bleu ! mille tonnerres !* ze leetle hat wiz ze hole in ze top, bigar ! I no like dat, ze gentlman ave make von gran mistake dis time, *an I no like dat.* Mais he *was* gentlman, he ave such *ver* good cote, such *ver* fine pantalon, and such good boot, mais I no like ze dam leetle hat *wiz ze hole in ze top.*—No ! Mais he was gentlman.”

SAINT JONATHAN.

SAXE.

THERE's many an excellent Saint,—
 St. George, with his dragon and lance ;
 St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint ;
 St. Vitus, the saint of the dance :
 St. Denis, the saint of the Gaul ;
 St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot ;
 But JONATHAN, youngest of all,
 Is the mightiest saint of the lot !

He wears a most serious face,
 Well worthy a martyr's possessing ;
 But it isn't all owing to grace,
 But partly to thinking and guessing ;

In sooth, our American Saint,
Has rather a secular bias,
And I never have heard a complaint
Of his being excessively pious !

He's fond of financial improvement,
And is always extremely inclined
To be starting some practical movement
For mending the morals and mind.
Do you ask me what wonderful labors
St. JONATHAN ever has done
To rank with his Calendar neighbors ?
Just listen, a moment, to one :

One day when a flash in the air
Split his meeting-house fairly asunder,
Quoth JONATHAN, "Now, I declare—
They're dreadfully careless with thunder !"
So he fastened a rod to the steeple ;
And now, when the lightning comes round,
He keeps it from building and people,
By running it into the ground !

Reflecting, with pleasant emotion,
On the capital job he had done,
Quoth JONATHAN, "I have a notion
Improvements have barely begun ;
If nothing's created in vain,—
As ministers often inform us,—
The lightning that's wasted 'tis plain,
Is really something enormous !"

While ciphering over the thing,
At length he discovered a plan
To catch the Electrical King,
And make him the servant of man ;
And now, in an orderly way,
He flies on the fleetest of pinions,
And carries the news of the day
All over his master's dominions !

One morning, while taking a stroll,
 He heard a lugubrious cry—
 Like the shriek of a suffering soul—
 In a hospital standing near by ;
 Anon, such a terrible groan
 Saluted St. JONATHAN'S ear,
 That his bosom—which wasn't of stone—
 Was melted with pity to hear.

That night he invented a charm
 So potent that folks who employ it,
 In losing a leg or an arm,
 Don't suffer, but rather enjoy it !
 A miracle, you must allow.
 As good as the best of his brothers,'—
 And blessed St. JONATHAN now.
 Is patron of cripples and mothers !

There's many an excellent Saint,—
 St. George, with his dragon and lance,
 St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint ;
 St. Vitus, the saint of the dance ;
 St. Denis, the saint of the Gaul ;
 St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot ,
 But JONATHAN, youngest of all,
 Is the mightiest saint of the lot !

STUMP SPEECH.

ANONYMOUS.

FELLOW CITIZENS: I join in this argumentation as the lion with his mate. I appear before you as the lightning leaps and pours down in lambent streams from the black, impervious, humid, storm cloud. As the artillery of Jove rattles and clashes about his eternal adamantine throne, astonishing the heavens, and, as the poets say, desolating the earth. As the cascade leaps from the precipice ; yes, fellow-citizens. I appear before you as the avalanche rushes

from the hen-roost. Bright as the glaciers from the Alpine summit of Popocatepetl, which leap, and twine, and curl, and cling, in smoky fires about its up-lit apex, will I expatiate inordinantly on this all-absorbing question, pugnibus calabus. I am as strong an anti-bonder, as the rock of Chimborasian Gibraltar, and will stand to my track though the earthquake should tremble me, or the wild sea strike me abroad across. This question is boiling, is fuming in me like the bowels of Etna and Vesuvius, and I will not have it quenched. I came here to-night as the mighty Mississippi, as it beats and foams, and frets at the rock of Gibraltar. I am as firmly planted on this floor as the Peak of Teneriffe begirt by the surgings of a thousand seas. My mind is lumid as this flashing of fiery volcanoes; and I fancy I can see the bond question in all its bearings, with the unshackled eye with which the eagle meets the sun, from this humble temple of the votaries of justice, to Chimborazo's most superior brow.

The morning sun rises on the eastern hill; is she to go down before the night comes on? No, no, no! this is the most philosophical view of the question that the human mind can present or the human intellect can comprehend. I am, therefore, teeth and toe nails, opposed to the payment of those Mississippi bonds. Men may talk of this matter as they please; but as long as the Mediterranean lashes her mountain surges at the foot of the Gibralterian rock, there will be found in the Mississippi staunch men.

Gibraltar, Teneriffe, and Chimborazo, may bathe their heads in the ocean's crimson foam, but the broad spread-eagle sons of our state will never cover to their beacons or their talons. Careless of their beacons and talons, like the whale in the mighty deep, I swallow my own Jonahs, and when my stomach can't bear them, I can throw them up.

Are the ends of justice to be impeded thus? No sir-ee. Let the curs bark. Her course is on the mountain wave; her home is on the deep. Could any spectator gaze on this view without being convinced? No, sir, no. Bonaparte,

in all his conquering splendor, might march to Chimborazo, Gibraltar and Teneriffe, with all his opposing armies, and if a repudiator stood on the top, he'd march them down again.

Lightnings may scathe, and the ocean surges beat against me ; earthquakes may tumble me from the sunny summit of Mount Sinai. I may be blown to atoms, and I will be still unmoved, unchanged.

As nature, unassisted, created the universe, human nature must take care of it himself. As nature blew the breath of life into the nostrils of man : let man look out to keep it there, and breathe it purely while it is there. As the vast expanse sprung from chaos into form and shape, and symmetry, as the mighty earth rolls its seasons, presenting its rich benefits to man, so do I, with feelings as tranquil as the mighty deep in its rage tempestuous, so do I appear before you, and so I take my leave of you all, my everlasting repudiators, my unquenchable water-horses.

THE RIVAL LODGERS.

MORTON.

Characters.

JOHN BOX—a *Journeyman Printer.*

JAMES COX—a *Journeyman Hatter.*

MRS. BOUNCER—a *lady who lets lodgings.*

SCENE—A Room, decently furnished. A bed, with curtains closed, a chest of drawers, a window, a fireplace with mantel-piece, table and chairs, a few common ornaments on chimney-piece. Cox, dressed, with the exception of his coat, is looking at himself in a small looking-glass, which is in his hand.

COX. I've half a mind to register an oath that I'll never have my hair cut again ! (*His hair is very short.*) I look as if I had just been cropped for the militia ! And I was particularly emphatic in my instructions to the hair-dresser, only to cut the ends off. He must have thought I meant the other ends ! Never mind—I shan't meet anybody to

care about so early. Eight o'clock, I declare ! I haven't a moment to lose. Fate has placed me with the most punctual, particular, and peremptory of hatters, and I must fulfil my destiny. (*Knock at the door.*) Open locks, whoever knocks !

Enter MRS. BOUNCER.

MRS. B. Good morning, Mr. Cox. I hope you slept comfortably, Mr. Cox ?

COX. I can't say I did, Mrs. B. I should feel obliged to you, if you could accommodate me with a more protuberant bolster, Mrs. B. The one I've got now seems to me to have about a handful and a half of feathers at each end, and nothing whatever in the middle.

MRS. B. Anything to accommodate you, Mr. Cox.

COX. Thank you. Then, perhaps, you'll be good enough to hold this glass, while I finish my toilet.

MRS. B. Certainly. (*Holding glass before Cox, who ties his cravat.*) Why, I do declare, you've had your hair cut.

COX. Cut ? It strikes me I've had it mowed ! It's very kind of you to mention it, but I'm sufficiently conscious of the absurdity of my personal appearance already. (*Puts on his coat.*) Now for my hat. (*Puts on his hat, which comes over his eyes.*) That's the effect of having one's hair cut. This hat fitted me quite tight before. Luckily I've got two or three more. (*Goes in and returns with three hats of different shapes, and puts them on, one after the other—all of which are too big for him.*) This is pleasant ! Never mind. This one appears to me to wobble about rather less than the others—(*Puts on hat*)—and now I'm off ! By the by, Mrs. Bouncer, I wish to call your attention to a fact that has been evident to me for some time past—and that is, that my coals go remarkably fast—

MRS. B. Lor, Mr. Cox !

COX. It is not the case only with the coals, Mrs. Bouncer, but I've lately observed a gradual and steady increase of evaporation among my candles, wood, sugar, and matches.

MRS. B. Lor, Mr. Cox ! you surely don't suspect me !

COX. I don't say I do, Mrs. B. ; only I wish you distinctly to understand, that I don't believe it's the cat.

MRS. B. Is there anything else you've got to grumble about, sir ?

COX. Grumble ! Mrs. Bouncer, do you possess such a thing as a dictionary ?

MRS. B. No, sir.

COX. Then I'll lend you one—and if you turn to the letter G., you'll find “Grumble, verb neuter—to complain without a cause.” Now that's not my case, Mrs. B., and now that we are upon the subject, I wish to know how it is that I frequently find my apartment full of smoke ?

MRS. B. Why—I suppose the chimney—

COX. The chimney doesn't smoke tobacco. I'm speaking of tobacco smoke, Mrs. B. I hope, Mrs. Bouncer, *you're* not guilty of cheroots or Cubas ?

MRS. B. Not I, indeed, Mr. Cox.

COX. Nor partial to a pipe ?

MRS. B. No, sir.

COX. Then, how is that—

MRS. B. Why—I suppose—yes—that must be it—

COX. At present I am entirely of your opinion—because I haven't the most distant particle of an idea what you mean.

MRS. B. Why the gentleman who has got the attics, is hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth—and there he sits, with his feet upon the mantel-piece—

COX. The mantel-piece ! That strikes me as being a considerable stretch, either of your imagination, Mrs. B., or the gentleman's legs. I presume you mean the fender or the hob.

MRS. B. Sometimes one, sometimes t'other. Well, there he sits for hours, and puffs away into the fire-place.

COX. Ah, then you mean to say, that this gentleman's smoke, instead of emulating the example of all other sorts of smoke, and going *up* the chimney, thinks proper to affect a singularity by taking the contrary direction ?

MRS. B. Why—

Cox. Then, I suppose, the gentleman you are speaking of is the same individual that I invariably meet coming up stairs when I'm going down, and going down stairs when I'm coming up !

Mrs. B. Why—yes—I—

Cox. From the appearance of his outward man, I should unhesitatingly set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest.

Mrs. B. Yes, sir—and a very respectable young gentleman he is.

Cox. Well, good morning, Mrs. Bouncer !

Mrs. B. You'll be back at your usual time, I suppose, sir ?

Cox. Yes—nine o'clock. You needn't light my fire in future, Mrs. B.—I'll do it myself. Don't forget the boiler ! (*Going, stops.*) A halfpenny worth of milk, Mrs. Bouncer—and be good enough to let it stand—I wish the cream to accumulate. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. B. He's gone at last ! I declare I was all in a tremble for fear Mr. Box would come in before Mr. Cox went out. Luckily, they've never met yet—and what's more, they're not very likely to do so ; for Mr. Box is hard at work at a newspaper office all night, and doesn't come home till the morning, and Mr. Cox is busy making hats all day long, and doesn't come home till night ; so that I'm getting double rent for my room, and neither of my lodgers are any the wiser for it. It was a capital idea of mine—that it was ! But I haven't an instant to lose. First of all, let me put Mr. Cox's things out of Mr. Box's way. I really must beg Mr. Box not to smoke so much. I was so dreadfully puzzled to know what to say when Mr. Cox spoke about it. Now, then, to make the bed—and don't let me forget that what's the head of the bed for Mr. Cox becomes the foot of the bed for Mr. Box—people's tastes do differ so.

Box (*without.*) Pooh—pooh ! Why don't you keep your own side of the staircase, sir ? (*Enters.*)

MRS. B. Oh, Mr. Box!

(Going.

Box. Stop! Can you inform me who the individual is that I invariably encounter going down stairs when I'm coming up, and coming up stairs when I'm going down?

MRS. B. *(confused.)* Oh—yes—the gentleman in the attic, sir.

Box. Oh! There's nothing particularly remarkable about him, except his hats. I meet him in all sorts of hats—white hats and black hats—hats with broad brims, and hats with narrow brims,—hats with naps, and hats without naps—in short, I have come to the conclusion, that he must be individually and professionally associated with the hatting interest.

MRS. B. Yes, sir. And, by the by, Mr. Box, he begged me to request of you, as a particular favor, that you would not smoke quite so much.

Box. Did he? Then you may tell the gentle hatter, with my compliments, that if he objects to the effluvia of tobacco, he had better domesticate himself in some adjoining parish.

MRS. B. Oh, Mr. Box! You surely wouldn't deprive me of a lodger?

(Pathetically.

Box. It would come to precisely the same thing, Bouncer, because if I detect the slightest attempt to put my pipe out, I at once give you warning that I shall give you warning at once.

MRS. B. Well, Mr. Box—do you want anything more of me?

Box. On the contrary—I've had quite enough of you!

MRS. B. Well, if ever! What next, I wonder!

(Going out, slamming door after her.

Box. It's quite extraordinary, the trouble I always have to get rid of that venerable female! She knows I'm up all night, and yet she seems to set her face against my indulging in a horizontal position by day. Now, let me see—shall I take my nap before I swallow my breakfast, or shall I take my breakfast before I swallow my nap—I mean, shall I swallow my nap before—no—never mind! I've got

a rasher of bacon somewhere—(*Feeling in his pockets.*)—I've the most distinct and vivid recollection of having purchased a rasher of bacon—Oh, here it is—(*Produces it, wrapped in paper, and places it on the table.*)—and a penny roll. The next thing is to light the fire. Where are my matches? (*Looking on mantel-piece, and taking box, opens it.*) Now, 'pon my life, this is too bad of Bouncer—this is, by several degrees, too bad! I had a whole box full, three days ago, and now there's only one! I'm perfectly aware that she purloins my coals, and my candles, and my sugar—but I did think—oh, yes, I did think that my matches would be sacred! (*Lights the fire—then takes down a gridiron, which is hanging over the fireplace.*) Mrs. Bouncer has been using my gridiron! The last article of consumption that I cooked upon it was a pork chop, and now it is powerfully impregnated with the odor of red herrings! (*Places gridiron on fire, and then, with fork, lays rasher of bacon on the gridiron.*) How sleepy I am, to be sure! I'd indulge myself with a nap, if there was anybody here to superintend the turning of my bacon. (*Yawning again.*) Perhaps it will turn itself. I must lie down—so, here goes. (*Lies on the bed, closing the curtains round him—after a short pause—*

Enter Cox, hurriedly.

Cox. Well wonders will never cease! Conscious of being eleven minutes and a half behind time, I was sneaking into the shop, in a state of considerable excitement, when my venerable employer, with a smile of extreme benevolence on his aged countenance, said to me—"Cox, I shan't want you to-day—you can have a holiday."—Thoughts of "Gravesend and back—fare, One Shilling," instantly suggested themselves, intermingled with visions of "Greenwich for Fourpence!" Then came the Two-penny Omnibuses, and the Halfpenny boats—in short, I'm quite bewildered! However, I must have my breakfast first—that'll give me time to reflect. I've bought a mutton chop, so I shan't want any dinner. (*Puts chop on table.*) Good gracious! I've forgot the bread. Halloo! what's this? A

roll, I declare! Come, that's lucky! Now then, to light the fire. Holloa—(*seeing the match-box on the table.*)—who presumes to touch my box of matches? Why, it's empty! I left one in it—I'll take my oath I did. Hey-dey! why the fire is lighted! Where's the gridiron? *On the fire, I declare!* And what's that on it? Bacon? Bacon it is! Well, now, 'pon my life, there's a quiet coolness about Mrs. Bouncer's proceedings that's almost amusing. She takes my last match—my coals, and my gridiron, to cook her breakfast by! No, no—I can't stand this! Come out of that! (*Pokes fork into bacon, and puts it on a plate on the table, then places his chop on the gridiron, which he puts on the fire.*) Now, then, for my breakfast things. (*Goes out, slamming the door after him, with a loud noise.*)

Box. (*Suddenly showing his head from behind the curtain.*) Come in! if it's you, Mrs. Bouncer—you needn't be afraid. I wonder how long I've been asleep? (*Suddenly recollecting.*) Goodness gracious—my bacon! (*Leaps off bed, and runs to the fireplace.*) Halloa! what's this? A chop! Whose chop? Mrs. Bouncer's I'll be bound.—She thought to cook her breakfast while I was asleep—with *my* coals, too—and my gridiron! Ha, ha! But where's my bacon? (*Seeing it on the table.*) Here it is. Well, pon my life, Bouncer's going it! And shall I curb my indignation? Shall I falter in my vengeance? No! (*Digs his fork into the chop, opens window, and throws chop out—shuts window again.*) So much for Bouncer's breakfast, and now for my own! (*With the fork he puts the bacon on the gridiron again.*) I may as well lay my breakfast things.

Cox. (*putting his head in quickly.*) Come in—come in! (*Opens door. Enters with a small tray, on which are tea things, and suddenly recollects.*) Oh, goodness! my chop! (*Running to fireplace.* Holloa—what's? The bacon again! Oh, pooh! Zounds—I can't stand this! (*Pokes fork into bacon, opens window, and flings it out, shuts window again, returns to drawers for tea things, and encounters Box—they walk down the stage together.*) Who are you, sir?

Box. If you come to that—who are *you*?

Cox. What do you want here, sir?

Box. If you come to that—what do *you* want?

Cox (*aside*.) It's the printer!

Box (*aside*.) It's the hatter!

Cox. Go to your attic, sir.

Box. *My* attic, sir? *Your* attic, sir!

Cox. Printer, I shall do you a frightful injury, if you don't instantly leave my apartment.

Box. *Your* apartment? You mean *my* apartment, you contemptible hatter, you!

Cox. *Your* apartment? Ha! ha!—come, I like that! Look here, sir—(*Produces a paper out of his pocket.*) Mrs. Bouncer's receipt for the last week's rent, sir.

Box (*produces a paper, and holds it close to Cox's face.*) Ditto, sir!

Cox (*suddenly shouting.*) Thieves!

Box. Murder!

BOTH. Mrs. Bouncer! (*Each runs to the door, calling.*)

Mrs. Bouncer runs in at the door.

MRS. B. What is the matter? (*Cox and Box seize Mrs. Bouncer by the arm, and drag her forward.*)

Box. Instantly remove that hatter!

Cox. Immediately turn out that printer!

MRS. B. Well—but, gentlemen—

Cox. Explain! (*Pulling her round to him.*)

Box. Explain! (*Pulling her round to him.*) Whose room is this?

Cox. Yes, woman—whose room is this?

Box. Doesn't it belong to me?

MRS. B. No!

Cox. There! You hear, sir—it belongs to me!

MRS. B. No—it belongs to both of you! (*Sobbing.*)

Cox. & Box. Both of us?

MRS. B. Oh, dear, gentlemen, don't be angry—but you see, this gentleman—(*pointing to Box*)—only being at

home in the day time, and that gentleman—(*pointing to Cox*)—at night, I thought I might venture, until my little back second floor room was ready—

Box & Cox (*eagerly*.) When will your little back second floor room be ready ?

MRS. B. Why, to-morrow.

Cox. I'll take it !

Box. So will I !

MRS. B. Excuse me—but if you both take it, you may just as well stop where you are.

Cox & Box. 'True.

Cox. I spoke first, sir.

Box. With all my heart, sir. The little back second floor room is yours, sir—now, go.

Cox. Go ? Pooh—pooh !

MRS. B. Now don't quarrel, gentlemen. Promise me you will keep your temper.

BOTH. We will. (*They shake hands and embrace. Exit.*)

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE MOSQUITOES.

ANONYMOUS.

PETITE moskeetare, your time it have come !
 Ze frost he have call for you—go you now home.
 All of your buz-ze-buz into my ear—
 Now I am rid of it ; skeetare, my dear !

Ven to bed in my garret I go,
 Zen viz your moosic you bozaire me so,
 Viz your tin trompit you sing all ze night ;
 Mr. Jack Frost now he freeze-a you tight.

Ah ! vat a blessing ze cole vintar be,
 Ven he kill all of ze skeetare and flea !
 Zen till ze spring time varm vedder sall bring,
 Monsieur Moskeetare, no more you vill sing !

THE MAIDEN'S MISHAP.

ANONYMOUS.

EVENING beamed upon the Highlands,
Sunbeams, barefoot, softly crept
Where the snow-drop's timid blossom
Smiled and nodded while it slept—
Nodded sweetly while it slept.

In the valley stood a dwelling ;
Stout and oaken was the door,
But the beams, the windows forcing,
Played about the sanded floor—
Romped and quivered on the floor.

None may know for whom they waited,
Why he tarried none may tell ;
Yet we thought we heard among them
Lispings, such as these—Ah ! well,
May be 'twould not do to tell.

Soon the door swung on its hinges,
Slowly, with a drawling creak,
And a maid stood on the threshold ;
Fair was she as Powers' Greek.
Fair as Powers' marble Greek.

Oh ! that form was rarer, sweeter
Than a dream of Raphael's ;
And her voice in echoes lingered
Like the mellow talk of bells—
Like the dreamy talk of bells.

Up the valley and the hill-side
Fled she, like a frightened fawn ;
None may know, and none need ask me
Why she fled bareheaded on—
Why at all she hurried on.

Look ! dost see her dark hair streaming ?
Note her cheek—its crimson glow !
Is she—nay, she can't be dreaming—
Is she mad ? why flies she so ?
Madness only hurries so !

Lo ! she stays ; athwart her features
 Signs of bitter anguish roll ;
 Pale she seems to sink, exhausted,
 On a soft and mossy knoll—
 Sinks she softly on the knoll.

Then a squeaky voice is lifted,
 Neither sweet, nor soft, nor low—
 “Gracious goodness ! Sister Sally,
 Trying to head off that heifer,
*I have been and stubbed my toe—
 The infernal critter ! Oh-o-o !*”

THE REMOVAL.

ANONYMOUS.

A NERVOUS old gentleman, tired of trade,—
 By which, though, it seems he a fortune had made.—
 Took a house 'twixt two sheds, at the skirts of the town,
 Which he meant, at his leisure, to buy and pull down.

This thought struck his mind when he viewed the estate,
 But, alas ! when he entered he found it too late ;
 For in each dwelt a smith :—a more hard-working two
 Never doctored a patient, or put on a shoe.

At six in the morning, their anvils, at work,
 Awoke our good squire, who raged like a Turk :
 “These fellows,” he cried, “such a clattering keep,
 That I never can get above eight hours of sleep.”

From morning till night they keep thumping away,—
 No sound but the anvil the whole of the day :
 His afternoon's nap, and his daughter's new song,
 Were banished and spoiled by their hammers' ding-dong.

He offered each Vulcan to purchase his shop ;
 But, no ! they were stubborn, determined to stop :
 At length (both his spirits and health to improve)
 He cried, “I'll give each fifty guineas to move.”

“Agreed !” said the pair ; “that will make us amends.”
 “Then come to my house, and let us part friends :
 You shall dine ; and we’ll drink on this joyful occasion,
 That each may live long in his new habitation.”

He gave the two blacksmiths a sumptuous regale, —
 He spared not provisions, his wine, nor his ale ;
 So much was he pleased with the thought that each guest
 Would take from him noise, and restore him to rest.

“And now,” said he, “tell me, where mean you to move—
 I hope to some spot where your trade will improve?”
 “Why, sir,” replied one, with a grin on his phiz,
 “Tom Forge moves to my shop, and I move to his !”

TALKING LATIN.

HALIBURTON.

FEELIN’ a hand on my arm, I turns round ; and who should I see but Marm Green ! Dear me, said she, is that you, Mr. Slick ? I’ve been looking all about for you for ever so long. How do you do ? I hope I see you quite well. Hearty as brandy, marm, says I, tho’ not quite as strong, and a great deal heartier for a-seein’ of you. How be you ? Reasonable well, and stirrin’, says she : I try to keep amovin’ ; but I shall give the charge of things soon to Arabella. Have you seen her yet ? No, says I ; I havn’t had the pleasure since her return ; but I hear folks say she is a most splendid fine gal. Well, come, then, said she, a-takin’ o’ my arm ; let me introduce you to her. She is a fine gal, Mr. Slick—that’s a fact ; and tho’ I say it, that shouldn’t say it, she’s a considerable of an accomplished gal too. Now, I take some credit to myself, Mr. Slick, for that. She is throwed away here ; but I was determined to have her educated, and so I sent her to bordin’ school ; and you see the effect of her five quarters. Afore she went, she was three years to the combined school in this district—that includes both Dalhousie and Sherbrooke. You have com-

bined schools in the States, havn't you, Mr. Slick? I guess we have, said I; boys and gals combined; was to one on 'em, when I was considerable well grown up. Dear me, what fun we had! It's a grand place to larn the multiplication table at, ain't it? I recollect once—Oh; fie! Mr. Slick, I mean a siminary for young gentlemen and ladies, where they larn Latin and English combined. Oh, latten! said I; they larn latten there, do they? Well, come, there is some sense in that: I didn't know there was a factory of it in all Nova Scotia. I know how to make latten. Father sent me clean away to New York to larn it. You mix up calamine and copper, and it makes a brass as near like gold as one pea is like another; and then there is another kind o' latten workin—tin over iron—it makes a most complete imitation of silver. Oh! a knowledge of latten has been of great sarvice to me in the clock trade, you may depend. It has helped me to a nation sight of the genuwine metals—that's a fact.

Why, what on airth are you a-talkin' about? said Mrs. Green. I don't mean that latten at all; I mean the Latin they larn at schools. Well, I don't know, said I: I never seed any other kind o' latten, nor ever heerd tell of any. What is it? Why, it's a——, it's a——. Oh, you know well enough said she; only you make as if you didn't, to poke fun at me. I believe, on my soul, you've been abammin of me the whole blessed time. I hope I be shot if I do, said I; so do tell me what it is. Is it anything in the silk factory line, or the straw-plat, or the cotton-warp way? Your head, said she, considerable miffy, is always a-runnin' on a factory. Latin is a——. Nabal, said she, do tell me what Latin is. Latin? says he,—why, Latin is——ahem, it's——what they teach at the combined school. Well, says she, we all know that as well as you do, Mr. Wisehead; but what is it? Come here, Arabella dear, and tell me what Latin is? Why, Latin, ma, said Arabella, is—am-o, I love; am-at, he loves; am-amus, we love;—that's Latin. Well, it does sound dreadful pretty, tho', don't it? says I; and yet, if Latin is

love, and love is Latin, you hadn't no occasion—and I got up, and slipt my hand into hers—you hadn't no occasion to go to the combined school to larn it; for natur', says I, teaches that a—and I was whisperin' of the rest o' the sentence in her ear, when her mother said, Come, come, Mr. Slick, what's that you are a-saying of? Talkin' Latin, says I, smiling at Arabella;—ain't we, miss? Oh yes, said she, returning my glance and larfin';—oh yes, mother; arter all, he understands it complete. Then take my seat here, says the old lady, and both on you sit down and talk it; for it will be a good practice for you;—and away she sailed to the end of the room, and left us a—*talking Latin*.

PRAYING FOR RAIN.

PINDAR.

How difficult, alas! to please mankind!

One or the other every moment *mutters*;
This wants an eastern, that a western wind:

A third, petition for a southern, utters.
Some pray for rain, and some for frost and snow:
How can Heaven suit *all* palates?—I don't know.

Good Lamb, the curate, much approved,
Indeed by all his flock *beloved*,
Was one dry summer begged to pray for rain:
The parson most devoutly prayed—
The powers of prayer were soon displayed;
Immediately a *torrent* drenched the plain.

It chanced that the church warden, Robin Jay,
Had of his meadow not yet *saved* the hay:
Thus was his hay to *health* quite past restoring.
It happened, too, that Robin was from home;
But when he heard the story, in a foam
He sought the parson, like a lion roaring.

“Zounds! Parson Lamb, why, what have you been doing?
A pretty storm, indeed, ye have been brewing!

What! pray for *rain* before I *saved* my hay!
 Oh! you're a cruel and ungrateful man!
 I that forever help you all I can;
 Ask you to dine with me and Mistress Jay,
 Whenever we have something on the spit,
 Or in the pot a nice and dainty bit;

"Send you a goose, a pair of chicken,
 Whose bones you are so fond of picking;
 And often too a cag of brandy!
 You that were welcome to a treat,
 To smoke and chat, and drink and eat;
 Making my house so very handy!

"You, parson, serve one such a scurvy trick!
 Zounds! you must have the bowels of Old Nick.
 What! bring the flood of Noah from the skies,
 With *my* fine field of hay before your eyes!
 A numskull, that I wern't of this aware.—
 Curse me, but I had stopped your pretty prayer!"
 "Dear Mister Jay!" quoth Lamb, "alas! alas!
 I never thought upon your field of grass."

"Lord! parson, you're a fool, one might suppose—
 Was not the field just underneath your *nose*?
 This is a very pretty losing job!"—
 "Sir," quoth the curate, "know that Harry Cobb
 Your brother warden joined, to have the prayer."—
 "Cobb! Cobb! why this for Cobb was only *sport*:
 What doth Cobb own that any rain can *hurt*?"
 Roared furious Jay, as broad as he could stare.

"The fellow owns, as far as I can *larn*,
 A few old houses only, and a barn;
 As that's the case, zounds! what are showers to *him*?
 Not Noah's flood could make *his* trumpery *swim*."

"Besides—why could you not for *drizzle* pray?
 Why force it down in *buckets* on the hay?
 Would I have played with *your* hay such a freak?
 No! I'd have stopped the weather for a week."

"Dear Mister Jay, I do protest,
 I acted solely for the best ;
 I do affirm it, Mister Jay, indeed.
 Your anger for this *once* restrain,
 I'll never bring a drop again
 Till you and all the parish are agreed."

THE DARKEY PHOTOGRAPHER.

A NEGRO BURLESQUE

ANONYMOUS.

Characters.

MR. FELIX GUMBO—*from the country.*

MR. COLLODION—*a photographer.*

ADOLPHUS—*a boy up at-all-fuss.*

SCENE AND PROPERTIES.—*An Interior, rather nice parlor, carpet down, pictures on the walls, statues in the corners, painted or natural, with doors each side. Large table with fancy cloth, with photographs of all sizes—chairs—carpet-bag and umbrella for Gumbo. Long-handled broom in corner—exaggerated apparatus, consisting of tripod of man's height, with camera, i. e., a plain, neat box, 2×2×3, (in feet,) placed the long way horizontally, circular hole in front for a tin tube one foot long and ten inches in diameter, to which is fitted a lid, with handle to remove and replace it on the outer end, a slide-opening made at same end of the box to admit a frame being passed into and across it. Black or dark blue baize cloth tacked to other open end of box, to hang in loose folds from the top edge. A shelf is fitted to the tripod on the side facing the audience, to hold a large pantomime watch, with dog-chain to match. A frame to fit the slide-opening in camera, on which is pasted for each performance a paper on which are rudely outlined two faces of the same size, one upright, the other a little transversely, as large as may be. A handful of flour in cup on table for Adolphus.*

ADOLPHUS (*discovered dusting the tables, etc.*) What's de use ob keepin' de place so nice-lookin' when it's more dan

a fortnight since a customer came in, and such a fort'nit thing won't happen ag'in in a hurry. Oh ! here's massa. (*dusts a chair very briskly.*)

COL. (*enters.*) Don't make de dust fly about so, Adolphus ! We've too much diffukilty as it is in raising the wind and bringing down de dust. Any one called ?

ADOL. Yes !

COL. Den dar is hopefulnessness !

ADOL. Maybe dar is, but it was de landlord, who said dat dis studjoe stood yo' in too little for him to let you be left tenant anoder free quarters.

COL. Nobody else ?

ADOL. Not a else.

COL. Den dare is no use a-strivin', I've sold ebberyting in de house 'cept de contents ob dis room. I tell you what, boy ! as de public won't appreciate high art—on de sixth story !—we mus' descen' to dem, and make dem gib us a chance.

ADOL. 'Drather dey'd gib us some change.

COL. Boy, if you want to know what a dinner looks like dis week, you must go down in de street and fotch up de berry fust man what you can handle !

ADOL. S'pose he won't be fatched ?

COL. Leff go an' lay by for a smaller one !

ADOL. I'll do it ! (*shakes his broom.*)

COL. I'll raise your cellary——

ADOL. I can't raise any myself.

COL. You shall sleep on top ob de table, instid ob under it !

ADOL. I'll fasten on de fust man ! (*puts broom in corner. Attitude à la highwayman.*) Your likeness or your life !

(*Exit.*)

COL. Can't say I wanted any urging to display my energy. If an artist like me can't get customers dis way, I'll get up a raffle, all de prizes blanks ! and gamble off de tings, from de baths to de cam-e-ra obscura, (and likely to go away still more obscurerly.) Hark ! (*trampling left.*)

COL. (*hand on right breast.*) Be still, my heart! De boy's nailed somebody! I mus' give him sixpence more a monf from dis out. Here dey come! Now to exchange my suit for more artistic habiliments. (*Exit—great noise.*)

ADOLPHUS enters, other side, pulling GUMBO in, pushes him to the centre—GUMBO, umbrella in one hand, bag in other, falls over chair, spreading the bag and umbrella in his fall. Sits up aghast.

ADOL. Dar y'are!

GUMBO (*rises staring. Aside.*) Dare I are! Well, dat's much is truff! (*picks up his bag and umbrella, aside.*) It's kinder scurious! I heerd dey was werry frien'ly in de big city, but I neber t'ought dis was de style dat dey took 'em in! Is dis a hotel, boy?

ADOL. Dis is a photomagraphic studjoe! (*proudly.*)

GUMBO. Eh?

ADOL. (*repeats.*)

GUMBO. Yes. I used to know him. Is he well?

ADOL. Who?

GUMBO. Ole Stew Joe!

ADOL. I said a photomagraphic stud-joe—a gallery!

GUMBO. And so dis is a gallery! I wonder dey leff you behave so boy-stir-us here, den. Why! (*looking up.*) De roof is a winder! Dat's kinder scurious!

ADOL. Dey take pictures here!

GUMBO. Do dey! (*hugs his bag.*) I got an ile painting in my ridicule, an' I'd like to behold de fust man take dat! (*flourishes umbrella.*)

ADOL. We don't take pictures dat way. You kin have yourself delineated in any style.

GUMBO. I wouldn't have myself de-linen-ated in any tile but dis (*touching his hat.*)

ADOL. And at all prices. Hold on a bit till I tell master. (*Exit crying,*) Oh, master! here's a customer!

GUMBO (*stares around, keeping tight hold of bag and umbrella, a point in his general business throughout the piece.*) Dis is kinder scurious! (*goes around the room,*) points his umbrella at statuettes, is frightened by the camera.) Hullo!

what's dis machine, I wonder—looks like a new-fangled hash-cutter, on'y don't see no crank. (*examines camera.*) It's kinder scurious! (*goes up to table.*) Hullo! heyah's lots o' pictures! Geerusaleminy! ain't dey pooty! Whew! here's a man wid two crowns to his head! why—ha, ha! here's his name on it. De Emperum Lewis Napoleum! Did he come heyah to hab his figger drew? It's kinder scurious! Oh! here's a lady! Latest news. Dresses made lower dan eber! My! heyah's a pootier gal! I rader tink I'll keep dis one! All de young fellers does dat now, an' says—de gals gub it 'um! (*puts photograph in his hat, puts hat on.*)

COL (*enters.*) Ah, oh, hum! (*with assumed French accent.*)

GUMBO (*starts.*) Oh! ah! hum!

COL (*bowing.*) Good—ah—morning!

GUMBO. Good arternoon dis ebernin'! (*in lifting hat photograph falls out and increases his confusion.*)

COL. I see you was examining some of my specimens.

GUMBO. I wasn't touching none ob yer peppermints!

COL. Dey're quite at your service. I persume you've come for de purpuses of—dat is—a—um——

GUMBO (*hastily.*) Yes, dat's what brought me——

COL. In a word, your likeness?

GUMBO. Who's like-en-ess! or any oder letter ob de al-fredbet!

COL. I mean, you desire a portrait——

GUMBO. A poor-Trayt—ain't dat what you call a curicature?

COL. Shall it be a photograph by a vivid light? I can lucify de room by a coil of magnesium wire!

GUMBO. No! no! I don't want no lucifying round me! 'Sides, my nuss gub me enuff magnesia in my earliest days for to last all froo my time.

COL. I don't recommend it, dough dar's a quack dog-gertypist t'oder side de way, who does. Only las' week, he lighted up some ob de wire for a sitter—all at once de flame shot up and illuminated de stud-joe till it was one

broad glare of light ! De sitter had just had absence ob mind enuff to spring to his feet and reach de door before——

GUMBO. Before—yes—yes !

COL. Before de wire burnt itself out !

GUMBO. Dat's kinder scurious ! I don't tink I'll hab any ob de coil lit !

COL. (*aside.*) Dat's lucky—not an inch in de house. (*Aloud.*) Which do you prefer—half-length or full-length ?

GUMBO. Say dat ag'in ! (*swinging his umbrella.*)

COL. Half-length or full-length ?

GUMBO. Fool-length ! (*aside*) I gib fair warning ! dar'll be a fight on dis spot if he goes on talking so much longer.

COL. Or, a vignette ?

GUMBO. A fig-net ! I t'ought dey come ober in boxes !

COL. We could do you some nice ovals——

GUMBO. Thankee ! I don't want none of your orful t'ings !

COL. Dar's de medallions, werry fashionable—five heads on a single sheet !

GUMBO. Five heads on a single sheet ! Bress us ! de double-bedded room is nowhar' !

COL. Or, a bust ! now, dat's de ticket !

GUMBO. No ! I'm temperance, and I neber go on busts now !

COL. I have it ! You desire a carte de wisite !

GUMBO. A cart to visit ? Dat's de werry t'ing we does want !

COL. You shall have your picture. Be so good as to take a chair.

GUMBO. Which one ?

COL. They're all the same.

GUMBO. Werry well ! (*takes up chair and goes to left side.*)

ADOL. (*enters and stops GUMBO.*) Look heyah, massa !

COL. What do you mean by walking off with dat chair ?

GUMBO (*offended tone.*) You gub it me !

COL. I tole you to take a chair and sot down !

GUMBO sits down in chair, with the other chair in his lap. ADOL. pulls it from him.—GUMBO springs to his feet, and dances wildly a few steps around ADOLPHUS to frighten him, returns to front.

COL. (*at camera.*) Adolphus, pose de gembelman.

GUMBO. Keep your pose off! (*guarding himself with umbrella.*)

ADOL. gets broom from corner, comes down to centre. Combat.—He beats down GUMBO's guard, runs in, disarms him of umbrella, pushes him to a chair, forces him into seat.—COL. *at camera.*

GUMBO suddenly perceives that the camera tube is levelled at him, and holds up his bag before his face.

ADOL. pulls bag from him, and flings it up, kicks umbrella, and, behind GUMBO, holds him down in chair by shoulders.—GUMBO acts very nervously.

COL. Go way boy, and leff de gembelman alone!

ADOL. knocks GUMBO's hat off, and goes off chased by GUMBO.

COL. Will you get into the focus?

GUMBO. It's dat boy of your'n!

COL. Get into de focus!

GUMBO. Whar's de work'us?

COL. crosses to him, and brings him to front—ADOL. enters.—COL. forces GUMBO into chair when ADOL. pulls it away, and GUMBO is left on floor as COLLODION turns away. GUMBO, seated on the floor, tries to strike ADOLPHUS, who runs out.

COL. (*at camera looks over the box.*) Wherever is dat man! I leff him in de cha'r dis berry moment!

GUMBO resumes seat.—COL. waves his hand to him to move.—GUMBO's business, still seated, of carrying chair with him up stage and down, in obedience to COLLODION's gestures.—COL. beckons him.—GUMBO comes to centre.—COL. waves him back.

GUMBO. (*hitches chair back till his head strikes the side-set-flat.*) Dis is kinder scurious!

COL. beckons to him, having his head in the camera all the while.—GUMBO leaves his chair, and goes straight to the camera's front, when he looks into the tube. Sees COLLODION's right hand waving up and down, and takes hold of it.—THEY shake hands for a moment.

COL. *draws his head out of the camera, angrily, collars GUMBO, and drives him back.*

GUMBO *remonstrates in pantomime.*

COL. Sit down, sir ! and don't move ag'in ! (*crosses to camera, as before.*)

GUMBO, *quiet for a brief space, has his attention directed to his bag and umbrella. Leaves his chair cautiously for umbrella, and, by means of it, rakes the bag to him. He resumes his seat just as COL-LODION looks over top of camera to see where he had gone.*

COL. Will you keep quiet, sir ! or shall I light de magnesium ?

GUMBO *puts bag on chair, and sits on it, and assumes king-on-throne attitude, the umbrella open over his head.*

COL. (*discovers this.*) How dare you, sir, when I had you in position !

GUMBO. It's an imposition altogether ! Ain't you cooked de portrait yet ?

COL. Don't budge ! I'm goin' to get de plate !

GUMBO. Fotch a tumbler an' some water ; I'd rader drink dan eat.

COL. I'll be back in one second. (*Exit.*)

GUMBO. I'm kinder scurious what he's gone for (*about to rise.*)

COL. (*enters, with frame, which he puts into camera.*) If you move, you'll spile all ! I'm goin' to fix de bath. (*Exit.*)

GUMBO. Who is dey gw'ine to wash now ?

ADOL. *enters silently, spies GUMBO, chuckles, gets feather, and tickles GUMBO.*

GUMBO (*imagines that all his sensations are caused by the camera. Very restless ; sneezes.*) Ain't it drefful, dough ! Pins and needles all ober ! Oh ! I feel kinder scurious !

ADOL. *climbs on back of chair, and, leaning forward, looks down into GUMBO's face.*

GUMBO (*terrified.*) Massy sakes ! what dat ! (*jumps up, but, recollecting, resumes his seat.—A pause.—ADOL. stands on his head, and walks on his hands around in front of GUMBO.*)

GUMBO *is staring at camera, and sees ADOLPHUS's feet sud-*

denly intervene. (*Starts up.*) Murder! Oh, it's dat awful boy again. (*Chases ADOLPHUS all around the stage, ADOLPHUS kicking GUMBO's hat and bag, and running off.—GUMBO rushes back to chair, and sits as before.*)

COLLODION enters quickly, looks at watch, slaps the cover on the end of the tube, draws out the frame) You kin move now! (*rushes out.*)

GUMBO. Dat's one comfort! (*looks around*) It's werry scurious! (*examines camera*) Pooh! I don't b'lieve it's much to do, arter all! Oh! (*sees watch*) Here's a maglorious ticker! If it wasn't for dat boy bein' on de sta'rs, I t'ink I'd play de Take-it-and-Leave-Man! (*scratches his head.*) I'd juss like to know wedder any man couldn't do it. S'pose I try my hand. In de words of de prophet Bulwig, "Dar's no sich word as fail!" (*puts his umbrella through bag handle, to prop it upright on chair, sticks his hat on top of umbrella, laughs. Goes to camera, puts head in*) I can't see nuffin'! It don't seem to work! (*looks at watch, hammers it on the camera, shakes it, looks into camera again, waves his hand to the dummy on chair*) No go! It's kinder scu-ri—oh! (*discovers that the tube is covered*) I forgot to take off de sasspan lid! (*takes off cover; business with watch, etc., like COLLODION'S, only still more extravagant.*)—ADOLPHUS enters stealthily, goes to strike hat in chair, when he dsicovers disappearance of GUMBO.—*Spies him, gets umbrella, crosses to right, and strikes GUMBO, who, with his head in box, can offer no defence. GUMBO cannot extricate himself.—ADOLPHUS runs.—COLLODION enters with picture.*)

COLLODION.

GUMBO.

ADOLPHUS.

Right.

Centre.

Left.

COL. You moved! (*holds up picture.*)

GUMBO. Dat's kinder scurious! I neber so much as winked!

COL. I shall charge you double. It's a binograph!

GUMBO. I'll buy no graphs of you!

COL. fifty cents single—double, one dollar.

GUMBO. Only ten if dar was but de one head dar ?

COL. Yes——

(GUMBO smashes the framed paper over his head.—ADOLPHUS flours his face.)

CURTAIN.

PADDY AND HIS MUSKET.

ANONYMOUS.

I'VE heard a good joke of an Emerald Pat,
Who kept a few brains and a brick in his hat.
He was bound to go hunting ; so, taking his gun,
He rammed down a charge—this was load number one ;
Then put in the priming, and when all was done,
By way of experiment, thought he would try
And see if perchance he might hit the “ bull's eye,”
He straightened himself till he made a good figure,
Took deliberate aim, and then pulled the trigger.
Click ! went the hammer, but nothing exploded ;
“ And sure,” muttered Paddy, “ the gun isn't loaded.”
So down went another charge, just as before.
Unless this contained just a grain or two more ;
“ I wonder can this be still shootin ?” said Pat ;
“ I'll put down a load now, I'm certain of that ;
I'll try it again, and then we shall see !”
So down went the cartridge of load number three !
Then trying again, with a confident air,
And succeeding no better, gave up in despair.
Just at that moment, he happened to spy
His friend, Michael Milligan, hurrying by.
“ Hollo, Mike ! come here, and just try on my gun ;
I've been tryin' to shoot till I'm tired and done !”
So Mike took the gun, and pricked up the powder,
Remarking to Pat, “ It would make it go louder ;”
Then placing it firmly against his right arm,
And never suspecting it might do him harm,
He pointed the piece in the proper direction,
And pulled on the trigger without more reflection—

When, off went the gun ! like a country election,
 Where whiskey and gin have exclusive selection
 Of those who are chosen to guard the inspection,
 (There's a great deal of noise—and some little inspection),
 And Michael "went off" in another direction !
 "Hold on !" shouted Pat, "hold on to the gun !
 I put in three loads, and you've fired off but one !
 Get up, and be careful—don't hold it so level.
 Or else we are both of us gone to the devil !"
 "I'm going," says Michael, "it's time that I wint,
 I've got myself kicked, and it's time for the hint."

HEZEKIAH BEDOTT.

WITCHER.

(From the Widow Bedott Papers.)

HE was a wonderful hand to moralize, husband was, 'specially after he begun to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once, when he was in one of his poor turns, that I shall never forget the longest day I live. He says to me, one winter evenin', as we was a settin' by the fire ; I was a knittin', (I was always a wonderful great knitter,) and he was a smokin', (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctor used to tell him he'd be better off to let tobacker alone ; when he was well, used to take his pipe and smoke a spell after he'd got the chores done up, and when he wa'n't well, used to smoke the biggest part o' the time.) Well, he took his pipe out o' his mouth, and turned toward me, and I knowed something was comin', for he had a pertikkeler way of lookin' round when he was gwine to say anything uncommon. Well, he says to me, says he : "Silly," (my name was Prissilly naturally, but he most ginerally always called me "Silly," cause 'twas handier, you know.) Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," and he looked pretty sollem. I tell you, he had a sollem countenance naterally—and afore he got to be deacon 'twas more

so, but since he'd lost his health he looked solemer than ever, and certingly you wouldnt wonder at it if you knowed how much he underwent. He was troubled with a wonderful pain in his chest, and amazin' weakness in the spine of his back, besides the pleurissy in the side, and having the ager a considerable part of the time, and bein' broke of his rest o' nights, 'cause he was so put to't for breath when he laid down.

Why, it's an onaccountable fact that when that man died he hadent seen a well day in fifteen year, though when he was married, and for five or six year after, I shouldnt desire to see a ruggedder man than what he was. But the time I'm speakin' of he'd been out o' health nigh upon ten year, and O dear sakes ! how he had altered since the first time I ever see him ! That was to a quiltin' to Squire Smith's, a spell afore Sally was married.

I'd no idee then that Sal Smith was a-gwine to be married to Sam Pendergrass. She'd ben keepin' company with Mose Hewlitt for better'n a year, and everybody said *that* was a settled thing, and lo and behold ! all of a sudding she up and took Sam Pendergrass. Well, that was the first time I ever see my husband, and if anybody'd a-told me then that I should ever marry him, I should a-said—but lawful sakes ! I most forgot. I was gwine to tell you what he said to me that evenin', and when a body begins to tell a thing, I believe in finishin' on't some time or other. Some folks have a way of talkin' round and round and round for evermore, and never coming to the pint. Now there's Miss Jenkins, she that was Poll Bingham afore she was married, she is the tejusest indiwidooal to tell a story that ever I see in all my born days. But I was gwine to tell you what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly ;" says I, "What ?" I didnt say "What Hezekier ?" for I didnt like his name. The first time I ever heard it I near killed myself a laughing. "Hezekier Bedott ;" says I. "Well, I would give up if I had such a name," but then you know I had no more idee o' marryin' the feller than

you have this minit o' marryin' the governor. I s'pose you think it's curus we should a named our oldest son Hezekier. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedott ; it's father Bedott's name, and he and mother Bedott both used to think that names had ought to go down from gineration to gineration. But we always called him Kier, you know. Speaking o' Kier, he is a blessin', ain't he ? and I ain't the only one that thinks so, I guess. Now don't you never tell nobody that I said so, but between you and me, I rather guess that if Kezier Winkle thinks she's a-gwine to ketch Kier Bedott, she's a leetle out o' her reckoning. But I was gwine to tell what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly"—I says, says I, "What?" If I didnt say "What," when he said "Silly," he'd a-kept on sayin' "Silly," from time to eternity. He always did, because, you know, he wanted me to pay pertikkeler attention, and I ginerally did ; no woman was ever more attentive to her husband than what I was.

Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly." Says I "What?" though I'd no idee what he was gwine to say ; didnt know but what 'twas something about his sufferings, though he wan't apt to complain, but he frequently used to remark that he wouldent wish his worst enemy to suffer one minnit as he did all the time, but that can't be called grumblin'—think it can ? Why, I've seen him in sitivations when you'd a-thought no mortal could a-helped grumblin', but *he* didnt. He and me went once in the dead o' winter in a one-hoss shay out to Boonville to see a sister o' hizen. You know the snow is amazin' deep in that section o' the kentry. Well, the hoss got stuck in one o' them are flambergasted snow-banks, and there we sot, onable to stir, and to cap all, while we was a-sittin' there, husband was took with a dretful crick in his back. Now that was what I call a perdiekerment, don't you ? Most men would a-swore, but husband didnt. He only said, says he, "Consarn it !" How did we get out, did you ask ? Why, we might a-been sittin' there to this day, fur as I know, if there hadent a-

happened to come along a mess o' men in a double team, and they hysted us out.

But I was gwine to tell you that observation o' hisen. Says he to me, says he, "Silly." I could see by the light of the fire, (there didnt happen to be no candle burnin', if I don't disremember, though my memory is sometimes ruther forgetful, but I know we wan't apt to burn candles 'ceptin' when we had company.) I could see by the light of the fire that his mind was uncommonly solemnized. Says he to me, says he, "Silly"—I says to him, says I, "What?" He says to me, says he, "*We're all poor critters!*"

UNCLE REUBEN'S TALE.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

QUOMPEGAN is a town some ten miles south
From Jethro, at Nagumscot river-mouth,—
A seaport town, and makes its title good
With lumber, and dried fish, and eastern wood.
Here Deacon Bitters dwelt, and kept the store,
The richest man for many a mile of shore ;
In little less than everything dealt he,
From meeting-houses to a chest of tea,
So dextrous therewithal a flint to skin,
He could make profit on a single pin ;
In business strict, to bring the balance true,
He had been known to cut a fig in two
And change a board-nail for a shingle-nail.
All that he had he ready held for sale,—
His house, his tomb, whate'er the law allows,
And he had gladly parted with his spouse.
His one ambition still to get and get,
He would arrest your very ghost for debt.
His store looked righteous, should the parson come,
But in a dark back-room he peddled rum,
And eased Ma'am Conscience, if she e'er would scold,
By christening it with water ere he sold.

A small, dry man he was, who wore a queue,
And one white neck-cloth all the week-days through,
On Monday white, by Saturday as dun
As that worn homeward by the prodigal son ;
His earlocks gray, striped with a foxy brown,
Were braided up to hide a desert crown ;
His coat was brownish, black perhaps of yore ;
In summer-time a banyan loose he wore ;
His trousers short, through many a season true,
Made no pretence to hide his stockings blue ;
A waistcoat buff his chief adornment was,
Its porcelain buttons rimmed with dusky brass.
A deacon he, you saw it in each limb,
And well he knew to deacon-off a hymn,
Or lead a choir through all its wandering woes,
With voice that gathered unction from his nose,
Wherein a constant snuffle you might hear,
As if with him 'twere winter all the year.
At his pew-head he sat with decorous pains,
In sermon-time could foot his weekly gains,
Or with closed eyes and heaven-abstracted air,
Could plan a new investment in long-prayer ;
A pious man, and thrifty, too, he made
The psalms and prophets partners in his trade,
And in his orthodoxy straightened more
As it enlarged the business at his store ;
He honored Moses, but, when gain he planned,
Had his own notion of the Promised Land.

“Soon as the winter made the sledding good,
From far around, the farmers hauled him wood,
For all the trade had gathered 'neath his thumb ;
He paid in groceries and New England rum,
Making two profits with a conscience clear,
Cheap all he bought, and all he paid with dear ;
With his own mete-wand measuring every load,
Each somehow had diminished on the road ;
An honest cord in Jethro still would fail
By a good foot upon the Deacon's scale,
And, more to abate the price, his gimlet eye

Would pierce to catsticks that none else could spy ;
Yet none dared grumble, for no farmer yet
But New Year found him in the Deacon's debt.

“While the first snow was mealy under feet,
A team crawled creaking down Quompegan street ;
Two cords of oak weighed down the grinding sled,
And cornstalk fodder rustled overhead ;
The oxen's muzzles, as they shouldered through,
Were silver-fringed ; the driver's own was blue
As the coarse frock that swung below his knee.
Behind his load for shelter waded he ;
His mittened hands now on his chest he beat,
Now stamped the stiffened cowhides of his feet
Hushed as a ghost's ; his armpits scarce could hold
The walnut whipstock, slippery-bright with cold.
What wonder if, the tavern as he past,
He looked and longed, and stayed his beasts at last,
Who patient stood and veiled themselves in steam
While he explored the bar-room's ruddy gleam ?

“Before the fire, in want of thought profound,
There sat a brother-townsman, weather-bound ;
A sturdy churl, crisp-headed, bristly-eared,
Red as a pepper ; 'twixt coarse brows and beard,
His eyes lay ambushed on the watch for fools,
Clear, gray, and glittering, like two bay-edged pools ;
A shifty creature, with a turn for fun,
Could swap a poor horse for a better one,—
He'd a high-stepper always in his stall ;
Liked far and near, and dreaded therewithal.
To him the in-comer, ‘Perez, how d'ye do ?’
‘Jest as I'm mind to, Obed ; how do you ?’
Then his eyes twinkling such swift gleams as run
Along the levelled barrel of a gun
Brought to his shoulder by a man you know
Will bring his game down, he continued, ‘So,
I s'pose you're hauling wood ? But you're too late ;
The Deacon's off ; old Splitfoot couldn't wait ;
He made a bee-line last night in the storm


To where he won't need wood to keep him warm,
 'Fore this he's treasurer of a fund to train
 Young imps as missionaries ; hopes to gain
 That way a contract that he has in view
 For fire proof pitchforks of a pattern new.
 It must have tickled him, all drawbacks weighed,
 To think he stuck the Old One in a trade ;
 His soul, to start with, wasn't worth a carrot,
 And all he'd left would hardly serve to swear at.'

"By this time Obed had his wits thawed out,
 And, looking at the other half in doubt,
 Took off his fox-skin cap to scratch his head,
 Donned it again, and drawled forth, 'Mean he's dead?'
 'Jes' so ; he's dead, and tother d that follers
 With folks that never love a thing but dollars ;
 He pulled up stakes last evening, fair and square,
 And ever since there's been a row Down There .
 The minute the old chap arrived, you see,
 Comes the Boss-devil to him, and says he,
 "What are you good at? Little enough, I fear ;
 We calculate to make folks useful here."
 "Well," says old Bitters, "I expect I can
 Scale a fair load of wood with e'er a man."
 "Wood we don't deal in ; but perhaps you'll suit,
 Because we buy our brimstone by the foot ;
 Here, take this measuring-rod, as smooth as sin,
 And keep a reckoning of what loads come in ;
 You'll not want business, for we need a lot
 To keep the Yankees that you send us hot ;
 At firing up they're barely half as spry
 As Spaniards or Italians, though they're dry ;
 At first we have to let the draught on stronger,
 But, heat 'em through, they seem to hold it longer."

" 'Bitters he took the rod, and pretty soon
 A teamster comes, whistling an ex-psalm tune.
 A likelier chap you wouldn't ask to see,
 No different, but his limp, from you or me—'
 'No different, Perez ! Don't your memory fail ?

Why, where in thunder were his horns and tail ?
'They're only worn by some old-fashioned pokes ;
They mostly aim at looking just like folks.
Such things are scarce as queues and topboots here ;
'Twould spoil their usefulness to look too queer.
If you could always know 'em when they come,
They'd get no purchase on you : now be mum.
On came the teamster, smart as Davy Crockett,
Jingling the red-hot coppers in his pocket,
('Twas gold-dust you'd ha' sworn,)
A load of sulphur yellower than seed-corn,—
To see it wasted as it is Down There,
Would make a Friction Match Co. tear its hair !
" Hold on ! " says Bitters, " stop right where you be ;
You can't go in without a pass from me."
" All right," says t'other, " only step round smart,
I must be home by noon-time with the cart."
Bitters goes round it sharp-eyed as a rat,
Then with a scrap of paper on his hat
Pretends to cipher. " By the public staff
That load scarce rises twelve foot and a half."
" There's fourteen foot and over," says the driver,
" Worth twenty dollars, if its worth a stiver,—
Good fourth-proof brimstone that'll make 'em squirm,
I leave it to the Headman of the Firm ;
After we measure it, we always lay
Some on to allow for settling on the way ;
Imp and full-grown, I've carted sulphur here,
And given fair satisfaction, thirty year."
With that they fell to quarrelling so loud
That in five minutes they had drawn a crowd,
And before long the Boss, who heard the row,
Comes elbowing in with " What's to pay here now ?"
Both parties heard, the measuring-rod he takes,
And of the load a careful survey makes.
Since I have bossed the business here," says he,
No fairer load was ever seen by me ;"
Then turning to the Deacon, " You mean cus,
None of your old Quompegan tricks with us !
They won't do here : we're plain old-fashioned folks,

And don't quite understand that kind of jokes.
I know this teamster, and his pa before him ;
And the hard-working Mrs. D. that bore him ;
He would not soil his conscience with a lie,
Though he might get the custom-house thereby.
Here, constable, take Bitters by the queue,
And clap him into furnace ninety-two,
And try this brimstone on him ; if he's bright,
He'll find the measure honest before night.
He isn't worth his fuel, and I'll bet
The parish poor-house has to take him yet !"



MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO GREENWICH FAIR.

JERROLD.

HEM !—So, Mr. Caudle : I hope you have enjoyed yourself at Greenwich. How do I know you have been at Greenwich ? I know it very well, sir ; know all about it : know more than you think I know. I thought there was something in the wind. Yes, I was sure of it, when you went out of the house to-day. I knew it by the looks of you, though I didn't say anything. Upon my word ! And you call yourself a respectable man, and a father of a family ! Going to a fair among all sorts of people, at your time of life. Yes : and never think of taking your wife with you. Oh no ! you can go and enjoy yourself out, with I don't know who ; go out and make yourself very pleasant, I dare say. Don't tell me, I hear what a nice companion Mr. Caudle is ; what a good tempered person. Ha ! I only wish that people could see you at home, that's all. But so it is with the men. They can keep all their good temper for out-of-doors ; their wives never see any of it. Oh dear ! I'm sure I don't know who'd be a poor woman.

Now, Mr. Caudle, I'm not in an ill temper ; not at all. I know I used to be a fool, when we were first married ; I

used to worry and fret myself to death when you went out ; but I've got over that. I wouldn't put myself out of the way for the best man that ever trod. For what thanks does a poor woman get ? None at all. No : it's those who do not care for their families who are the best thought of. I only wish I could bring myself not to care about mine.

And why couldn't you say, like a man, you were going to Greenwich Fair, when you went out ? It's no use your saying that, Mr. Caudle : don't tell me that you didn't think of going ; you'd made up your mind to it. Pretty games you've had, no doubt ! I should like to have been behind you, that's all. A man at your time of life !

And, of course, I never want to go out. Oh no ! I may stay at home with the cat. You couldn't think of taking your wife and children, like any other decent man, to a fair. Oh no ; you never care to be seen with us. I'm sure, many people don't know you're married ; how can they ? Your wife's never seen with you. Oh no ; anybody but those belonging to you.

Greenwich Fair, indeed ! Yes, and of course you went up and down the hill, running and racing with nobody knows who. Don't tell me ; I know what you are when you're out. You don't suppose, Mr. Caudle, I've forgotten that pink bonnet, do you ? No, I won't hold my tongue, and I'm not a foolish woman. It's no matter, sir, if the pink bonnet was fifty years ago, it's all the same for that. No ; and if I live fifty years to come, I will never leave off talking of it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Caudle. Ha ! few wives would have been what I've been to you. I only wish my time was to come over again, that's all ; I wouldn't be the fool I have been.

Going to a fair ! and I suppose you had your fortune told by the gypsies ! You needn't have wasted your money. I'm sure I can tell your fortune, if you go on as you do. Yes, the *jail* will be your fortune, Mr. Caudle. And it would be no matter—none at all—if your wife and children didn't suffer with you.

And then you must go riding upon donkeys—you didn't go riding upon donkeys? Yes; it's very well for you to say so; but I dare say you did. I tell you, Caudle, I know what you men are when you're out. I wouldn't trust any of you—you, especially, Caudle.

Then you must go in the thick of the fair, and have the girls scratching your coat with rattles! You couldn't help it, if they did scratch your coat? Don't tell me; people don't scratch coats unless they're encouraged to do it. And then you must go in a swing, too. You didn't go in a swing? And I'm a foolish woman to think so, am I? Well, if you didn't it was no fault of yours; you wished to go, I've no doubt.

And then you must go into the shows!—There, you don't deny that. You *did* go into a show.

What of it, Mr. Caudle? A good deal of it, sir.

Nice crowding and squeezing in these shows, I know. Pretty places! And you a married man and the father of a family. No, I won't hold my tongue.

It's very well for you to threaten to get up. You're to go to Greenwich Fair, and race up and down the hill, and play at kiss in the ring. Pah! it's disgusting, Mr. Caudle. Oh, I dare say you did play at it; if you didn't, you'd have liked, and that's just as bad: and you can go into swings and shows and roundabouts. If I was you, I should hide my head under the clothes, and be ashamed of myself.

And what is more selfish—most mean of you Caudle—you can go and enjoy yourself, and never so much as bring home for the children a ginger nut.

Don't tell me that your pocket was picked of a pound of nuts. Nice company you must have been in to have your pocket picked.

But I dare say I shall hear all about it to-morrow.

I've no doubt, sir, you were dancing at the Crown and Anchor. I should like to have seen you. No; I'm not making myself ridiculous. It's you that's making yourself ridiculous; and everybody that knows you says so.

Everybody knows what I have to put up with from you.

Going to a fair, indeed ! At your time——

Caudle are you asleep ? Well ! I never did see such a man, in all my life.

THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

ANONYMOUS.

I LOVE thee, Mary, and thou lovest me—

Our mutual flame is like th' affinity

That doth exist between two simple bodies :

I am Potassium to thine Oxygen.

'Tis little that the holy marriage vow

Shall shortly make us one. That unity

Is, after all, but metaphysical.

O, would that I, my Mary, were an acid,

A living acid ; thou an alkali

Endow'd with human sense, that, brought together,

We both might coalesce into one salt,

One homogeneous crystal. Oh ! that thou

Wert Carbon, and myself were Hydrogen ;

We would unite to form olefiant gas,

Or common coal, or naphtha—would to heaven

That I were Phosphorus, and thou wert Lime !

And we of Lime composed a Phosphuret.

I'd be content to be Sulphuric Acid,

So that thou might be Soda. In that case

We should be Glauber's Salt. Wert thou Magnesia

Instead, we'd form that's named from Epsom.

Couldst thou Potassa be, I Aquafortis,

Our happy union should that compound form,

Nitrate of Potash—otherwise Saltpetre.

And thus our several natures sweetly blent,

We'd live and love together, until death

Should decompose the fleshy *tertium quid*,

Leaving our souls to all eternity

Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs

And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we
 Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?
 We will. The day, the happy day, is nigh,
 When Johnson shall with beauteous Briggs combine.

THE DISGUSTED DUTCHMAN.

LOVER.

[THIS amusing scene is adapted from the drama of "The White Horse of the Peppers," and is admirably calculated to display a certain kind of talent. The time in which the scene is laid is just after the Battle of the Boyne. Gerald Pepper, an adherent of King James, has his estates confiscated by King William, who bestows them upon the foreign mercenary, Major Mansfeldt. Gerald manages to keep the Dutchman out of possession of the estates until he obtains a pardon through the influence of powerful friends. The stratagem by which he recovers his confiscated lands is humorously carried out in the drama.]

Characters.

GERALD—*an Irish Gentleman disguised as a Peasant.*

MAJOR HANS MANSFELDT—*a Dutch officer in the service of the King of England.*

AGATHA—*an Irish Peasant disguised as an Old Woman.*

SCENE.—*Dusk.—A ruined House, greater part of the roof gone—the windows broken—part of the walls fallen.—A table and rushlight upon it.*

Enter GERALD and HANS.

GER. There's an illigant place for you.

HANS (*horrified.*) Vaut a blace !

GER. I thought you'd be astonished !

HANS. Zo I am !

GER. Isn't that an illigant castle ? and you see they have been expecting you, for they've got up an illumination.

(*Points to rushlight.*)

HANS (*abstractedly.*) Midout a vall, midout a roof, midoubt a vindher ! Zappermint !

GER. It's a fine airy house, and nothing to interrupt the view from it.

HANS. Splut ! noting inteet. Vy, you vool, you tell me dis vas build in a vaurest.

GER. And so it *was* built in a forest, but that's a long time ago, for this is a fine, ould, anshint place, as you may see ; none o' your dirty, little upstart places, but the rale respectable antiquity.

HANS. But you tell me der vas voots.

GER. And so there was—but woods won't last for ever.

HANS. Splut ! I dought I voot gut down de dimbers.

GER. Ay, and that was very cute of you, but there was a janius in the family who thought of that before you, and that's the way, in my own beautiful art of poethry, that the janiuses who goes before us, is taking dirty advantages of us, and sayin' the things we wor goin' to say, only they said them before ; in short, takin' the bread out of our mouths.

HANS. Not in dis gountry.

GER. Why not ?

HANS. Because I never see no pread in nopoty's mout here ; in dis gountry dey have notin' but botatoes !

GER. And the finest thing under heaven is the same pra-ties, exceptin' only the people that ates them !

HANS. I vouldn't lif in dis ouse for notin'.

GER. But remember, there is land along wid the house.

HANS. Ya ! verhaftig ! and de lands is goot—eh ?

GER. Oh, beautiful ! there is nigh hand two hundred acres of bog—that was a part of it I brought you over to-day.

HANS. Blitzen, I vis it vas burnt.

GER. That's the use of it—it makes beautiful fire ; and

there's some wild rocks up beyent, where the goats get very nice pickin' if they're not particular.

HANS. Rocks and goats—bah ?

GER. Oh, that's what the lamb says—bah ; not the goat—it wouldn't feed lambs, supposing you had them !

HANS. Donderskind ! de ouse is empty.

GER. Well, an empty house is better than a bad tenant, any day in the year !

HANS. De shimbleys be all grooked.

GER. No wondher—you'll be crooked yourself when you're half as ould as they are. Hallo, there !

HANS. Dat is a vine voice vor atin rost bif.

GER. Hallo ! are you comin' here to-day at all ?

Enter AGATHA.

AGA. Aye, aye, I'm coming.

GER. Young woman !

HANS (*astonished.*) Young voomans ?

GER. Whist ! to be sure—always say young woman to an ould one, and she'll be plazed with you.

HANS. Young voomans, how is all de vamily ?

AGA. There were two killed this morning.

HANS (*aside.*) All de better vor me !—(*aloud.*) Vaut is begone of de roof of de ouse.

AGA. We boiled it down for broth !

GER. And picked the rafthers after ; don't you see she's bothered, and it's the pigs they killed she's speaking of.

HANS. Bodder—vat is dat ?

GER. (*points to his ears.*) Deaf—can't hear !

AGA. You're right enough ; yes, yes. (*Points to her ears.*) I remember, you mean the last fellows we found trespassing on the grounds ? We cut off their ears. Ha, ha, ha ! that was a good joke.

HANS. Vat a orrid voomans.

GER. Yes, ma'am ; don't mind her, yer honor, they are very polite to strangers, though they do sometimes have a little sport among themselves.

HANS. Sport to gut off a man's ears ?

GER. Do you know, then, I knew a man that had his ears cut off, and he said it was rather pleasant.

HANS. Bleasant ?

GER. Yes, indeed ; he was a bad character, you see, and when his ears was cut off, he couldn't hear anything bad of himself.

HANS (*aside.*) Gut off his ears—I don't like dis gountry !

GER. The ould woman says she'll give us something to ate.

HANS. I vould loike something to ate, vor I am ztarving.

AGA. What would you like to eat ?

HANS. You can vry a beit o' big !

AGA. They were all planted last spring.

GER. You forget she's deaf. (*Speaks loud.*) Have you a rasher of beacon ?

AGA. Bacon ? Oh, no—no—no—we can't be extravagant now, since the last lord died. But I'll examine the larder, and see what I can do for you. (*Exit.*)

GER. I thought there was no pig, any how.

HANS. Vy don't dey kill de pigs ?

GER. Kill them, indeed ? Why, man, would you be committin' suicide ! Kill, indeed ! no, no, they keep the pigs.

HANS. Vor vault dey geep dem ?

GER. For ornament, to be sure !

HANS. But she vas talkin' about killin' de big dis morn-ing.

GER. That was braggin' only ; she's an ould sarvant, and wishes to support the pride of the house.

HANS. If she could zupport de ouse itself, it vould be petters.

GER. Indeed, the house might be betther :—I own that it's rather out of repair.

HANS. Vault a blace to vall into mine ands.

GER. You're just in time to catch it, I think—this would be a nice room for studying astronomy, for you might see

the lovely luminaries without goin' out into the could at all.

Re-enter AGATHA, with a dish of boiled potatoes and a herring.

AGA. Here's something for your supper, and a seat.

GER. My blessins on you! Could you lend us the loan of another stool?

AGA. Yes—yes. I'll bring it to you.

GER. No, my darlin', I'll step down and bring it myself.

(Exeunt Agatha and Gerald.)

HANS *(Draws up the table, lifts the dish upon it, and seats himself.)* Splut! noting but veesh—salt errin! Vell, bat as dis is—I vill begin to eat, vor I'm ztarvin'.

He is going to cut the herring, when Gerald comes in and stops him.

GER. Murther! Murther! What are you going to do, man?

HANS. To ate mine zupper!

GER. Goin' to cut that fish? why, it is ruinin' the family entirely you'd be.

HANS. Ruin de vamily to ate von errin?

GER. That herring has supported this family for the last six months.

HANS. Pooh! I'm not such a vool as dat.

GER. It's thruth I'm tellin' you. The herrins was throubled with a scarceness last sayson, and so we must be savin' of the few we have of them, and only use them to give the praties a flavor.

HANS. A vflavor!—vaut is dat?

GER. I'll show you—here, *(peels a potato, and Hans follows his example,)* take the eye out of the potato, and then it can't see what you're doing. *(Points a potato at the herring, and then eats.)* That's as fine a herring as ever I ate. Oh, that's nourishing, that's what we call potatoes and point, here!

HANS. Vy, vat goot is in pointin at de veesh?

GER. Why, you imagine you're eating it all the time, and the herring never grows less for pointing at it.

HANS. Oh, dat is vera goot vor a boet ! But I have naut imaginations !

GER. Well, if you're a glutton, you may rub the pratie to it ; but I warn you not to put your knife in that herrin', or it may be there will be a knife in you before long.

HANS (*rubs his potato to herring, and eats.*) Bah ! I daste notin !

GER. That shows you haven't a delicate taste, but when your palate becomes refined you'll enjoy it, and you'll never have the nightmare after it, for it's a nice light supper.

(*Hands a bottle.*)

HANS (*drinks.*) Dat is goot.

GER. To be sure it is ; for this is the house above all others, you ought to get good dhrink in ; for it was through the dhrink the family went to decay. You see, the anshient owner of this place was a knight arriant.

HANS. Knight Arriant—vaut is dat ?

GER. Why, then, don't you know what a knight arriant is ?

HANS. Nein !

GER. That's no !—I know that much Dutch. I'd grow quite accomplished in your company. Well, I must tell you that a knight arriant is a man that goes about the world for sport, with a sword by his side, takin' whatever he likes for himself ; and that's a knight arriant — like yourself, indeed, sir. Well, he improved his property, by takin' everybody else's that he could, and left a great heap o' land to his son ; and a fine property it was ; but, somehow or other, they never could live fast enough, and wor gettin' in debt ever more—and so the property got worse and worse, till the last owner found that he was heir only to a thousand a-year.

HANS. A tousand a-year—eh ! dat is goot.

GER. Yes, but you see it was a thousand a-year, *that was spint.*

HANS. Oh, it vas spend !

GER. Yes, and that made the man that owned it take to

dhrink. I'd throuble you for that bottle, (*drinks*), and so the more he dhrank the better he liked it, which is only natural ; and it made him forget his losses—for how could he remember anything bad, when he forgot himself ? And so, to supply the dhrink, he began to cut down the timber.

HANS. I vish he did naut.

GER. Indeed, it was a shame, seein' you wanted to do it yourself. But, as I was tellin' you, he grew fonder and fonder of the dthrop—and indeed it's a complaint common in Ireland yet ; I'll take another gurlouge, if you please—(*drinks*)—and dhrunk to that degree that he was forever dhry ; and the dhryer he got, the faster went the timber, and at last all the woods was sowld for dhrink, so that, in fact, the timber was lost with a sort of dry rot.

(*Noise of many voices speaking, and a pistol shot is heard.*)

HANS. Vaut is dat ? (*Jumps up.*—GER. *remains composed.*)

GER. Oh, it's only a parcel of the young people of the family enjoyin' themselves.

HANS. But I 'ear a shot.

GER. To be sure—how could they kill one another without shooting—wait—I'll just step down and see what they're about.

(*Gerald descends stairs.*)

HANS. I like not moche dis. (*Great noise below.*) Dis beople zeem not goot beoples—did not like de beoples I met dis day in de pog. Sploot, dat pog ! mine orse I naut get yet. Vish I vas upon him, and von goot roat unter him, wouldn't I put the zpurs in him ! (*Noise.*) I dink I vill zee vat dey are about. (*Goes to the stairs.*) Dey are round de gorner, but dere zeem a great crowt. I loike not dis moche.

Re-enter GERALD.

GER. What are you lookin' out there for ?

HANS. I vas only admirin' de brospect—bud, I zay, as dere is not much 'gomodation 'ere, I dink ve moight as vell go back again.

GER. Whist ! stay quiet a bit—don't be in a hurry, or you'll rise suspicions. There's my Lord Killstranger, and

about twenty other blackguards, below, was axin' impudent questions about you—and who you wor--and what you came about, and so I gave them an evasive answer.

HANS. Vat call you 'vasive answer?

GER. I tould them to go to the divil and wait till I came for them!

HANS (*very uneasy.*) I dink ve had petter go pack again!

GER. Oh, don't be in a hurry, for these is quare people. You wor wondherin' about the roof being so bad--but I'll explain it to you. You see, the people about the castle stole the slates for to thatch their places; for you must know they are in the habit of burning one another's houses in these parts, and slates doesn't take fire so aisy as sthraw.

HANS. Dey burn de ouses, den?

GER. Oh, only when they have nothing else to divart them;—but they never burn the people in them!

HANS. Ah! naut de beoples?

GER. Oh, no—they wouldn't be so cruel as that; besides, is betther sport to shoot them flying. (*Noise below.*)

HANS. Ve had petter go pack again.

GER. I'm afeard they would suspect you of something bad, if you would be goin'—I wouldn't answer for your throat!

HANS. I am deir lantlor; dey would not gut mine droat.

GER. Wouldn't they?—Faith they would—sooner than pay you your rent, I can tell you. The last landlord of this place was no favorite, and he shut himself up, accordingly, and wouldn't open his door to man, woman, or child; but they were so determined to have him, that they climbed up the castle walls, tore the roof off the house to get at him, threw him out of the window, and he fell upon some pitchforks which they had outside, ready for him.

HANS (*writhing in imagined agony.*) Oh, murter! murter!

GER. You may say murther, sure enough! But the blackguards was thried for it.

HANS. Oh, dey vos troid !

GER. Oh, yes.

HANS. And hangt ?

GER. Why, they would have been—only that the jury was practical men themselves, and so they brought in a verdict of “accidental death.”

HANS. Vill you naut gome along out of dis ?

GER. Why, I think you had better be off, for fear of accidents ; but I must stay here to watch these blackguards.

HANS. But vault zhall I do midout a kite ?

GER. I have put the ould woman up to it, and she is waitin’ undher the window for you, and will lade you over the bog to the house of a dacent man, a friend o’ mine, and he’ll give you shelther, and I’ll see you in the mornin.’

HANS. Goot vellow ! goot vellow !—Bote how zhall I get out ?

GER. Out of the window, to be sure, for them vagabones is down stairs.

HANS (*looking down from window.*) I shall break my neg !

GER. Well, it’s bettther brake your neck than have your throat cut—here—I’ll make an iligant laddher for you—(*takes the blanket from the sheaf of straw that serves for a bed, and tears it,*)—here, tie this to your belt—and here’s a rope—(*unties his own rope girdle and joins it to blanket,*)—there’s a nate bit o’ carpenter’s work for you—now, get out o’ the window, and I’ll slip you down as aisy as an oyster !

HANS. You are zure dere is no bitch-vorks !

GER. If there is you’ll feel them tickle you, and then whistle to me, and I’ll pull you up—(*HANS gets out of window, and is supposed to fall. GERALD pulls in half the broken line—HANS roars.*) Run for your life—take care of the dog ! (*barking of dogs, squealing of pigs, and the roaring of Hans and Aggy outside. Laughing.*) Well, upon my conscience, I think we have seen the last of my friend the Dutchman ; he will give this part of Ireland a mighty wide berth.

(*Exit.*)

THE FRIGHTENED TRAVELLER.

ANONYMOUS.

O'ER a wild heath, at the decline of day,
A weary traveller took his lonely way,
A barren, cheerless, doubtful dreary waste,
Which human foot-fall rarely ever pac'd.
The sun fast sinking in the murky west,
When beast and bird had sought a place of rest,
The low'ring clouds assume an angry form,
A dread prognostic of a coming storm.
All things had vanish'd from the traveller's sight,
Cloak'd in the sable mantle of the night ;
The nipping north wind's gusts swell out the breeze,
Moan'd o'er the heath, and whistl'd through the trees ;
The owl shrieks wildly in her random flight,
And adds new horrors to the fearful night ;
The distant thunder rumbles from afar,
The harbinger of elementary war.
Meantime, the storm it loud and louder grew,
The vivid lightning fierce and wilder flew.
Loud pealing thunder rattled o'er his head
Enough to wake the slumbers of the dead.
Wilder and fiercer raged the furious storm,
The trees and shrubs assume a fiendish form,
And in the glaring lightning seem to stride,
Pursue his steps, and keep pace by his side,
In wild fantastic forms—about him dwell,
And in his ears seem horribly to yell.
Yet on he urged his fearful, doubtful way,
Wherein he seem'd to lead himself astray ;
Imagination still augments his fears,
When, lo ! a glimmering distant light appears.
'Twas water to the famish'd ; soothed his care,
And brought the angel Hope to light despair.
Swift as a fawn he bounds the greensward o'er,
He knocks, and soon they ope the cottage door,
And there a gaunt grim host before him stood.
He held in hand a knife all stain'd with blood ;

A stormy night, the grim ghost gruffly said :
 He beckon'd, and forward the poor traveller led
 Come, sir, sit down and warm thee by the fire.
 Said the traveller Green, 'tis rest that I require.
 Well, said the host, then show him up to bed ;
 The dame obey'd, and up the stairs she led,
 She curtsied, simper'd, bade him a good night,
 Saying, If you please, sir, I must take the light.
 He laid him down, but still a watch did keep.
 Tho' worn and tired, yet he could not sleep ;
 Doubt and suspicion still increase his cares,
 He hears a foot-fall on the creaking stairs,
 And a low whisper to his ear now creeps—
 He hears the host say, "I'll do it while he sleeps."
 The door slow opens—then the grim host stood
 With frightful knife, and hands all stained with blood,
 The traveller panted,—a brief pray'r he said ;
 With stealthy step, the host approach'd his bed,
 Up starts the stranger, seizing the dread knife,
 And shrieking wildly, Spare, O, spare my life !
 Good friend, said the host, I assure you you're mistaken,
 'Tis not your throat I'd cut, but that 'ere bacon.
 I've kill'd a pig to-night—you see this blood—
 And my dame says, that pig's fry's very good ;
 You see a flitch of bacon there we keep ;
 I wish'd not to disturb you in your sleep ;
 I assure you, sir, I'm quite a different man—
 But come, the pig's fry's rattling in the pan.

ECONOMY.

PINDAR.

ECONOMY's a very useful boon,
 Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room
 To catch each straggling pin to make a plumb :
 Too oft Economy's an iron vice,
 That squeezes even the little guts of mice,
 That peep with fearful eyes, and ask a crumb.

Proper Economy's a comely thing—
 Good in a subject—better in a king ;
 Yet pushed too far, it dulls each finer feeling—
 Most easily inclined to make folks mean ;
 Inclines them, too, to villainy to lean,
 To over-reaching perjury and stealing.

Even when the heart should only think of grief,
 It creeps into the bosom like a thief,
 And swallows up th' affections all so mild—
 Witness the Jewess and her only child :

THE JEWESS AND HER SON.

POOR Mistress Levi had a luckless son,
 Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,
 In imitation of th' ambitious great,
 High from the gallery, ere the play begun,
 He fell all plump into the pit,
 Dead in a minute as a nit :
 In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck ;
 Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck !

The mother was distracted, raving, wild—
 Shrieked, tore her hair, embraced and kissed her child—
 Afflicted every heart with grief around :
 Soon as the shower of tears was somewhat past,
 And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,
 She cast about her eyes in thought profound,
 And being with a saving knowledge blessed,
 She thus the playhouse manager addressed :

“Sher, I'm de moder of de poor Chew lad,
 Dat meet mishfortin here so bad—
 Sher, I muss haf de shilling back, you know
 Ass Moses haf not see de show.”

But as for Avarice, 'tis the very devil ;
 The fount, alas ! of every evil ;
 The cancer of the heart—the worst of ills :

Wherever sown, luxuriantly it thrives ;
 No flower of virtue near it lives :
 Like aconite, where'er it spreads, it kills,
 In every soil behold the poison spring !
 Can taint the beggar, and infect the king.

CLERICAL WIT.

ANONYMOUS.

A PARSON, who a missionary had been,
 And hardships and privations oft had seen,
 While wandering far on lone and desert strands,
 A weary traveller in benighted lands,
 Would often picture to his little flock
 The terrors of the gibbet and the block ;
 How martyrs suffer'd in the ancient times,
 And what men suffer now in other climes ;
 And though his words were eloquent and deep,
 His hearers oft indulged themselves in sleep.
 He mark'd with sorrow each unconscious nod,
 Within the portals of the house of God,
 And once this new expedient thought he'd take
 In his discourse, to keep the rogues awake—
 Said he, “ While travelling in a distant state,
 I witness'd scenes which I will here relate.
 'Twas in a deep, uncultivated wild,
 Where noontide glory scarcely ever smiled ;
 Where wolves in hours of midnight darkness howl'd—
 Where bears frequented, and where panthers prow'd—
 And, on my word, *mosquitoes* there were found,
 Many of which, I think, would weigh a *pound* !
 More fierce and ravenous than the hungry shark—
 They oft were known to climb the trees and *bark* ! ”
 The audience seem'd taken by surprise—
 All started up and rubb'd their wondering eyes
 At such a tale they all were much amazed,
 Each drooping lid was in an instant raised,
 And we must say, in keeping heads erect,

It had its destined and desired effect.
 But tales like this credulity appall'd ;
 Next day, the deacons on the pastor call'd,
 And begg'd to know how he could ever tell
 The foolish falsehoods from his lips that fell.
 "Why, sir," said one, "think what a monstrous weight!
 Were they as large as you were pleased to state ?
 You said they'd weigh a pound! It can't be true.
 We'll not believe it, though 'tis told by you!"
 "Ah, but it is!" the parson quick replied ;
 "In what I stated you may well confide ;
Many, I said, sir—and the story's good—
 Indeed I think that *many* of them would!"
 The deacon saw at once that he was caught,
 Yet deem'd himself relieved, on second thought.
 "But then the *barking*—think of that, good man!
 Such monstrous lies! Explain it if you can!"
 "Why, that, my friend, I can explain with ease—
They climbed the bark, sir, when they climbed the trees!

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

AFTER GOLDSMITH.

LOWELL.

PROPT on the marsh, a dwelling now, I see
 The humble school-house of my A, B, C,
 Where well-drilled urchins, each behind his tire,
 Waited in ranks the wished command to fire,
 Then all together, when the signal came,
 Discharged their *a-b abs* against the dame,
 Who, 'mid the volleyed learning, firm and calm,
 Patted the furloughed ferule on her palm,
 And, to our wonder, could detect at once
 Who flashed the pan, and who was downright dunce.

There young Devotion learned to climb with ease
 The gnarly limbs of Scripture family-trees,
 And he was most commended and admired

Who soonest to the topmost twig perspired ;
 Each name was called as many various ways
 As pleased the reader's ear on different days,
 So that the weather, or the ferule's stings,
 Colds in the head, or fifty other things,
 Transformed the helpless Hebrew thrice a week
 To guttural Pequot or resounding Greek
 The vibrant accent skipping here and there,
 Just as it pleased invention or despair ;
 No controversial Hebraist was the Dame ;
 With or without the points pleased her the same ;
 If any tyro found a name too tough,
 And looked at her, pride furnished skill enough ;
 She nerved her larynx for the desperate thing,
 And cleared the five-barred syllables at a spring.

Ah, dear old times ! there once it was my hap,
 Perched on a stool, to wear the long-eared cap ;
 From books degraded, there I sat at ease,
 A drone, the envy of compulsory bees.

DANIEL *versus* DISHCLOUT.

STEVENS.

WE shall now consider the law, as our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and numbers, according as the Statutes declare, “considerandi, considerando, considerandum ;” and are not to be meddled with by those that don’t understand them. Law always expressing itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding moods, cases, or genders ; except, indeed, when a woman happens to be slain, then the verdict is always brought in manslaughter. The essence of the law is altercation, for the law can altercate, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate. Now the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts ;—the first is the beginning, or incipiendum ; the second, the uncertainty, or dubitandum ; the third, delay,

or puzzle-endum ; fourthly, replication without endum ; and, fifthly, monstrum and horrendum. All which are exemplified in the following case :

DANIEL *versus* DISHCLOUT.—Daniel was groom in the same family wherein Dishclout was cook-maid ; and Daniel returning home one day fuddled, stooped down to take a sop out of the dripping-pan ; Dishclout pushed him into the dripping-pan, which spoiled his clothes, and he was advised to bring his action against the cook-maid, the pleadings of which were as follows : The first person who spoke was Mr. Snuffle ; he began by saying, “ Since I have the honor to be pitched upon to open this case to your honor, I shall not impertinently presume to take up any of your honor’s time by a round-about circumlocutory manner of speaking or talking, quite foreign to the purpose and not any way relating to the matter in hand ! I shall, I will, I design to show what damages my client has sustained hereupon, whereupon, and thereupon. Now may it please the court, my client being a servant in the same family with Dishclout, and not being at board wages, imagined he had a right to the fee simple of the dripping-pan ; therefore he made an attachment on the sop with his right hand, which the defendant replevied with her left hand, tripped us up, and tumbled us into the dripping-pan. Now, in Broughton’s Reports, *Slack versus Smallwood*, it is said that *primus strocus sine jocus, absolutus est provokus* ; now, who gave the *primus strocus* ? who gave the first offence ? Why the cook ; she brought the dripping-pan there ; for, though we will allow, if we had not been there we could not have been thrown down there ; yet your honor, if the dripping-pan had not been there for us to have tumbled down into, we could not have tumbled down into the dripping-pan.”

The next counsel on the same side began with, “ Your honor, he who makes use of many words to no purpose, has not much to say for himself ; therefore I shall come to the point. My client was in liquor ; the liquor in him having served an ejectionment upon his understanding, com-

mon sense was nonsuited, and he was a man beside himself, as Dr. Biblibus declares in his Dissertation upon Bumpers. In the 130th folio volume of the Abridgment of the Statutes, page 1286, he says, that a drunken man is *homo duplicans*, or a double man, not only because he sees things double, but also because he is not as he should be, *perfecto ipse he*, but is, as he should be, *defecto ipse he*."

The counsel on the other side rose up gracefully, playing with his ruffles prettily, and tossing the ties of his wig about emphatically. He began with, "Your honor, and you gentlemen of the jury, I humbly do conceive I have the authority to declare, that I am counsel in in this case for the defendant; therefore, your honor, I shall not flourish away in words; words are no more than filagree work. Some people may think them an embellishment, but to me it is a matter of astonishment, how any one can be so importinent, to the detriment of all rudiment; but, this is not to be looked at through the medium of right and wrong; for the law knows no medium, and right and wrong are but its shadows. Now, in the first place, they have called a kitchen my client's premises. Now, a kitchen is nobody's premises; a kitchen is not a warehouse nor a storehouse; a brewhouse nor a-bakehouse; an outhouse nor an inhouse, nor a dwellinghouse, nor any house; no, your honor, 'tis absolutely and *bona fide*, neither more nor less than a kitchen; or as the law more classically expresses, a kitchen is *camera necessaria pro usus cookaree, cum sauce-pannis, stew-pannis, scullero dressero, coalholo, stovis, smoakjacko, pro roastandum, boilandum, fryandum, et plum puddings mixandum, pro turtle soupes, calves' head hashibus, cum calipee et calipashibus*. But we shall not avail ourselves of an alibi, but admit of the existence of a cook-maid; now, may it please the court, we shall take it upon a new ground and beg a new trial, for as they have curtailed our name, from plain Mary into Moll, I hope the Court will not allow of this; for if they were to allow of

mistakes, what would the law do ? For when the law don't find mistakes, it is the business of the law to make them." Therefore the court allowed them the liberty of a new trial ; for the law is our liberty, and it is happy for us that we have the liberty to go to law.

SPECTACLES, OR HELPS TO READ.

BYROM.

A CERTAIN artist, I've forgot his name,
Had got for making spectacles a fame,
Or "helps to read"—as, when they first were sold
Was writ upon his glaring sign in gold ;
And, for all uses to be had from glass,
His were allowed by readers to surpass.
There came a man into his shop one day:
"Are you the spectacle contriver, pray?"
"Yes, sir," said he, "I can in that affair,
Contrive to please you, if you want a pair."
"Can you? Pray do then." So, at first, he chose
To place a youngish pair upon his nose ;
And book produced, to see how they would fit ;
Asked how he liked 'em? "Like 'em—not a bit."
Then, sir, I fancy, if you please to try,
These in my hand will better suit your eye."
"No, but they don't." "Well, come, sir, if you please,
Here is another sort, we'll e'en try these ;
Still somewhat more they magnify the letter ;
Now, sir?" "Why now—I'm not a bit the better."
"No! here, take these that magnify still more ;
How do they fit?" "Like all the rest before."
In, short they tried a whole assortment through,
But all in vain, for none of 'em would do.
The operator, much surprised to find
So odd a case, thought, sure the man is blind :
"What sort of eyes can you have got?" said he,
"Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see."

“Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball—
 Pray let me ask you—can you read at all?”
 “No, you great blockhead ; if I could what need
 Of paying you for any ‘helps to read?’”
 And so he left the maker in a heat,
 Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.

THE PIG.

A COLLOQUIAL POEM.

SOUTHEY

JACOB! I do not like to see thy nose
 Turn'd up in scornful curve at yonder pig,
 It would be well, my friend, if we, like him,
 Were perfect in our kind! . . And why despise
 The sow-born grunter? . . He is obstinate,
 Thou answerest ; ugly, and the filthiest beast
 That banquets upon offal. . . . Now I pray you
 Hear the pig's counsel.

Is he obstinate?

We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words ;
 We must not take them as unheeding hands
 Receive base money at the current worth,
 But with a just suspicion try their sound,
 And in the even balance weigh them well.
 See now to what this obstinacy comes :
 A poor, mistreated, democratic beast,
 He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
 Their profit, and not his. He hath not learned
 That pigs were made for man, . . born to be brawn'd
 And baconized : that he must please to give
 Just what his gracious masters please to take :
 Perhaps his tusks, the weapons Nature gave
 For self-defence, the general privilege ;
 Perhaps, . . hark, Jacob! dost thou hear that horn?
 Woe to the young postery of Pork!
 Their enemy is at hand.

Again. Thou say'st

The pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him !
 Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.

His face, . . nay, Jacob ! Jacob ! were it fair
 To judge a lady in her dishabille ?
 Fancy it dressed, and with saltpetre roughed.
 Behold his tail, my friend ; with curls like that
 The wanton hop marries her stately spouse :
 So crisp in beauty Amoretta's hair
 Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.
 And what is beauty, but the aptitude
 Of parts harmonious ? Give thy fancy scope,
 And thou wilt find that no imagined change
 Can beautify this beast. Place at his end
 The starry glories of the peacock's pride.
 Give him the swan's white breast ; for his horn-hoofs
 Shape such a foot and ankle as the waves
 Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss
 When Venus from the enamor'd sea arose ; . .
 Jacob, thou canst but make a monster of him !
 All alteration man could think, would mar
 His pig perfection.

The last charge, . . he lives

A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
 With noble and right-reverend precedents,
 And show, by sanction of authority,
 That 'tis a very honorable thing
 To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest
 On better ground the unanswerable defence.
 The pig is a philosopher, who knows
 No prejudice. Dirt ? . . . Jacob, what is dirt ?
 If matter, . . why the delicate dish that tempts
 An o'ergorged epicure to the last morsel
 That stuffs him to the throat-gates, is no more.
 If matter be not, but as sages say,
 Spirit is all, and all things visible
 Are one, the infinitely modified,
 Think, Jacob, what that pig is, and the mire
 Wherein he stands knee-deep !

And there ! the breeze

Pleads with me, and has won thee to a smile
 That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossom'd field
 Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

A STRAY PARROT.

PAUL.

A FARCE.

Characters.

MR. WYNDHAM NORVAL,
JEMIMA LOTT,

MISS LUCY,
A BRAZILIAN (*voice outside.*)

PROPERTIES—*Small sofa with cushion. Movable parrot in cage. Candlestick. Boot-jack—Shaving brush—Clean towel—Two tables—Two chairs—Broom—Duster—Cover for cage—Cigar—Box of matches. Pair of boots—Saucer of blacklead—Brush and dustpan.*

SCENE—*An Interior, scantily furnished; table, chairs &c. An air of negligence pervades the apartment. A parrot in large cage near window.*

Enter JEMIMA with broom, duster &c.

JEMI. Well I never, that tiresome man han't gone out yet. I never did see such a lazy person in all my born days. He calls hisself a hartist, cause he paints. Well, if hartists are all sich idle good for nothin' come day, go day sort of people, if ever I does get married, and if I'as any little hoffsprings, none of 'em shan't be hartists. (*Calls*) Mr. Norval, are you goin' out to-day or not? cause I want to do the rooms.

NORVAL (*within.*) All right, Jemima—don't fidget, my poppet.

JEMI. There, that's the way he gits over me. He's always calling me his poppet or somethin' else jist as soft. He's a good-natured young man, though he does not get up till 12 o'clock, and nearly worrits my life out (*looking about.*) How this place do smell of smoke. He's a hawful one for his pipe. (*clears table.*) I'll not wait for him any longer but shall do this room any-how.

Enter NORVAL smoking, lathering his face at the same time—he has on a dressing gown, slippers and smoking cap.

NORVAL. Halloa Jemima, how are you this morning ?

JEMI. It's too bad of you getting up so late, Mr. Norval.

NORVAL. Now, then, Jemima, don't scold me as usual. How would you like to enamel in this style every morning ?
(daubing her face with the brush.)

JEMI. *(wiping it off with her apron.)* Have done, Mr. Norval, or I'll make t'other servant do your rooms, for it's no joke to come up three pairs of stairs and then be worried into the bargain.

NORVAL. I beg you will not constantly remind me that I inhabit a third floor back. You know I never ring unless I'm compelled, (not more than fifty times a day, I can honestly say,) and that's nothing. I'll be bound those South-American swells in the drawing rooms are really a trouble to you.

JEMI. They be rum'uns on the first floor. They is Burzilians, and missis says his brother is a Hemperor in his own country. Certainly they've got no hend of money and they never locks hanything up *(giggling.)* Missis likes that.

NORVAL. She does, eh ? Well I'm like the Emperor's brother. I never lock anything up *(strops his razor.)*

JEMI. *(laughing.)* No, I should think you didn't.

NORVAL. Jemima, permit me to observe that this mirth is unseemly. What are you laughing at ?

JEMI. It'd make anybody laugh as know'd you—as if you'd anything to lock up—I believes you buy your tea by the hounce. I knows you gets your butter by the 'alf quarter, and hever since you've lodged in this 'ouse, you've only had two heggs or one 'errin in at a time—and they didn't look fresh. Missis says she b'lieves you live on smoke and beer.

NORVAL. I can bear with a great deal, but if you reflect too much on my domestic economy, I shall procure other lodgings—so take that. *(Daubing her cheek with the brush.)*

JEMI. I wish you'd keep your nasty lather to yourself. I 'ates soap.

NORVAL. So I should think, from the appearance of your face.

JEMI. (*uncovering the cage while dusting it.*) Eh—my word, I never see this afore—why you’ve been treatin’ yourself to a Poll Parrot too.

NORVAL. What do you mean by a Parrot too.

JEMI. Why, Miss Lacy, the second floor, ’as a Parrot as like this as two peas. (*Speaking to the bird*) Pretty creetur’!

NORVAL. Who? Miss Lacy?

JEMI. No—the Poll Parrot. Miss Lacy isn’t a creetur, but one of the nicest, respectablest girls I ever see—so clever too—she’s a dressmaker.

NORVAL. Pheugh! (*lighting his pipe or cigar.*)

JEMI. And industrious too—my word she do work, she do; she’s a-makin’ some dresses now for the young Miss, the daughter of the Burzilian gent. Ah! there’s a temper—that child isn’t above twelve years of age, and she’s got the manners of a grown-up woman—which as for temper, she have got a will of her own. Jane, parlor maid, was telling me as ’ow she breaks ten tea-cups for breakfast every mornin’; she throw’d two yesterday at Buttons.

NORVAL. Who are you talking about? Miss Lacy?

JEMI. Miss Lacy! no—the Burzilian Miss; Miss Lacy break tea cups, indeed! She’s too good.

NORVAL (*smoking.*) Pheugh!

JEMI. You needn’t pooh pooh her—you don’t like her because she doesn’t take no notice of you when you’re goin’ up and down stairs. She isn’t a forard minx like that Miss Lemondrop, the confectioner’s daughter over the way.

NORVAL. Jemima Lott, you’re very impudent this morning.

JEMI. I speaks my mind, and if ever thar was a trolloping bit of goods, she’s one.

NORVAL. Be careful what you say about that young lady, for it is just possible that she may one day be Mrs. Wyndham Norval.

JEMI. Well I’m sorry for it. If you were to ask my advice.

NORVAL. But I don't.

JEMI. Then I shall give it without. Miss Lemondrop is a sort of person——

NORVAL (*shakes razor strap at her.*) Now then.

JEMI—who dresses too flarin'——

NORVAL (*throws a slipper at her, which she avoids.*)
Jemima!

JEMI—and wears too big a crinoline——

NORVAL (*another slipper.*) Will you be quiet!

JEMI.——for a person in her position, and——

NORVAL (*looks around, sees boot-jack, and raises it to throw;*)
she dodges behind sofa and cries ah !) Now then hold your tittle-tattle tongue and get out of this room! travel! look sharp!

JEMI. Well, I'm goin' sir, but after I've gone, don't ring and say I didn't do your room, you know.

NORVAL. Now then—skedaddle. Be off—I've had quite enough of your impudence.

JEMI. Well, I'm goin', but for all that, which I must say Miss Lemondrop is—(*he chases her around the room with sofa pillow, and she exits left hand.*)

NORVAL. Good job you're out of my reach. Servants now-a-days express their opinions by far too freely.

JEMI. (*thrusting her head through door left hand.*) She's a nasty, 'orrid good for nothing trollope! Ough! (*Making a face. He throws some object at her, which misses her.*)

NORVAL. Take that. I'd follow her, but I might meet that pink of perfection, Miss Lacy, on the stairs. (*Resuming his slippers.*) If you show your face here again I'll comb your hair with this bit of furniture, Miss Jemima. (*A knock, left hand.*) Who is that, I wonder? not a creditor, I hope. Ah! perhaps it's Jemima, with further impertinence. (*Knock repeated.*) If it is, I'll serve her out. (*Conceals himself behind the door.*) Come in if you're good looking. (*As the door opens he is about to throw the sofa cushion, when he draws back, seeing that it is Miss Lacy who stands at the door.*)

MISS L. I beg your pardon sir, have you got a stray parrot?

NORVAL (*aside.*) She's a jolly nice girl, this. (*Wipes off the lather with the towel, which is tucked under his chin, buttons up his shirt collar and adjusts his costume.*) A parrot—I think you said parrot.

LACY. I did say parrot.

NORVAL. I thought so; yes-no-no-yes—pray walk in.

LACY. The servant has just told me that she thought it was here.

NORVAL. Jemima?

LACY. Yes (*seeing cage, goes to it.*) Ah! there it is.

NORVAL. That's *my* parrot—my own private and confidential parrot.

LACY. I'm sure it's mine, for his beak has a peculiar hook.

NORVAL. But parrots are like Hebrews, their noses are all more or less hooked.

LACY. But mine is more hooked than most birds.

NORVAL (*aside.*) Hookey walker.

LACY. Besides, I know his plumage, his head, his tail, his wings, his color, his—

NORVAL. But all birds have tails and wings and plumage and color.

LACY. I don't wish to be unpleasant, sir, but I repeat, it is my parrot, and unless you restore him I shall be compelled to appeal to the law.

NORVAL (*aside.*) Here's a lark; I'll keep this up. (*Aloud.*) Very well, suppose we go to law, Miss Lacy.

LACY. And pray, sir, may I inquire how you knew my name was Lacy?

NORVAL. Jemima told me.

LACY. Oh did she, Mr. Norval?

NORVAL. And may I inquire how you knew my name was Norval?

LACY. Jemima was also my informant.

NORVAL. Ah ! Jemima mutually enlightens us, it seems. Did she happen to mention my estates on the Grampian Hills ?

LACY. I don't come here to listen to your feeble badinage about the Grampian or any other—

NORVAL. Man !

LACY. Hills. I simply wish my parrot. Will you give him to me ?

NORVAL. Pray be seated, Miss Lacy; for after all we are neighbors; let us talk the matter over. A parrot may form the subject of a cosey little chat.

LACY. I've no time for conversation, even if I felt inclined. I'm extremely busy. (*Sews.*)

NORVAL (*aside.*) Jemima was right; she is industrious.

LACY. Again I say, will you return him ? Yes or No.

NORVAL. For the present I'm constrained to say No.

LACY. A noble act, to rob a poor girl of her—

NORVAL. Beer ?

LACY. No, bird. What name have you for such conduct ?

NORVAL. I call the denial, heroism—when the request is made by such a charming girl as yourself. (*Bowing.*)

LACY. Idle compliments are all very well, but will you be so kind as to tell me how long you have had that parrot ?

NORVAL. Since last night; when I came home, I found my window wide open, and his parrot-ship picturesquely perched on my best sugar basin, (I always use white sugar, I beg leave to say,) pegging away ravenously.

LACY. Oh, as for that, I can pay you for anything he has eaten.

NORVAL. Don't mention it, I beg of you; the two or three pounds he may have devoured is nothing. I judge he must have eaten that quantity, from the appearance of his waistcoat, but the extent of his appetite only suggested one sad thought.

LACY. And what was that, may I ask ?

NORVAL. As to how his former owner must have starved him.

LACY. I'd have you know, sir, that I was as particular about his meals as my own. But we are wandering from the point. You confess the bird is a fugitive: then by what right do you keep him?

NORVAL. By priority of ownership. I bought that identical bird six months ago. I am a bachelor (*sighs.*) Jemima may have told you. Well, I sighed for a partner to share my loneliness. I couldn't buy a wife to talk to me, so I bought the next best thing, a parrot. I was prepared to share my hard earnings with him. When, twenty-four hours after I brought him home, the ungrateful little monster flew away, cruelly deserting me, and only returned last night, after all these months of absence.

LACY. Well, I assure you, I used no efforts to entrap him. He certainly flew in at my window. I hadn't the slightest idea to whom he belonged. He insisted on remaining, and I adopted him.

NORVAL (*placing cage on table.*) It's a clear case you were simply detaining my property. (*Over the cage.*) You don't wish to go back to that strange lady, do you?

LACY. You don't wish to stay here in these untidy rooms with this ugly gentleman, do you, Jacky? (*Norval bows and says "thank you." Lacy puts a lump of sugar through the bars.*)

NORVAL. Ah! you're bribing him with sugar—isn't she, Johnny?

(*They both chirrup over the cage, when their heads nearly meet; they withdraw them, and she looks rather confused.*)

What lovely eyes! (*Aside.*)

LACY. His name isn't Johnny, it's Jacky.

NORVAL. Johnny!

LACY. Jacky!

NORVAL. Johnny!

LACY. Jacky, Jacky, Jacky. }
 NORVAL. Johnny, Johnny, Johnny. } (*Together.*)

(*He returns the cage near the window, not shutting its door.*)

NORVAL. After all, one name is as good for him as another, just as one master is the same to him as another.

LACY. Well, in that case, as I've had him six months, and he's grown attached to me, isn't it better that I should keep him? Besides, in this muddle of a room he'd pine away.

NORVAL. Not a bit of it—and besides, I'm meditating matrimony, and then he'll have some one to look after him.

LACY. I hope you'll marry some one who'll look properly after my little pet.

NORVAL. Then I must marry for your bird's comfort.

LACY. There! you said *your* bird.

NORVAL. I mean *my* bird, or *our* bird if you like.

LACY. Ah sir, if you knew how fondly I loved him, you would not deprive me of him, for remember, I have nothing else to love. He is my only and constant companion, and when I am weary sewing and toiling at my dull labors, all day long, I often turn to him for a bright moment of relaxation (*turns away as if weeping.*)

NORVAL. There, if you go on like that, I'll not only give you the parrot, but I'll throw myself in as well—(*aside*) I'm getting awfully in love with her.

LACY. That is more than I came for; besides, you know, you are meditating matrimony; what would Miss Lemon-drop say? Jemima, you see, supplies me with all the gossip of the house.

NORVAL. That blessed Jemima! Oh I've not made up my mind about Miss Lemondrop by a long way.

LACY. No? What a pity.

NORVAL. No, it isn't, for the truth must out; (*aside*) now for a bold stroke—(*aloud, on his knees*) for I'm half in love with you already (*seizing her hand.*) Your voice is so soft and tender. I know you are so good, so kind-hearted, so

industrious, and——(*attempts to kiss her hand; she draws it away.*)

LACY. O here's a nice situation! Jump up and don't be a stupid young man. What would the neighbors say if they saw you on your knees?

(*Voices without—saying*) “Catch him!” “There he goes!”—“Now you have it!” “Ah! he's gone!” &c. &c.

JEMI. (*without—calling.*) Mr. Norval! Miss Lacy!

NORVAL. Halloa! What's the row I wonder?

JEMI. (*without.*) The parrot! The parrot.

LACY (*running to the cage.*) Oh bless my heart, the bird has flown (*she goes to the window and voices cry “Ah!”*)

NORVAL. What was that?

LACY. What a stupid to show myself at your window; the yard is full of people, and now what will they say?

Voices without—Not that way!—Quick!—Look out for the cat! (*a crash outside.*)

NORVAL. Halloa! there's a smash for somebody!

(*Enter Jemima with the Parrot in a duster.*)

JEMI. Wictory! Wictory! I've gotten him at last.

LACY. Did you catch him?

NORVAL. Hold him tight.

JEMI. Yes I did, but he leaded me a dance if ever I 'ad one. I'll tell you how it were: while I was swilling the yard just now, I 'appens to look up, and there I sees Poll a takin' the hair on the side of the water-butt and lookin' as quinchiquintial and as impetent as you please. Ses I to myself, ses I—I'll be after you, my gentleman; so I creeps up as soft as I could, and just as I thought I 'ad him, I found I 'adn't, for he was nimbler as me, and away he bounced into the kitchen and lolloped hissself down in a big dish of cream. Cook, like a great stupid, shouts hout, and frightens 'im, and off he flops agin, and struggles on to the tiles, when jist as he gets there, I'm blest if there warn't next door's big tom cat. My 'art was in my mouth, as tom made a spring at him—but off he goes and tumbles down

Lemondrop's chimney, right into your young lady's room.

NORVAL. What! the cat?

JEMI. No, the parrot. When she see him, all smeared with soot and cream, she pretended to go off into 'stericks, and when I got there, what should I see but your sweet Lemondrop faintin,' or pretendin' to, in a young man's arms, and a-screechin' like mad, "Oh William, love, take it away—I know it will fly at me—take it away."

NORVAL. In a young man's arms, Jemima, are you sure of what you say?

JEMI. 'Course I is—for it was for a-looking at them that I misses Poll agin, who made out of the window and then into the first floor—the Burzilian gent's—who is lunchin' with his daughter. I thought the little miss would ha' died a-laughin' at Poll, which it did look comical with the cream and stuff on her—"Oh what a nice Poll!" says the child. "I want it, I must have it." "It is mine," says I. "I'll buy it for you," says her papa. "It isn't mine to sell," I says, ses I. "But I *will* have it," says she, and then stamped her feet and got so red in the face I thought she'd have suffercated. Just as I grabbed Poll, and was wrappin' him up in his duster, the old gent rushed after me and said his daughter would have convulsions if she didn't get Poll at once. I off, and he after me, and here I am; so now you know all about it, for I'm really done up after that race.

(Sinks into a chair and wipes her face with her apron, which blacks it.) Ah! my word, it's warm. *(Footsteps heard without, left hand.)* I shouldn't be surprised if that's the Burzilian gent now.

BRAZILIAN. Are you coming? Quick—my daughter is impatient.

JEMIMA. There, that's him—don't you hear? name the price.

NORVAL. But isn't mine now, he belongs to Miss Lacy.

LACY. No, he is yours.

BRAZILIAN *(outside.)* I'll give ten dollars for him.

JEMIMA. Ten dollars ; shall I let him have him ?

NORVAL. I tell you he isn't mine.

BRAZILIAN (*outside.*) I'll give twenty dollars.

LACY (*pantomiming across.*) He's yours, he's yours.

BRAZILIAN. Thirty dollars.

JEMIMA. If one of you don't claim him soon, I'll sell him on my own hook.

BRAZILIAN. Forty dollars.

LACY (*pantomiming.*) You speak.

NORVAL. No, no.—You.

BRAZILIAN. My daughter is in fits. Fifty dollars.

LACY (*anxiously.*) Do one of you take it—it's a sight of money. (*A scream is heard, they all start.*)

BRAZILIAN. Sixty, seventy, eighty dollars. (*They all walk up and down in an excited manner.*)

LACY. I don't know what to do, I'm sure.

NORVAL. We are all getting precious excited about this money.

BRAZILIAN. My daughter is getting black in the face—A hundred dollars (*very loud.*)

JEMIMA. Oh sir, don't let her go black in the face. We shall have the house indicted for turning people into niggers.

NORVAL. Well there ! I'll settle it, he shall have it for a hundred dollars.

JEMIMA (*jumping with joy.*) I'm so glad !

NORVAL (*to Lacy.*) I accept it for you.

JEMIMA (*speaking off.*) The gentleman as owns the parrot says as 'ow you can have it, sir, for a nunderd dollars. I'll tidy him up a bit and bring him down.

BRAZILIAN. All right.

JEMIMA. There's a good job, and now I'll wash his face, brush his coat, black his boots, tuck up his tail feathers, put him in his 'ouse and git the money. (*Going with cage.*)

NORVAL. Hi ! What are you going to do with that ?

JEMIMA. Well, I think for a nunderd dollars you might

throw in the cage. (*Jemima goes to the back, puts parrot in cage during the following.*)

NORVAL. Come, Miss Lacy, this isn't a bad day's work after all—A hundred dollars and—

LACY. And the loss of a bird that I dearly loved.

NORVAL. And the gain of a poor artist that will love you just as much.

LACY. And you surely can't think me so selfish as to accept the money.

NORVAL. Well, I'll tell you how we will manage it. We'll divide it share and share alike. Or you shall have the better half, or at least you shall be my better half. I pop the question now, *sans cérémonie*. (*On his knee.*) Will you be mine?

JEMIMA (*coming in with cage.*) Well, I'm sure, I'll tell Lemondrop.

LACY. Poor bird, it pains me to lose him.

NORVAL. So it does me; through him we are all made happy, and now we are going to part with him.

JEMIMA. But you can buy another, and look at a nunderd dollars—it's quite a pile o' money—and if you and master here should ever make such stupids of yourselves as to come for to go to git married, why a hundred dollars will help you a good deal in furnishing, and I don't mind being your bridesmaid. You never see me in a white veil. I look so nice you wouldn't know me from a lady (*grins.*)

NORVAL. I'm agreed—I love her, she loves me, we all love each other—don't we Jemima? (*he embraces them both.*)

JEMIMA. Why, Mr. Norval, be you a-takin' leave o' your senses?

NORVAL. It's all the fault of Poll, here. Henceforward I shall adore all parrots for making me acquainted with the sweetest girl in the whole world. If ever I get rich, I'll endow an asylum for destitute and broken down parrots. I'll open a college for parrots to teach them talking in all languages. I'll have live parrots all over my house; and

when they die I'll stuff them with gold. Hurrah for parrots !

FINALE.

(Melody from "Les Bavards.")—OFFENBACH.

NORVAL. Pretty Polly ! Pretty Polly,
All seems happy, bright and jolly,
For which, thanks we offer you,

ALL. Pretty Polly 'tis your due—

LACY. Pretty Polly ! Pretty Polly !
To regret your loss seems folly,
Yet I'm loth to say good-by.

ALL. Pretty Polly don't you cry,

JEMIMA. Though to Polly thanks are due,
I've a share in what's occurred.

Poll did all a bird could do ;

I did my part like a bird.

ALL. Pretty Polly ! Pretty Polly !

Refrain.

DAME FREDEGONDE.

AYTOUN.

WHEN folks, with headstrong passion blind,
To play the fool make up their mind,
They're sure to come with phrases nice
And modest air for your advice.
But, as a truth unfailing make it,
They ask, but never mean to take it.
'Tis not advice they want, in fact,
But confirmation in their act.
Now mark what did, in such a case,
A worthy priest who knew the race.

A dame more buxom, blithe and free,
Than Fredegonde you scarce would see.
So smart her dress, so trim her shape,
Ne'er hostess offer'd juice of grape,

Could for her trade wish better sign ;
Her looks gave flavor to her wine,
And each guest feels it, as he sips,
Smack of the ruby of her lips.
A smile for all, a welcome glad,—
A jovial coaxing way she had ;
And,—what was more her fate than blame,—
A nine months' widow was our dame.
But toil was hard, for trade was good,
And gallants sometimes will be rude.
“And what can a lone woman do ?
The nights are long and eerie too.
Now, Guillot there's a likely man,
None better draws or taps a can ;
He's just the man, I think, to suit,
If I could bring my courage to't.”
With thoughts like these her mind is cross'd :
The dame, they say, who doubts, is lost.
“But then the risk ? I'll beg a slice
Of Father Raulin's good advice.”

Frankt in her best, with looks demure,
She seeks the priest ; and, to be sure,
Asks if he thinks she ought to wed :
“With such a business on my head,
I'm worried off my legs with care,
And need some help to keep things square.
I've thought of Guillot, truth to tell !
He's steady, knows his business well.
What do you think ?” When thus he met her :
“Oh, take him, dear, you can't do better !”
“But then the danger, my good pastor,
If of the man I make the master.
There is no trusting to these men.”
“Well, well, my dear, don't have him then !”
“But help I must have, there's the curse,
I may go further and fare worse.”
“Why, take him then !” “But if he should
Turn out a thankless ne'er-do-good,—

In drink and riot waste my all,
And rout me out of house and hall?"
"Don't have him, then! But I've a plan
To clear your doubts, if any can.
The bells a peal are ringing,—hark!
Go straight, and what they tell you, mark.
If they say 'Yes!' wed, and be blest—
If 'No,' why—do as you think best."

The bells rung out a triple bob :
Oh, how our widow's heart did throb,
And thus she heard their burden go,
"Marry, mar-marry, mar-Guillot!
Bells were not then left to hang idle
A week,—and they rang for her bridal.
But, woe the while, they might as well
Have rung the poor dame's parting knell.
The rosy dimples left her cheek,
She lost her beauties plump and sleek ;
For Guillot oftener kick'd than kiss'd,
And back'd his orders with his fist,
Proving by deeds, as well as words,
That servants make the worst of lords.

She seeks the priest, her ire to wreak,
And speaks as angry women speak,
With tiger looks, and bosom swelling,
Cursing the hour she took his telling.
To all, his calm reply was this,—
"I fear you've read the bells amiss.
If they have led you wrong in aught,
Your wish, not they, inspired the thought.
Just go, and mark well what they say."
Off trudged the dame upon her way,
And sure enough the chime went so,—
"Don't have that knave, that knave Guillot!"

"Too true," she cried, "there's not a doubt :
"What could my ears have been about!"
She had forgot that, as fools think,
The bell is ever sure to clink.

TOBY TOSSPOT.

COLMAN.

ALAS! what pity 'tis that regularity,
Like Isaac Shove's is such a rarity.
But there are swilling wights in London town
Termed—jolly dogs,—choice spirits—alias swine,
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus run on,
Dozing with headaches till the afternoon,
Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
By borrowing too largely of the moon.

One of this kidney,—Toby Tossopot high——
Was coming from the Bedford late at night;
And being Bacchi plenus—full of wine,
Although he had a tolerable notion
Of aiming at progressive motion,
'Twasn't direct——'twas serpentine.
He worked with sinuosities, along,
Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming though a cork,
Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong—a fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate,
When reading, "Please to ring the bell,"
And being civil beyond measure,
"Ring it!" says Toby—"Very well;
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."
Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk that almost jerked it down.

He waited full two minutes—no one came;
He waited full two minutes more;—and then
Says Toby, "If he's deaf, I'm not to blame;
I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal 'woke Isaac in a fright,
 Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,
 Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed,
 Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.

At length, he wisely to himself doth say—calming his fears—
 “Tush! 'tis some fool has rung and run away ;”
 When peal the second rattled in his ears !

Shove jumped into the middle of the floor ;
 And trembling at each breath of air that stirred,
 He groped down stairs, and opened the street-door,
 While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac eyed 'Toby, fearfully askant,
 And saw he was a strapper, stout and tall,
 Then put this question : “Pray, sir, what d'ye want?”
 Says Toby : “I want nothing, sir, at all.”

“Want nothing! Sir, you've pulled my bell, I vow,
 As if you'd jerk it off the wire.”
 Quoth Toby, gravely making him a bow,
 “I pulled it sir, at your desire.”

“At mine?” “Yes, yours ; I hope I've done it well ;
 High time for bed, sir ; I was hastening to it ;
 But if you write up : ‘Please to ring the bell,’
 Common politeness makes me stop and do it.”

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY.

ANONYMOUS.

A POEM IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO THE FIRST.

COURTSHIP.

FAIREST of earth ! if thou wilt hear my vow,
 Lo ! at thy feet I swear to love thee ever ;
 And by this kiss upon thy radiant brow,
 Promise affection which no time shall sever ;

And love which e'er shall burn as bright as now,
 To be extinguished—never, dearest, never!
 Wilt thou that naughty, fluttering heart resign?
 CATHERINE! my own sweet Kate! wilt thou be mine?

Thou shalt have pearls to deck thy raven hair—
 Thou shalt have all this world of ours can bring;
 And we will live in solitude, nor care
 For aught save for each other. We will fling
 Away all sorrow—Eden shall be there!
 And thou shall be my queen, and I thy king!
 Still coy, and still reluctant? Sweetheart, say,
 When shall we monarchs be? and which the day?

CANTO THE SECOND.

MATRIMONY.

Now, MRS. PRINGLE, once for all, I say
 I will not such extravagance allow!
 Bills upon bills, and larger every day,
 Enough to drive a man to drink, I vow!
 Bonnets, gloves, frippery and trash—nay, nay,
 Tears, MRS. PRINGLE, will not gull me now—
 I say I won't allow ten pounds a week;
 I can't afford it; madam, do not speak!

In wedding you I thought I had a treasure;
 I find myself most miserably mistaken!
 You rise at ten, then spend the day in pleasure;—
 In fact my confidence is slightly shaken.
 Ha! what's that uproar? This, ma'am, is my leisure;
 Sufficient noise the slumbering dead to waken!
 I seek retirement, and I find—a riot;
 Confound those children, but I'll make them quiet!

RINGS AND SEALS.

MOORE.

“Go!” said the angry weeping maid,
 “The charm is broken!—once betray'd,
 Oh! never can my heart rely
 On word or look, on oath or sigh.

Take back the gifts, so sweetly given,
With promis'd faith and vows to heaven ;
That little ring, which, night and morn,
With wedded truth my hand hath worn ;
That seal which oft, in moments blest,
Thou hast upon my lip imprest,
And sworn its dewy spring should be
A fountain seal'd for only thee !
Take, take them back, the gift and vow,
All sullied, lost, and hateful, now !"

I took the ring—the seal I took,
While oh ! her every tear and look
Were such as angels look and shed,
When man is by the world misled !
Gently I whisper'd, " FANNY, dear !
Not half thy lover's gifts are here :
Say, where are all the seals he gave
To every ringlet's jetty wave,
And where is every one he printed
Upon that lip, so ruby-tinted—
Seals of the purest gem of bliss,
Oh ! richer, softer, far than this ?

" And then the ring—my love ! recall
How many rings, delicious all,
His arms around that neck hath twistéd,
Twining warmer far than this did !
Where are they all, so sweet, so many ?
Oh ! dearest, give back all, if any !"

While thus I murmur'd, trembling too
Lest all the nymph had vow'd was true,
I saw a smile relenting rise
'Mid the moist azure of her eyes,
Like daylight o'er a sea of blue,
While yet the air is dim with dew !
She let her cheek repose on mine,
She let my arms around her twine—
Oh ! who can tell the bliss one feels
In thus exchanging rings and seals !

THE BITER BIT.

AYTOUN.

THE sun is in the sky, mother, the flowers are springing fair,
And the melody of woodland birds is stirring in the air ;
The river, smiling to the sky, glides onward to the sea,
And happiness is everywhere, oh, mother, but with me ?

They are going to the church, mother—I hear the marriage bell ;
It booms along the upland—oh ! it haunts me like a knell ;
He leads her on his arm, mother, he cheers her faltering step,
And closely to his side she clings—she does, the demirep !

They're crossing by the stile, mother, where we so oft have stood,
The stile beside the shady thorn, at the corner of the wood ;
And the boughs, that wont to murmur back the words that won
my ear,
Wave their silver branches o'er him, as he leads his bridal fere.

He will pass beside the stream, mother, where first my hand he
pressed,
By the meadow where, with quivering lip, his passion he con-
fessed ;
And down the hedgerows where we've strayed again and yet
again ;
But he will not think of me, mother, his broken-hearted Jane !

He said that I was proud, mother, that I looked for rank and gold,
He said I did not love him—he said my words were cold ;
He said I kept him off and on, in hopes of higher game—
And it may be that I did, mother ; but who hasn't done the same ?

I did not know my heart, mother—I know it now too late ;
I thought that I without a pang could wed some nobler mate ;
But no nobler suitor sought me—and he has taken wing,
And my heart is gone, and I am left a lone and blighted thing.

You may lay me in my bed, mother—my head is throbbing sore ;
And, mother, prithee, let the sheets be duly aired before ;
And, if you'd please, my mother dear, your poor, desponding
child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother, and, mother, draw it mild !

PAT AND THE GRIDIRON.

LOVER.

It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a-comin' home, whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas*, (that was her name,) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board, at last, and the pumps were choak'd (divil choak them for that same,) and av coorse the water gained an us ; and troth, to be filled with water is neither good for man or baste ; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors call ; and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever ; accordingly we prepared for the worst and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits and a cask o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboard, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in—and faith there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the *colleen dhas* went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her.

Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the end av a pole as well as we could, and then we sailed iligant ; for we darn't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin'

before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canophy iv heaven, and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic ; not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky ; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things when you've nothing' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, soon enough, throth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—throth *that* was gone first of all—God help uz—and oh ! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face—“ Oh, murther, murther, captain darlint,” says I, “ I wish we could land anywhere,” says I.

“ More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,” says he, “ for sitch a good wish, and throth it's myself wishes the same.”

“ Och,” says I, “ that it may plaze you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island,” says I, “ inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christians as to refuse us a bit and a sup.”

“ Whisht, whisht, Paddy,” says the captain, “ don't be talking bad of any one,” says he ; “ you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarthers in th' other world all of a sudden,” says he.

“ Thru for you, captain darlint,” says I—I called him darlint, and made free with him, you see, bekase disthress makes us all equal—“ thru for you, captain jewel—I owe no man any spite”—and throth that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor the *wather itself* was all gone atlast, and we passed the night mighty cowl—well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautifully out to the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as crystal. But it was only the more cruel upon us, for we wor beginnin' to feel *terrible* hungry ; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minit, and “ Thunder an' turf, captain,” says I, “ look to leeward,” says I.

"What for?" says he.

"I think I see the land," says I. So he ups with his bring-'em-near—[that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir,] and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

"Hurra!" says he, "we're all right now; pull away, my boys," says he.

"Take care you're not mistaken," says I; "maybe it's only a fog-bank, captain darlint," says I.

"Oh no," says he, "it's the land in airnest."

"Oh, then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?" says I; "maybe it id be *Roosia*, or *Proosia*, or the Garman Oceant," says I.

"Tut, you fool," says he—for he had that consaited way wid him—thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—"tut, you fool," says he, "that's *France*," says he.

"Tare an ouns," says I, "do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, captain dear?" says I.

"Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now," says he.

"Throth, I was thinkin' so myself," says I, "by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard of that same; and throth the likes av it I never seen before nor since.

"Well, with that, my heart began to grow light; and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so, says I, "Captain, jewel, I wish we had a gridiron."

"Why then," says he, "thunder an turf," says he, "what puts a gridiron into your head?"

"Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger," says I.

"And sure, bad luck to you," says he, "you couldn't eat a gridiron," says he, "barrin' you were a *pelican o' the wilderness*," says he.

"Ate a gridiron," says I; "och, in throth I'm not such a *gommoch* all out as that, anyhow. But sure, if we had a gridiron, we could dress a beef-steak," says I.

"Arrah! but where's the beef-steak," says he.

"Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork?" says I.

"Be gor, I never thought o' that, says the captain. "You're a clever fellow, Paddy," says he, laughin.'

"Oh, ther's many a thrue word said in joke," says I.

"Thru for you, Paddy," says he.

"Well, then," says I, "if you put me ashore there beyant," [for we were nearin' the land all the time,] "and sure I can ax them for to lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I.

"Oh, by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the stirabout in airnest now," says he, "you gommoch," says he, "sure I told you before that's France—and sure the're all furriners there," says the captain.

"Well," says I, "and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?"

"What do you mane?" says he.

"I mane," says I, "what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim."

"Make me sinsible," says he.

"By dad, maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me, could do," says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I would pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Garmant Ocean.

"Lave aff your humbuggin'," says he, "I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane, at all at all."

"*Parley voo frongsay?*" says I.

"Oh, your humble sarvant," says he; "why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy."

"Throth, you may say that," says I.

"Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy," says the captain, jeerin' like.

"You're not the first that said that," says I, "whether you joke or no."

"Oh, but I'm in airnest," says the captain—"and do you tell me, Paddy," says he, "that you speak Frinch?"

"*Parly voo frongsay?*" says I.

"By gor, that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows

Banagher bangs the divil—I never met the likes o’ you, Paddy,” says he—“pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won’t get a bellyful before long.”

So, with that, it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away, and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand—an illegant place for ladies to bathe in the summer—and out I got; and it’s stiff enough in the limbs I was, afther bein’ cramped up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger, but I contrived to scramble on, one way or t’other, tow’rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin’ out iv it, quite timplin’ like.

“By the powdher’s o’ war, I’m all right,” says I; “there’s a house there,”—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women and childher, ating their dinner round a table, quite convanient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I’d be very civil to them, as I heered the French was always mighty p’lite intirely—and I thought I’d show them I knew what good manners was.

So, I took aff my hat, and, makin’ a low bow, says I, “God save all here,” says I.

Well to be sure, they all stapt eatin’ at wanst, and began to stare at me; and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself, it was not good manners at all—more betoken from furriners, which they call so mighty p’lite; but I never minded that, in regard o’ wantin’ the gridiron; and so, says I, “I beg your pardon,” says I, “for the liberty I take, but it’s only bein’ in disthress in regard of eatin’,” says I, “that I made bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,” says I, “I’d be entirely obleeged to ye.”

By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before—and with that, says I, (knowin’ what was in their minds,) “Indeed it’s thrue for you,” says I, “I’m tatthered to pieces, and I look quare enough; but it’s by raison of the

storm," says I, "which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin'," says I.

So then they began to look at each other again, and myself, seein' at once dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar, comin' to crave charity ; with that, says I, "O, not at all," says I, by no manes—we have plenty of mate ourselves there below, and we'll dhress it," says I, "if you would be pleased to lind us the loan of a gridiron," says I, makin' a low bow.

Well, sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all, at all ; and so says I : "I beg pardon, sir," says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver, "maybe I'm under a mistake," says I, "but I thought I was in France, sir. aren't you furriners?" says I, "*parley voo frongsay*?"

"We, munseer," says he.

"Then, would you lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "if you plase?"

Oh, it was thin that they stared at me, as if I had seven heads ; and, faith, myself began to feel flushed like and onaisy, and so says I, makin' a bow and scrape agin, "I know it's a liberty I take, sir, "but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away ; and if you plase, sir," says I, "*parley voo frongsay*?"

"We, munseer," says he, mighty sharp.

"Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?" say I, "and you'll obleege me."

Well, sir, the ould chap began to munseer me ; but the devil a bit of a gridiron he'd gi' me, and so I began to think they wor all neygars, for all their fine manners ; and throth, my blood began to rise, and says I, "By my sowl, if it was you was in distriss," says I, "and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you axed it, but something to put on it, too, and the drop o' drink into the bargain, and *caed mile failte*."

Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart and the old chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sensible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might understand, "*Parley voo frongsay, munseer?*"

"We, munseer," says he.

"Then lind me loan of a gridiron," says I, "and bad scram to you."

Well, bad win to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin,' and said something or other about long tongs.*

"Phoo!—the divil swape yourself and your tongs," says I; "I don't want a tongs at all, at all; büt can't you listen to raison?" says I. "*Parley voo frongsay?*"

"We, munseer."

"Then lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "and howld your prate."

Well, what would you think, but he shook his ould noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, "Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—throth if you wor in my counthry it's not that a-way they'd use you. The curse o' the crows an you, you owld sinner," says I, "the divil a longer I'll darken your door."

So he seen I was vexed, and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin' back, "Well, I'll give one chance more, you ould thief: Are you a Chrishtan at all—are you a furriner," says I, "that all the world calls so p'lite? Bad luck to you, do you understand your own language? "*Parley voo frongsay?*" says I.

"We, munseer," says he.

"Then, thunder an' turf," says I, "will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?"

Well, sir, the devil resavè the bit of it he'd gi' me, and

* Some mystification of Paddy's touching the French *n'entends*.

so with that, the "The curse o' the hungry an you, you puld negarly villain!" says I; "the back o' my hand, and the sowl o' my foot to you, that you may want a gridiron yourself, yit," says I; and with that I left them there, sir, and kem away—and, in troth, it's often sense that I *thought that it was remarkable*.

THE BARMECIDE'S FEAST ;

Or, the Adventures of the Barber's Sixth Brother. A Burlesque in Two Scenes.

DALTON.

Characters.

SCHACABAC, *the barber's sixth brother—a mendicant.*

The BARMECIDE, a rich but eccentric nobleman of Bagdad.

ABDALLAH, *his butler.*

HASSAN, *his footman.*

WALKING TURKS. PROLOGUE.

Costumes of the Characters.

SCHACABAC.—Large red and yellow bandana pocket-handkerchief turban, loosely rolled, one end hanging down untidily; dingy green or brown Turkish trousers, ragged and dirty; white calico sash, soiled and worn out; square open jacket, orange or red in color, faded also; colored flannel shirt; old slippers, in holes and down at heels; throat and arms from the elbows bare; general aspect of poverty and want of washing.

BARMECIDE.—Crimson velvet jacket, square and open, sleeves hanging; arms bare, but ornamented with showy sham diamond or gold bracelets; variegated chintz waistcoat, pattern flowery; splendid dark blue satin (glazed calico) trousers, very full, and fastened at the ankle; scarlet stockings; gold slippers, pointed and turned up at the

toes ; crimson or scarlet Indian scarf, embroidered in gold, worn as a sash round the waist, the ends hanging gracefully down, and in which two or three handsome paper knives may be stuck in default of daggers ; voluminous dark-green glazed calico turban, half a yard across ; tall peacock's feather, fastened upright on the front of the turban by an immense and showy gilt crescent ; very long, thick, and flowing white beard of white wool, fastened on with invisible strings ; long walking-stick chibouque, which, when the curtain draws up, he is discovered in the act of smoking whilst seated cross-legged on his divan.

ABDALLAH and HASSAN.—Complete servants' livery : colored cloth coats with silver buttons, cords, and knots ; waistcoats and shorts, with silk stockings and pumps ; large white muslin turbans, with the Barmecide's crest in gilt paper on the front of each ; white gloves. As the performers of these two parts may also enact those of the walking Turks who appear on the stage when Schacabac is singing, let them be ready dressed in the above costume, but slip over ample petticoat-trousers of white or red glazed calico, with shawls as sashes, and loose jackets of any material of brilliant hue. The turbans, the same, only exchanging the crest for a brooch or plume of showy effect.

Enter PROLOGUE, dressed in antique fashion.

Trunk hose, striped crimson and green ; crimson doublet, large ruff, short black velvet cloak, black silk stockings, shoes with large rosettes, long rapier, black velvet cap ; his hair gray. He halts, and, walking feebly, leans on his stick with both hands, appearing very old.

Takes off his cap and bows to the audience.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Of course, you know
My name and office. What ? you don't say No !
Is that the meaning of the blank surprise
Now streaming on me from your opened eyes ?

What's this ? you say ; we came to see a piece,
Not this intrusive fellow ! Pray, now, cease

(Shaking his head at them.)

That rude, impertinent, and vulgar stare,
And who I am—you shall be made aware.
I'm not the manager, not come to say
That any of the actors cannot play,
For no one's indisposed ; not e'en a cold
Makes havoc in their numbers. Be it told—
Since courteous recognition you refuse,
And force me thus myself to introduce—
That I am here “ to introduce the play,”
And surely “ 'tis old Prologue ” you will say.
Well, yes, you're right, your great-grandfather's friend
Stands now before you ; and so please attend
While I assist you, as I'm very happy,
To comprehend what's coming on the *tapis*.
The story's too well known to need relation :
Its very name gives ample explanation,
And therefore needs not here to be repeated ;
But, gentle audience, know you are entreated
In the first scene to view this carpet gay

(Points to carpet.)

As any dusty, muddy, trampled way ;
These papered walls as houses, and what's more,

(Pointing to walls.)

Lighted with many a window, many a door.
And if you wonder to see papers clad
In gay, bright colors, know they're in Bagdad.
The second scene is once again a room,
Rich with silk glories of the Persian loom ;
With Turkey carpets really comfortable,
With soft divans, no chairs, and yet a table ;
And on that table—well, I'll not disclose
What will appear, or you will say I prose,

And on your patience I shall prove a clog.
 Past are the days when I and Epilogue
 Commanded hearing, stooped not to implore.
 I must away ! or shall be called a bore !
 So leave the actors all the rest to tell,
 And may you, critics, find they do it well.

(Makes his bow to audience in an old-fashioned manner, and then exit, halting in his walk, and leaning on his stick.)

SCENE I.—*A street in Bagdad.*

Enter SCHACABAC by right door, singing a street song and offering a tin plate to passers-by in the hopes of remuneration.

SCHACABAC. *(Singing.)* Air—"I'm Afloat."

I'm a Turk, I'm a Turk, I'm a Mussulman true,
 No dog of a Christian, no hound of a Jew !
 My wants to relieve, oh ! ye faithful, incline,
 My grave be defiled, if I ever eat swine !
 Bismillah ! 'tis seldom, indeed, I can dine.
 My voice becomes cracked if I tell you a lie,
 I hav'n't a farthing to spend or lay by ;
 Mashallah ! my fast is unbroken to-day,
 For who will sell food to the man who can't pay ?
 Then throw me a penny, 'tis not thrown away.

(Runs about, looking up at the windows of surrounding houses, but receives no encouragement. At last, sees respectable old Turk passing, hastens after him, and presents the tin plate.)

(Sings.) My father ! the soul of your grandmother live !
 The prophet defend you ! I hope you will give.
 A trifling donation to one whose sad case
 Deserves your compassion—you won't ? then the place
 Of your family sepulchre, jackals deface !

(Old Turk walks unconcernedly on.)

SCHAC. *(Sitting despairingly down on doorstep, cross-legged.)*
 Now what on earth am I to do ? one thing is very plain,

My style of singing don't go down—I can't try *that* again.
 It only shows the utter want of taste among the many,
 But certainly it don't succeed, I hav'n't turned a penny.
 I really hav'n't tasted food this morning, without fibbing,
 And Schacabac's an honest boy, and ne'er will take to
 cribbing.

My late lamented father, well, you told me very true,
 When warning me what idleness one day would bring me to.
 I own your wisdom when too late to profit by the lesson,
 And wish that I had taken in good time to some profession.
 But what's the use of thinking now, the money being
 spent,

With which my worthy father to a rising business meant
 To bind me as apprentice? Had he only lived to do it!
 Instead of which he left it me by will—how much I rue it!
 For then in speculations, which not once did e'er succeed,
 I wasted all, and now am brought to beggary and need.
 Oh! if like him I had but worked, and had not sought to
 double

My little store by avarice, I should not be in trouble.

(Wipes his eyes with end of his turban, and muses.)

Hem! shall I try it on? a begging letter,
 So touchingly, so elegantly written;
 Mashallah, no! Bismillah! this is better,
 A capital idea that I've just hit on!

(Slaps his sides and cuts a caper in the air.)

I will apply to good Lord Barmecide;
 (I wonder I ne'er thought of it before);
 I'll ask to see him, will not be denied—
 Beard of the Prophet! there's his very door.

(Runs across the stage to left door.)

For visitors this bell, for servants that.
 Odious distinction! which I will not heed:
 I know their nature, and a rat-atat
 Will bring the servant at his utmost speed.

(Gives a thundering knock at the door. ABDALLAH throws the door wide open. On seeing SCHACABAC his manner changes.)

ABD. (*Insolently.*) Well now, my good fellow,
And what do *you* want ?

SCHAC. (*Nonchalantly.*) Is your master at home ?
Can I see him ?

ABD. (*Rudely.*) You can't.
And please to take notice next time as you call
You'd better not come to the front door at all.
Partic'lar remember, that parties as knock
Are not of *your* style, or my feelings you'll shock.
It isn't my business to stand here all day,
And look after beggars, so come, cut away.

(*Offers to shut door.*)

SCHAC. For love of the Prophet ! just one moment
stay,
I really have something most pressing to say.

ABD. Well, then, just get on faster.

SCHAC. If I could but see your master !—

ABD. Yes ; you'd like it, I've no doubt,
But you're just a little out,
For that won't come about.
What do *you* think, Mr. Hassan ?

(*Turning to second footman.*)

HAS. (*Aside, to ABDALLAH.*) Don't you get in such a
passion ;
For if this fellow chose to say
That we two turned the poor away,
My lord, I'm sure, would send us packing.
Or may be, order us a whacking.

ABD. (*To SCHACABAC.*) Well, then, your tale arrive at.

SCHAC. I can't to you, it's private.

ABD. You're a jolly one for *chaffing*.
Why, there's Mr. Hassan laughing.

SCHAC. (*To HASSAN.*) Be good-natured. Tell your lord I am here.

HAS. I'll take him at his word. (*Exit HASSAN by left.*)

ABD. Well, my stars ! he *is* a flat !

SCHAC. (*Aside.*) Quite beyond my hopes was that.
(*To audience.*) When poverty in plush meets with a friend,

The world is surely coming to its end.

HAS. (*Returning.*) You're to walk up, if you please.

SCHAC. (*Aside.*) Bless me ! wonders never cease !
I'm quite breathless with surprise. (*Exit with HASSAN.*)

ABD. What a strange event ! my eyes !

It's the Caliph in disguise !

If he *should* offence have took

At the way in which I spoke,

(*Holds up both hands in consternation.*)

I should lose my place and bread !

And, oh ! heavens ! p'r'aps my 'ead.

Well, henceforward, I am sure,

I'll be civil to the poor. (*Exit in trepidation, left door.*)

SCENE II.—*A room furnished in the Oriental style, with two low sofas and divans. Upon one, placed very nearly in the middle of the room, the BARMECIDE is seated.*

Enter SCHACABAC in a hesitating manner, right door.

SCHAC. (*Salaaming three times.*) Light of my eyes and greenback of the bountiful !

Sunshine of the seedy ! and preserver of the poor !

Star of the Stock Exchange, and treasure ever plentiful !

Fund for the forsaken, and great commercial store !

May you live for ever more ! (*Salaams again, three times.*)

BAR. Not probable, I fear.

SCHAC. May your shadow ne'er be less,
But every day increase.

BAR. My friend, what brings you here ?

(*Aside.*) He seems an arrant chatterer,
And what is worse, a flatterer. .

SCHAC. Father of philanthropists, and brother of the
merciful !

First among the opulent, and of noblemen the chief,
Moon of the munificent, and planet of the powerful,
Best of benefactors, thy servant seeks relief. (*Salaams
again.*)

Rose-tree among flowers, among gems the Koh-i-noor !
Peerless among pearls, and nugget of pure gold '
Pity the privations of thy servant, who is poor,
And count not his petition for assistance as too bold.

(*Again salaams three times, knocking his head on the floor.*)

BAR. Don't mention it, pray ! most delighted to see you.
(*Aside.*) No doubt, you expect me for all this to fee you ;
Though he plainly shows me he thinks me a fool,
I know how to teach him—who's workman, who's tool.
I've a very great mind his complaisance to try,
And to prove how much "blarney" is worth by-and by ;
And yet if I find that his story is true,
Before he departs something handsome I'll do ;
(*Aloud.*) And is it possible in Bagdad town,
Any distress to Barmey is unknown ?

(*Grandiloquently rattles his seals.*)

SCHAC. 'Tis a fact that your slave is so poor that no meat
He has tasted for weeks, and to-day—nothing ate !

(*Salaams three times.*)

BAR. (*Pompously waving his hand.*) You shall not leave
without my aid ;
In Bagdad, ne'er it shall be said
That any left my house unfed ;
Here, slaves ! the dinner must be laid.

(*Claps his hands, but no slaves appear.*)

SCHAC. My lord is most noble ; (*kisses his hand*), indeed,
'tis no lie,

To swear for his service I'd willingly die !

(Puts his hand on his heart, bowing low.)

BAR. Ahem ! his devotion I soon mean to try.

(Aside.) He's somewhat mistaken in thinking me one
By buttering thick to be instantly done.

(Aloud.) The dinner is ready, so pray take a chair.

(Points to an imaginary place, at an imaginary table.)

SCHAC. My lord's sweetly affable, how can I dare ?

(Aside.) Besides, as to dinner, I'd like to know *where* ?
That missing repast is, Mashallah ! not here,
But that is, of course, my receiver's affair.

(Looks about and finally sits down.)

BAR. *(Cheerfully.)* Now make yourself quite happy,
But first let us wash our hands ;
No Mussulman omits it ;
Slaves ! bring the washhand-stands.

(No basins are brought, but the BARMECIDE washes and wipes his hands in dumb show.)

BAR. *(Aside.)* Now, if he takes this joke of mine,
I'll afterwards pay him well:

SCHAC. *(Aside.)* I must fall into his fancy,
But I hope 'tis not a sell. *(Washes and wipes his hands.)*

BAR. And having done our duty—thus,
Why, let us both fall to.

I hope you've a good appetite ?

SCHAC. *(Aside.)* A better one than you !
Since yours it seems is satisfied with chawing empty air.

(Aloud.) My lord, a starving man like me could eat up all
that's here.

BAR. Nay, pray don't put that quite in force,
Or what becomes of me ?

SCHAC. *(Aside.)* You'd be the meal yourself, of course,
The only one I see.

(Aloud.) Ne'er fear, my lord, you're welcome to the whole
repast for me !

But really you must pardon in your slave some gormandize,
If you tempt his hungry palate with so very much that's
nice.

(*Makes a face to audience.*)

BAR. I'm glad you do it justice ; how d'you like my
mutton broth ?

SCHAC. Most excellent ! so clarified ! it almost seemed
froth !

BAR. (*Aside.*) 'Twas froth, indeed, poor man, to him,
And so is all the meal.

Here comes the fish, at last, that's right !

Now which ? some sole ? or eel ?

SCHAC. A choice, indeed, no eel for me, for that might
slip away,

And I am one who ne'er profess with mouthfuls but " to
play,"

So, please, some sole, that seems to me the most appropriate
fish.

(*Aside.*) Since total absence there appears of *body* in the
dish.

(*Aside.*) Indeed, this first-rate dinner might be well called,
on the whole,

If *not* the feast of reason, nothing *but* the flow of soul.

BAR. I thank you for the compliment, your feeling is
quite mine,

The well-bred man comes not to eat, but, as you hint, to
dine.

SCHAC. Indeed, that is a sentiment in theory very fine,

(*Aside.*) But if dining is not eating, invitations I decline.

And if all dinner parties are like yours, old boy—a cheat,
Henceforward I will *dine* no more, but with the vulgar *eat*.

BAR. Now let me recommend this goose, served up with
" sauce piquante ;"

Of honey, raisins, vinegar, dry figs, and peas composed,
But do not eat too largely, or an appetite you'll want,
For better dishes coming, ere the second course is closed.

SCHAC. Nay, never doubt, my gracious lord, your servant's moderation,

(*Aside.*) I were a goose myself to find in *his* goose much temptation !

BAR. This lamb, stuffed with pistachio nuts, I'm sure you will approve,

You'll see it in no other house, it is my cook's *chef-d'œuvre*—

SCHAC. (*Aside.*) I only wish I saw it *here*, exhausted as I am.

BAR. So tell me what you think of it—pray taste this bit of lamb.

(*Pretends to put a morsel into SCHACABAC'S mouth with his own hands ; a great compliment with Orientals.*)

SCHAC. (*Chewing rapturously, and kissing the tip of his fingers, with the gesture of a delighted gourmand.*)

Most admirably stuffed, indeed ! a *bonne-bouche* quite delicious !

(*Aside.*) The more's the pity such a dish should only be fictitious !

I'm getting tired of this work, how long will he go on ?

I'll bring it somehow to an end, 'tis time the joke were done.

BAR. I hope you've eaten well of that, now honor this *ragoût*.

SCHAC. My lord, your hospitality you almost overdo ;

I could not touch a morsel more, though 'twere to save my head ;

Remember, pray, how sparingly your slave of late has fed.

BAR. Why, then, I'll send the meat away.

Slaves ! bring the dishes sweet.

You'll own the pudding's capital,

This *soufflé's* quite a treat !

Or won't you try a piece of game ?

There's partridge, and there's pheasant ;

Or if light diet you prefer,

This *crème's* uncommon pleasant.

There's lobster salad, and there's tongue,
There's trifle and there's cake. (*Pointing to imaginary dishes.*)

Now, please, whatever you prefer, don't hesitate to take.

SCHAC. Already I'm quite satisfied, but since to choose I may,

The "*soufflés*" would be just enough—the "whiff," I ought to say—

Since 'tis almost palpable, your "*chef*," I must declare,
Is quite without a rival in these "trifles light as air."

BAR. Why, yes, I think he understands how to perform his duty ;

For lightness, as you just remark'd, in sweets is such a beauty.

SCHAC. (*Leaning back in his chair and closing his eyes.*)
I'm almost drowsy with good cheer ;

I'm sure you will excuse

My giving way—no *tongue*, nor *game*. (*Waves his hand.*)

I really must refuse.

(*Sinks back, nods his head, and feigns sleep ; snoring preposterously.*)

BAR. (*Astonished.*) How *dare* you take such liberties ?

Madman ! I say, be waking !

For if you don't, you vulgar wretch !

I'll give you such a shaking !

(*Attempts to shake SCHACABAC, who thereupon falls heavily on the BARMECIDE'S shoulder, snoring louder than ever.*)

BAR. (*Trying in vain to release himself.*) I never saw in all my life, such a rude and horrid fellow !

His snore is insupportable, more like a wild bull's bellow

Than any human snoring that I ever heard before !

How fast he sticks ! I can't get free ! (*Struggling.*) This is a bore.

Ruffian, awake ! (*Shouts in his ear.*) I say, awake ! or else my slaves I'll call ;

Alack ! I now remember, I bade Hassan tell them all,

That none should heed my summons till this man had gone away.

They'll *never* come ! and I must sit ! thus *sat* upon all day !

(*Attempts in vain to shake off SCHACABAC.*)

In truth, 'tis such a comic end to all one's precious chaffing,
That were it not I'm almost *smashed*, I hardly could help laughing !

Bursts into a fit of laughter. SCHACABAC jumps up suddenly, and turning a pirouette, stands before the BARMECIDE.)

BAR. (*Severely.*) So, sirrah ! you're awake at last ! your conduct pray explain !

SCHAC. (*Ironically.*) My lord, an unaccustomed man, like me, cannot refrain

From *dozing*, when he's overwhelmed by *too* much of a treat.

It was your fault, indeed, my lord, for pressing me to eat ;
(*Changing voice and manner ; bows low.*)

But now I'm wide awake at last ! and not to be " caught napping."

(*Turns a pirouette and stares impudently at BARMECIDE.*)

BAR. (*Hastily.*) False flatterers, I make a point in their own nets of trapping. (*Rubbing his hands complacently.*)

At least, my friend, you'll own, you've learnt a very useful lesson,

Of what the value really is—of *over-loud* profession !

(*Jingles his seals and looks gleefully at SCHACABAC.*)

SCHAC. (*Vulgarly.*) Come, come, my worthy gentleman, no doubt you're very wise !

And never in the wrong, ah, no ! at least in your own eyes.

But ere to pointing morals at "yours to command" you come, (*bows.*)

Perhaps 'twould be as well to look a *leetle* nearer home !

And might I the suggestion make, for which I beg your
pardon,

'Tis that this morning, Shacabac, you've been a trifle hard
on.

It's very well for you rich folks, who never want a dinner,
To sit in judgment on the faults of every hungry sinner !
But did it ne'er occur to you, a poor soul to be mocking,
Than flatt'ry in a starving man, was very much more shock-
ing ?

(Looks fixedly at BARMECIDE, who seems confused.,

So now, good-bye ; I'm very glad, henceforward to be
able

To praise the hospitality *(ironically)* I met with at your
table.

(Bows low, and walks off to go away.)

BAR. *(Catching hold of him)* Stop, Schacabac, my worthy
friend, you are the very style

Of fellow I've been looking for, for ever such a while!
I freely own I have been wrong, but only sought to test
If I had lighted on a man who could keep up a jest.
And since I find a merry joke you both can take and give,
What was *no joking* part to you, I freely now forgive.

(Holds out his band to SCHACABAC.)

For I humbly beg your pardon,
And if you will be friends,
With a very good *real* dinner
I will make you full amends.
And what is more, you shall live here
As long as you will stay,
And lamb stuffed with pistachio nuts
I'll order every day.
You shall not want for clothes nor cash,
Or anything you need,
If you'll take up your quarters here—
Come ! is it not agreed ?

SCHAC. Good sir, if what you offer me is not another trick,
 My feelings on the subject are, that you are "quite a brick!"
 These are my heart-felt sentiments, without the least disguise,
 For henceforth I will speak the truth, and give up flattering lies.

(They perform a stage embrace in token of reconciliation, and SCHACABAC turns head-over-heels, dances, and pirouettes to express his satisfaction.)

BAR. Well, Schacabac, we must not waste
 Much longer time in talking,
 But to the dining-room in haste
 We'd better both be walking. *(Offers his arm to SCHACABAC.)*

But first, although I cannot doubt you've got an appetite—
 SCHAC. Mashallah and Bismillah! by the Prophet, you are right!

BAR. In courtesy, we'll wish our friends *(to audience)* the same, and so, good-night.

SCHAC. And I hope they'll find their supper, when they get theirs, right and tight.

(They bow to the audience, executing a light Turkish pas de deux expressive of extreme rapture and delight.)

CURTAIN.

HINTS FOR THE ACTING,

COSTUMES, AND ARRANGEMENTS OF "THE BARMECIDE'S FEAST."

SOME remarks upon the foregoing Burlesque of "The Barmecide's Feast," may not be deemed unwelcome by those among our young readers who are inexperienced in the art of burlesque acting.

It must be observed that the plot of this little specimen of burlesque is taken from the well-known story of the Barber's Sixth Brother, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. It has been slightly changed, in order better to

adapt it to the drawing-room stage, and yet it is strictly in accordance with the spirit of burlesque.

Schacabac, in the original tale, ended his tantalizing, imaginary banquet by giving the Barmecide a sound box on the ear whilst feigning intoxication. There is, doubtless, more point in this *dénouement* than that we have substituted, but as the representation of our burlesque is intended for a drawing-room audience, it was deemed advisable to change Schacabac's feigned intoxication, to sleep, as the impersonation of the former state, however delicately performed, is seldom free from coarseness.

The only scenes wanted in the Barmecide's Feast would be a street, the more commonplace in character the better; and the interior of an oriental apartment. On drawing-room stages it is wise to confine the use of scenes to those short pieces in which a single scene may serve throughout. In a farce one interior would probably be sufficient for all the acts. The difficulty of shifting two scenes in the short time permissible for a burlesque such as the Barmecide's Feast will be found almost insurmountable by an amateur company performing in a drawing-room. If, on the other hand, scenes are dispensed with altogether, the stage should, on opening the piece, be entirely cleared of all furniture, and after the prologue has been recited, Schacabac should rely upon his acting alone to convey to the spectators the impression that in the first scene he is walking and singing in a street.

Let him enter by the right door, (if there are two,) walk slowly along in a direct line, only diverging to offer his tin plate to the passers-by, who must enter, at intervals, by the same door, walking in the same manner, so as to present the idea of pacing a street to the minds of the spectators.

With this object in view, he must also look up towards imaginary windows, and appear to address his songs and petitions particularly towards them.

The passers-by, or, as they are elsewhere denominated, the "walking Turks," must stand now and then as if to listen to Schacabac's song, rather from curiosity than any desire to remunerate him.

If there are three doors to the room, one should be set aside as that at which Schacabac knocks, being the entrance to the Barmecide's house; if only two, the left door will serve for this purpose, and therefore it will be better to make the "walking Turks" retrace their steps after crossing the stage and exit again by the right door, where they entered, so as to leave the left door unopened until after Schacabac's knock, which brings Abdallah in view of the audience. These "walking Turks" may be personated by the same actors who perform the part of Abdallah and Hassan. The actor who performs the Barmecide may, if required, also lend his aid in these minor parts, otherwise the number of actors increases, and few are disposed to have all the trouble of dressing up in costume to undertake little beyond dumb show in a burlesque. Ample time will be found for the Barmecide to change or make additions to his costume after his exit from the first scene; and the little difficulty in the way of Abdallah and Hassan also doing the same may be provided against by covering their costumes as "servants" with large loose petticoat trousers and equally loose Zouave jackets cast over their "upper man," and confined round the waist with shawl-sashes. In the notes prefixed to the burlesque on the costumes of the characters we have added minuter directions.

The stage properties required for the second scene are divans, stools, sofas and cushions. These must be disposed to advantage about the room, one large one being reserved for the immediate centre of the stage, before which a small low table or large stool with legs must be placed. All other furniture, save rich heavy curtains, Turkey rugs and carpets, and perhaps a large China vase or two, judiciously disposed, must be carefully banished ; and care must be taken that the little table be not too high to conceal the two figures of Schacabac and the Barmecide. These two must be seated cross-legged on their divans ; whilst seated, care must be taken that the faces of both front the audience, yet avoiding all approach to stiffness. This is always a point of importance—a good actor never turns his back to the audience, even in the asides, which by an obliging poetical license in dramatic laws are allowed to be uttered confidentially to the audience, the companion actors remaining conveniently deaf whilst they are being spoken. The crisis of this comic episode of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments may be much better conveyed by pantomime than by descriptive language. We must leave this to the talent of the actor undertaking Schacabac's part ; for the author, limited in the burlesque to dialogue, has found it impossible to convey, in words, the whole absurdity of Schacabac's position, and the responsibility of endowing the part with burlesque, fun, and humor must fall on the actors themselves.

It is the peculiarity of burlesque acting, that as much is required from the actor himself as from the author's pen ; and in this instance the point of the joke lies in the ludicrous contrast between the energetic feigned eating of the Barmecide and his guest, and the total absence of all comestibles before them. This will be much easier conveyed to the perceptions of the spectators by the eye than to our readers by words. Let the actors, therefore, concentrate all their efforts upon the exaggeration of this action till they reach a point of absurdity which is true burlesque. Let the imaginary plates be handed with assiduous politeness from host to guest ; the graceful bow and pantomimic thanks be exchanged on receiving imaginary delicacies ; the imaginary knife and fork continually ply their work ; the imaginary morsel on the former being ever and anon raised to the mouth. Let the chewing be well imitated ; imaginary cups of wine being supped perceptibly, and with an air of gusto. Let Schacabac turn smiles of delight on the Barmecide—on the other hand, when uttering his asides to the audience, his visage may be as long and lugubrious as disappointed hunger can make it.

In the first scene of the "Barmecide's Feast," there is little more to be observed than Schacabac's salaams must not be simple obeisances, but utter prostrations of the body—the head touching the ground. This salutation may be made still more ridiculous if the performer can contrive to bump his head on the ground with an audible knock.

Those well acquainted with Eastern customs may throw in many little additional forms of civilities exchanged between Orientals, which are much more open to caricature than the present slight forms in use amongst Americans.

With regard to the costumes of this piece, a detailed account is appended to the list of the dramatis personæ, which may be varied, of course, according

to the taste and fancy of the various performers. Some of these, however, may welcome one or two practical hints as to its preparation ; since for a piece which requires the parts being learnt beforehand, the costumes should be carefully prepared, and not left to be improvised by the actors at the last moment.

In the first case, then, it should be remarked, that the Turks in this piece may be attired after the woodcuts which embellish the pages of the tragic history of Bluebeard. These old traditional pictures have evidently nothing in common with the present degenerate Mussulmans, amongst whom the "father of hats" has already introduced the innovations of black broad-cloth and boots. The petticoat trousers, already alluded to as convenient garments to cover the plush and liveries of Abdallah and Hassan in the opening scene, are much more simply arranged than the puzzled lady's-maid, called in to the council on costume, would at first anticipate. Let her take a petticoat either of white, scarlet, or blue stuff ; let her then join it together in the centre and make two or three large plaits of each of the two gaps thus left, which must be firmly stitched together. The garment, after being put on, must be fastened round the waist and then bound round the leg just below the knee ; the folds of the petticoat are then allowed to fall loosely over each leg, and the whole effect will resemble the loose Zouave trousers already popular amongst country gentlemen and volunteer riflemen.

We may let our male performers into the secret, that an obliging sister's wardrobe will furnish nearly all the articles essential to dress up a Turk of the old school. Her silk or cotton gown, or even her scarlet winter petticoat, will soon be gathered into folds for the trousers described above. Her evening Zouave jacket, if his proportions be not too large, may make *his* jacket ; her Indian scarf his sash or girdle ; her old tarlatan ball-dress will be the best material for twisting into a voluminous turban ; whilst the white or scarlet feather now in fashion for her country or riding hat may be fastened on the front of the turban with her showy shawl brooch. Thus may the Barmecide or Schacabac, in turn, martyrize their good-natured sisters, who doubtless will not thank me for such hints at their expense. The only articles she cannot supply are the long-pointed slippers turned up at the ends, the scimitar, and the moustache, which, if not already grown on the faces of our youthful actors, must be gummed on ; and we must observe, by the way, that it should be long and turned up at the ends with a fierce twirl. The crooked scimitar may easily be furnished by any toy-shop, and the slippers can easily be manufactured by the skillful fingers of a lady friend.

THE COUNTRY PEDAGOGUE.

VALENTINE.

NINETEEN out of twenty in this country receive all their education in the common schools. The education of the people, then, is just what these schools are fitted to give. These humble schools may be said to educate the nation.

The character of the man, to a great degree, is formed during the days of childhood and youth ; and these days are passed with the common-school teacher. Whatever he may be, he stamps himself upon his pupils. He is their criterion, their model. They imitate him, and to him they look up for decisions. Children copy after their teacher ; they imitate his gait, his looks, his speech, his manners, and adopt his opinions. The common-school teacher may be said to shape the destinies of this Republic.

I have observed in my travels through remote rural districts, that the most illiterate and incompetent men are too frequently selected as school teachers. This, I presume, is not done intentionally, but from a want of knowledge of what constitutes a good teacher, added to a miserly disposition to save a few dollars. To illustrate this thing more clearly, I will give an example that came under my own observation. Sitting in a tavern one evening, my attention was drawn towards a greenhorn, a lean, lanky kind of a fellow, who addressed the landlord in the following language :

“ Well, I vow, landlord, I don’t think I shall do another stick of out-door work this winter. I’ve been working my daylight hours all summer, on a farm, and I’m jest about tired out of that ’ere kind of business. I’ve pretty much made up my mind to take it easy this winter, and go to work teaching school. I’ve been to Jarvis Doolittle’s, this arternoon, and he offered me six dollars a month : take one-half out in corn and t’other half in washing. Yes, I vow, I’ll do it, and no mistake. Come, who’s going to drink on my expense. I’ve got a good situation, and don’t care if I treat all round.”

Passing by his school-house, some time afterwards, I stepped in to see how he got on with his scholars. And I will now endeavor to give you a description of this *country school*.

“ Now, boys, don’t stir from your seats, but look at me while I exhort you on larnin’ Now, boys, recollect you are

the future fathers and mothers of this place. Who's that laughing? Thomas, was that you?" "No, sir; t'was Bill Smith." "Smith, what did you laugh for?" "I say I didn't; it was Tom; for he asked me which I'd rather be, father or mother?" "Now boys recollect what I tell you. You must get knowledge; for knowledge is power." "Master, if I git knowledge, will it turn our mill when the creek's dry?" "First class in the alphabet, come up. Now, sir, what letter's that?" "I knowed it once like a book, but I forgot it now." "That's A, sir." "Oh, golly! is that A?" "Yes, sir, that's A. Now, sir, what's the next?" "That's just what I was going to ask you." "Answer me, sir." "Well, it's a crooked looking thing, anyhow." "That's B." "Well, I shouldn't thought that was B." "Go to your seat, sir, and study your lesson, or I'll make you smart. Next boy, go on from where he left off."—"B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L." "Stop, sir; I see you know your lesson—take your seat. First spelling class come up. Now, sir, begin." "D o g." "What's that spell, sir?" "I don't know, sir." "Tell me, this minute; what does d o g, dog, spell?" "I don't know, sir." (*Boy cries.*) "Stop your crying, or I'll give you something to cry for. You are a bad egg, sir; and if you don't behave, I'll make an egg-sample of you. Next, what does d o g spell?" "Dog, sir." "Right—good boy. Next, go on." "M i l k." "What does that spell, sir?" "I don't know, sir." "What does the milkman bring round every morning?" "Water, sir," "Stop your nonsense. what does your mother put in her tea?" "Rum, sir." "Next, spell physician." "P h y z h ishin, physician." "Good. Next—spell foolery; look at me." "F o o l e —master, Jim Smith keeps all time pinching me—ry, foolery." "Sam Smith, what do you pinch him for?" "I didn't pinch him. Sam House, jist wait till I catch you alone, I'll break your cheek for you." "Order there, boys, order. Sam Edwards, where you been all this morning?" "Mammy said if I was a good boy, I might stay at home

and see the pigs killed." "First class in history, stand up. Now, who was Julius Cæsar?" "Black man, used to saw wood for daddy." "Who discovered America?" "General Jackson." "Next." "Martin Van Buren." "Next." "I know well." "If you know, tell." "Yankee Doodle and Hail Collumby."

This confusion was exactly what I expected to find. I have only to say, in conclusion, that this little burlesque is not intended to disparage the efforts of those noble men who labor to improve the education of the rising generation, but is simply a hit at ignorant pretenders, who too often find a place at the schoolmaster's desk through lack of proper examination, or the incapacity of those who appoint them.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN AND THE TWO WIDOWS.

LA FONTAINE.

A MAN of middle age,
Fast getting grey,
Thought it would be but sage
To fix the marriage day.
He had in stocks,
And under locks,

Money enough to clear his way.
Such folks can pick and choose; all tried to please
The moneyed man ; but he, quite at his ease,
Showed no great hurry,
Fuss nor scurry.

"Courting," he said, "was no child's play."
Two widows in his heart had shares——
One young ; the other, rather past her prime,
By careful art repairs
What has been carried off by Time.
The merry widows did their best
To flirt and coax, and laugh and jest;
Arranged, with much of bantering glee,

His hair, and curled it playfully.
 The eldest, with a wily theft,
 Plucked one by one the dark hairs left.
 The younger, also plundering in her sport,
 Snipped out the grey hair, every bit.
 Both worked so hard at either sort,
 'They left him bald—that was the end of it.
 "A thousand thanks, fair ladies," said the man;
 "You've plucked me smooth enough;
 Yet more of gain than loss, so Quantum Suff.,
 For marriage now is not at all my plan.
 She whom I would have taken t'other day
 To enroll in Hymen's ranks,
 Had but her wish to make me go *her* way,
 And not my own;
 A head that's bald must live alone:
 For this good lesson, ladies, many thanks."

THE SARATOGA WAITER.

WHITE.

Characters.

POMPEY, *a darkey waiter.* PETE, *his chum.*

POMPEY. Pete, you know Mr. Simpson, de head waiter up to Slamatoga Springs ?

PETE. Yes, I'se slightly 'quainted wid dat individual.

POMPEY. Well, he sent me a letter dis summer to come up and go to work ; so I packed up all my tings carefully in a cigar box, den went down to de boat to go up. All the Captains know me, and I's squainted, in fac, wid eberybody bout de steamboats : so I walked right aboard and spoke to de captain, and he ses, Well, go right ashore. So I found that it was no use, and as I hadn't no money, I was bod-ered for a moment. So I waited, and when it was time for

to take in de gang plank, I run to de stern line to frow it off de spile, and when I done so I frow'd myself wid it, case I know'd dat day would haul de line in, and all I had to do was to hold on it. Well, dey got me in on de deck and all de passengers was crowdin round to see de drown'ded man. I was all wet, and dey carried me in the fire room, lay me down to dry myself, and de colored cooks see dat I was in danger dar, case de firemen might make a mistake and throw me in de boiler for a big lump ob coal; so dey took charge ob me and I was removed to de cooks' room; and, I golly, I was well de minute I got dar. Arter a while we got to Albany; den I was bliged to find some way to get to Slamatoga; so de cars was just startin' from de depot, and I cut on behind em. But dey hadn't got fur afore de' duc-tor cut me off, right in de hight of my bloom. So I took de people's line, and arribed safe at de Springs early de next mornin'.

PETE. What do you call de people's line?

POMPEY. Why, Pete, your legs; dat am de people's independent line. Well, in quenseconce of my arriving dar so early, I thought I would go down to de Springs and see de ladies and gemmen drink de water; after dat I started for de hotel, shook hands wid Mr. Simpson, de head waiter, and den got ready for de dinner by putting on some clean tings and a nice linen apron, etc. De gong struck for de dinner, and, Moses, you ought to see us niggers ebery man to his place quicker dan de telegraph. I was den sent down in de kitchen to bring up a large terene of soup, and while I was coming up de steps wid it, dar was a big fat wench coming down wid a large tray ob dishes. We neber seed each oder, and de fust ting I know'd, in went her foot among de hot soup, down cum de wench and dishes, and you neber see so much crockery, soup, and niggers before rollin' down one pair ob stairs. Dar was Mr. Simpson hol-lerin' for de soup. I hurried up and told him what had happened; so he told me to go wait on de table, and de fust

man I spoke to, ses to me, Are you going to keep me waiting all day for my soup ? I told him dat de soup had vanished; so he ordered a piece ob punkin pie, and when I bring it to him, just see my luck agin: dar was a piece ob cinder on it, and he pushed it from before him bery spitefull, and dat went on a lady's dress. I, golly! I was scared to deff. De gemblem den ordered a piece ob custard pie. I brought dat, too; but, my gracious ! wus luck still ! On dis piece ob pie dar was a little mustach hair, and it was so bery wisible dat de gent see it at once. He den mixed up de pie wid his fingers, squashin' it in his hand, and all at once, he smack me side ob de head wid it. Mr. Simpson see me in dat 'dicament, and said to me, John, clear out ob de room 'mediately, wid your brains all knocked out in dat manner ! So dey took me out in de garden, layed me on de grass, and scrape off my temples wid pieces ob shingles an' lath, and finally, after bathing my froat wid brandy, I come too, and in a day or so after, I leff, case dey charge so much.

PETE. Charge, Pompey—what for ? board ?

POMPEY. Oh no, Pete; dey charges me wid stealing spoons and seberal oder pieces ob wardrobe; so I see dey begin to get personal, and I started home agin, and since I been home, de colored cooks hab had a meetin' and passed resolutions dat dey will neber make any more punkin and custard pies for de rich peepke.

PETE. Why, what's de reason, Pompey ?

POMPEY. Case it am dar firm beleef dat day nebber was intended for de upper crust.

PROLOGUE.

HOLMES.

A Prologue ? Well of course the ladies know ;—
 I have my doubts. No matter,—here we go !
 What is a Prologue ? Let our Tutor teach :
Pro means beforehand ; *logos* stands for speech.

'Tis like the harper's prelude on the strings,
 The prima donna's courtesy ere she sings :—
 Prologues in metre are to other *pros*
 As worsted stockings are to engine-hose.

“The world's a stage,”—as Shakespeare said, one day ;
 The Stage a world—was what he meant to say.
 The outside world's a blunder, that is clear ;
 The real world that Nature meant is here ;
 Here every foundling finds its lost mamma ;
 Each rogue, repentant, melts his stern papa ;
 Misers relent, the spendthrift's debts are paid,
 The cheats are taken in the traps they laid ;
 One after one the troubles all are past,
 Till the fifth act comes right side up at last,
 When the young couples, old folks, rogues, and all,
 Join hands, so happy at the curtain's fall.
 Here suffering virtue ever finds relief,
 And black-browed ruffians always come to grief.
 When the lorn damsel, with a frantic speech,
 And cheeks as hueless as a brandy-peach,
 Cries, “ Help, kyind Heaven ! ” and drops upon her knees
 On the green—baize—beneath the (canvas) trees,—
 See to her side avenging Valor fly :—
 “ Ha ! Villain ! Draw ! Now, Terratiorr, Yield or die ! ”
 When the poor hero flounders in despair,
 Some dear lost uncle turns up millionaire,
 Clasps the young scapegrace with paternal joy,
 Sobs on his neck, “ *My boy ! MY BOY !! MY BOY !!!* ”

Ours, then, sweet friends, the real world to-night,
 Of love that conquers in disaster's spite.
 Ladies attend ! While woeful cares and doubt
 Wrong the soft passions in the world without,
 Though Fortune scowl, though Prudence interfere,
 One thing is certain—Love will triumph here !
 Lords of creation, whom you ladies rule,
 The world's great masters, when you're out of school,—
 Learn the brief moral of our evening's play :
 Man has his will,—but woman has her way !

While man's dull spirit toils in smoke and fire,
Woman's swift instinct threads the electric wire,—
The magic bracelet stretched beneath the waves,
Beats the black giant with his score of slaves.
All earthly powers confess your sovereign art,
But that one rebel —woman's wilful heart.
All foes you master; but a woman's wit
Lets daylight through you ere you know you're hit.
So, just to picture what her art can do,
Hear an old story, made as good as new :

Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade,
Alike was famous for his arm and blade.
One day, a prisoner Justice had to kill,
Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill.
Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-browed,
Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.
His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam,
As the pike's armor flashes in the stream.
He sheathed his sword; he turned as if to go.
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
“Why strikest not? Perform thy murderous act,”
The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly cracked.)
“Friend, I *have* struck,” the artist straight replied;
“Wait but one moment, and yourself decide.”
He held his snuff-box,—“Now then, if you please!”
The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze,
Off his head tumbled,—bowled along the floor,—
Bounced down the steps;—the prisoner said no more!

Woman! thy falchion is a glittering eye;
If death lurk in it, O how sweet to die!
Thou takest hearts as Rudolph took the head;
We die with love, and never dream we're dead!

THE WRANGLING PAIR.

VALENTINE.

[This is designed to be spoken by one person, affording considerable display for mimicry.]

IN our walks we see, almost daily, unhappy matches—a quarrelling between man and wife. I will endeavor to represent a scene that I was witness to a short time ago ; and afterwards suggest some ideas on the subject.

You will please imagine me man and wife while I represent them :

HUSBAND. “ Well, madam, so you are gadding about as usual, spinning street-yarn. When I married you, madam, it was expressly understood that you were to stay at home and attend to your little family duties, and not to gad about.”

WIFE. “ Oh ! you are always railing at our sex. It’s nothing but jaw, jaw, from morning till night. You are just like a sheep’s head—all jaw.”

HUSB. “ And not without reason, madam.”

WIFE. “ Yes, without rhyme or reason ; you men would be miserable beings enough without us : I can tell you that, sir.”

HUSB. Sometimes, madam, sometimes ; there is no general rule without an exception. I could name some very good ones, madam. For instance, there is Mrs. Dawson, the best of wives ; always at home when you call ; always in good humor ; always neat and clean, sober, tidy, and discreet.”

WIFE. “ I wish you were tied to her ; ‘ always at home !’ She’s the greatest gossip in the country ; she may well smile—she’s nothing to ruffle her temper. ‘ Neat and clean !’ She’s nothing else to do. ‘ Sober !’ She can take a glass as well as her neighbors. ‘ Discreet !’ That’s another word. I’ll have you to know, she can tip a wink

But I detest scandal. I wonder you did not say she was handsome."

HUSB. "So she is, in my eyes ; she's a beauty. I wish you were half as handsome."

WIFE. "You've got a fine eye, to be sure. You are an excellent judge of beauty. What do you think of her nose?"

HUSB. "She's a fine woman, in spite of her nose."

WIFE. "Fine feathers make fine birds. She can pencil her eyebrows, and paint her old withered cheeks."

HUSB. "You can do the same, if you please."

WIFE. "I'll have you to know my cheeks don't want painting, nor my eyebrows pencilling."

HUSB. "Yes, your cheeks are about as red as a blue cabbage."

WIFE. "You thought me handsome when you married me. But that good-for-nothing hussy, Molly Dawson, has stolen your heart. She's no gossip ! And yet she's found in everybody's house but her own. So silent too ! Yes, when she has all the clack to herself. Her tongue is as thin as a sixpence with talking ; and she's got a pair of eyes that look for all the world like gimlet holes ; and then as to scandal. But her tongue's no scandal."

HUSB. "Take care, madam, there is such a thing as standing in a white sheet."

WIFE. You good-for-nothing brute, you are enough to provoke a saint."

HUSB. "You seem to be getting into a passion, madam."

WIFE. "Is it any wonder ? 'White sheet !' You ought to be tossed in a blanket. 'Handsome !' I cannot forget that word. My charms are lost on such a tasteless fellow as you."

HUSB. "Yes, the charms of your tongue are."

WIFE. Don't provoke me, or I'll fling a dish at your head."

HUSB. "I've done, madam, I've done."

“WIFE. “But I have not done, sir. I wish I had drowned myself the first day I saw you.”

HUSB. “It is not too late yet, madam.”

WIFE. “I’ll see you hung first.”

HUSB. “You’d be the first to cut me down.”

WIFE. “Then I ought to be hung up in your stead.”

HUSB. “I’d cut you down.”

WIFE. “You would ; would you ?”

HUSB. “Yes, but I’d be sure you were dead first.”

WIFE. “I would tear your eyes out.”

HUSB. “Stop, madam, stop, if you please. I’m off.”

(Exit in haste, with dishes flying round his head.)

A CONNUBIAL ECLOGUE.*

SAXE.

———*Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares et respondere parati.*

HE.

Much lately have I thought, my darling wife,
Some simple rules might make our wedded life
As pleasant always as a morn in May ;
I merely name it—what does Molly say ?

SHE.

Agreed : your plan I heartily approve ;
Rules would be nice—but who shall make them, love ?
Nay, do not speak !—let this the bargain be,
One shall be made by you, and one by me,
Till all are done—

HE.

—Your plan is surely fair ;
In such a work ’tis fitting we should share—
And now—although it matters not a pin—
If you have no objection, I’ll begin.

* This inimitable colloquy was written for, and originally appeared in the “New York Ledger.”

SHE.

Proceed ! In making laws I'm little versed ;
And as to words, I do not mind the first ;
I only claim—and hold the treasure fast—
My sex's sacred privilege, the *last* !

HE.

With all my heart. Well—dearest—to begin :—
When by our cheerful hearth our friends drop in,
And I am talking in my brilliant style,
(The rest with rapture listening the while)
About the war—or anything, in short,
That you're aware is my especial *forte*—
Pray, don't get up a circle of your own,
And talk of—bonnets, in an under-tone !

SHE.

That's Number One ; I'll mind it well, if you
Will do as much, my dear, by Number Two.
When we attend a party or a ball,
Don't leave your Molly standing by the wall,
The helpless victim of the dreariest bore
That ever walked upon a parlor-floor,
While you—oblivious of your spouse's doom—
Flirt with the girls the gayest in the room !

HE.

When I (although the busiest man alive)
Have snatched an hour to take a pleasant drive,
And say, "Remember, at precisely four,
You'll find the carriage ready at the door,"
Don't keep me waiting half-an-hour or so.
And then declare, "The clock must be too slow !"

SHE.

When you (such things have happened now and then)
Go to the Club with, "I'll be back at ten"—
And stay till two o'clock— you needn't say,
"I really was the first to come away ;

'Tis very strange how swift the time has passed !
I do declare the clock must be too fast !"

HE.

There—that will do ; what else remains to say,
We may consider at a future day ;
I'm getting sleepy—and—if you have done—

SHE.

Not I : this making rules is precious fun ;
Now here's another :—When you paint to me
"That charming woman" you are sure to see,
Don't—when you praise the virtues she has got—
Name only those you think your wife has not !
And here's a rule I hope you won't forget,
The most important I have mentioned yet—
Pray mind it well :—Whenever you incline
To bring your queer companions home to dine,
Suppose, my dear,—Good Gracious ! he's asleep
Ah ! well—'tis lucky good advice will keep ;
And he shall have it, or, upon my life,
I've not the proper spirit of a wife !

THE ITALIAN FROM CORK.

COMIC SCENE IN A POLICE COURT.

DALY.

[This amusing scene is from the drama of "Under the Gas Light."]

Characters.

THE JUDGE, *seated on the bench.*

OFFICER OF THE COURT.

ATTORNEY.

RAFFERDI, (*alias Rafferty, an Italian organ grinder from Cork,*)
standing in the dock, with his organ and a monkey.

JUDGE. Officer, what is the charge against this man? (*pointing to Rafferdi.*)

OFFICER. There is a complaint lodged against this Rafferdi of disturbing the neighborhood.

JUDGE. Look here, Rafferdi. What is the reason you disturb people?

ATTORNEY, May it please the Court, *we* appear for Rafferdi.

JUDGE. Well, sir, what have *you* to say *for* him?

ATTORNEY, May it please your honor, this unfortunate man, a native of sunny Italy, an exile from that land of poetry and song, being unable, in consequence of a difference of political opinions, to bear the persecution and oppression of the despotic tyrants who rule in his beloved country, crossed the surging ocean, and sought in this happy land, the home of the brave and the free, under the glorious stars and stripes, that liberty which was denied him in the land of his birth. Being of an industrious disposition, and endued with a taste for music, cultivated in the highest academies of his country, he bought an organ and a monkey with a determination to get an honest living by dispensing sweet melody by giving a series of promenade concerts in the streets of this city.

One unhappy day, the minions of the law, who have no soul for harmony, ruthlessly seized him, the Goddess of Liberty veiled her face, the glorious eagle drooped his pinions, and Rafferdi was thrust into a dungeon.

JUDGE. Rafferdi! an Italian? I should have supposed you were an Irishman.

RAFFERDI. Sure, an' it's a pretty good guesser your honor is, and——

JUDGE. So you *are* an Irishman. What did you mean by being an Italian? Why do you try to deceive us?

RAFFERDI. Desave your honor! Is it desaving, you mane? Sure, an' I didn't, at all, at all. It was that lawyer chap, there. I paid him fifty cints, and he's lying out the worth of it.

JUDGE. Here, officer, take him away. (*To Rafferdi.*)
We commit you for——

ATTORNEY. Commit him! Oh, your honor, do not act harshly with the poor man; let your kindlier feelings temper justice with mercy. Pause, reflect! Deprived of his natural protector, what will become of his monkey?

JUDGE, (*smiling.*) Well, I suppose we'll have to commit the monkey, too.

ATTORNEY. What! Commit the monkey! You cannot do it; it's impossible. I know the law, and I defy you to find in the Revised Statutes any authority for committing a monkey to prison—it's illegal. Besides, by so doing, your honor would commit *yourself*!

JUDGE. Well, well, we will have to leave the monkey out.

ATTORNEY. What! Leave the monkey out! Let me appeal to your honor's better nature. Consider the case, the attachment of the poor animal to its only protector. Think! what can the monkey do without him, with no means of support? Reflect! perhaps the monkey is an *orphan*!

JUDGE. Oh, here, enough of this. You, Rafferty, get out of this, and recollect, if you are brought here again you won't get off so easily.

Exit Rafferdi.

OFFICER. The Court is adjourned.

GASPER SCHNAPPS' EXPLOIT.

ANONYMOUS.

ONCE in a merry tavern in Brabant

A jolly dozen of dragoons were boasting

Of their past feats in many a Flemish hosting.

“How now,” at length cried one, “friend Gaspar!—can't

You brush your memory up, and give us some
 Exploit of yours?" The query was addressed
 To a dragoon who had as yet been dumb.
 "O," answered Gasper, "I am silent, lest
 You might suppose me lying, or might call
 Me braggart." "No, no, no!—we won't!" cried all.
 "Well, then, the time we lay in camp near Seville,
 I—I—" "Ay!—hear him! Gaspar Schnapps forever!"
 "I cut ten troopers' legs off—clean and clever!"
 "Their legs!" cried six or eight—"Why, what the devil!—
 "What made you cut their legs off, pr'ythee, brother?"
 "What made me cut their legs off? "echoed t'other.
 "Ay!—had you cut their heads off, then, in truth,
 You would have ta'en the right mode to astound them."
 "O, but you see," said Schnapps, "the fact is—I—
 I—*couldn't* cut their heads off."—"No!—and why?"
 "Because," responded the redoubted youth,
 Their heads had been cut off before I found them!"

EPILOGUE.

SUITABLE FOR THE CONCLUSION OF AN ENTERTAINMENT.

J. B.

THE wittiest thoughts in aptest words expressed,
 Lose, ill-recited, half their pith and zest,
 And choice *morceaux*, spiced high with Attic salt,
 Oft seem insipid through some bungler's fault.
 Perchance to night, we've *dished*—in double sense—
 The dainties rare of Wit and Eloquence;
 If so, excuse the Cooks who, inexpert,
 Have failed to give to Genius its *desert*.

We've done our best; but amateurs, of course,
 Misdrive, sometimes, the Muses' frisky horse,
 And "upset all," despite the counsel sage
 That Hamlet gave to regulate the stage.
 If thus we've erred, our entertainment o'er,
 Tell us our faults,—the Audience has the floor.

We're not thin-skinned, advice we do not spurn,
Our part is played—so Critics take *your* turn!

You've laughed—that's *something*—but our want of skill
May have amused you;—that's a bitter pill,
So we'll decline the mortifying dose,
And that we really TICKLED you suppose;
Thankful, at least, our efforts to supply
Suggestions mirthful, did not make you cry!

An evening thus with humorous authors spent,
Who that has humor in him can repent?
Fun cures dyspepsia: folks who never smile
Never grow fat, their diet turns to bile,
And ribs unshaken by Wit's sportive taps
For lack of healthful exercise, collapse.

“Mirth,” Milton cried, “admit me to thy crew;”
We follow Milton's lead, and say so too.
Accepting bounty from her magic hand
Enlisted soldiers in her corps we stand,
And, ere we stack our arms, and say good night,
With hearts untroubled and with spirits light,
Let us proclaim—and join us all who choose—
War, endless war, against Mirth's foe—the Blues!

Our blasts, as trumpeters to Humor's train,
We've blown, and come at last to the *refrain*,
Which, though, perhaps by all the rest surpassed,
Has this transcendent merit—'tis the last!

L'ENVOI.

J. B.

Good-bye, wits and poets—the volume we close,
And leave you like friends 'tis a joy to have met ;
But when plodding, to-morrow, the dull world of prose,
Our delightful companions we shall not forget.

An evening with Authors whose whimsical pens
Turned to visible unction all subjects and themes,
Is worth a whole year in the dust-defiled dens
Where Mammon sits throned among projects and schemes.

Life's journey were gloomy, uncheered by the lamps
That Humor lights up to illumine the way,
And what were we all but the dullest of tramps,
If we turned not aside from the turnpike to play ?

Peter Pindar's rare screed of the "Pilgrims and Peas"
Was invented to teach us as well as amuse ;
Let us dance with the Pilgrim, elate and at ease,
And not limp like the wretch who'd hard peas in his shoes.

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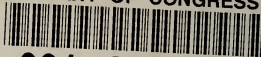
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